



# SMITH'S

## MAGAZINE



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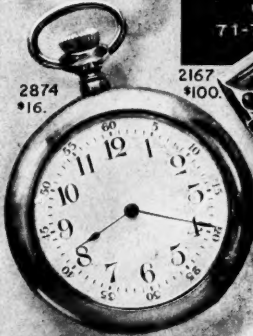
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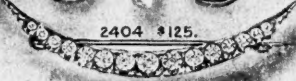
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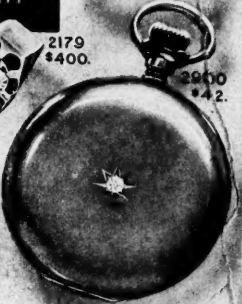


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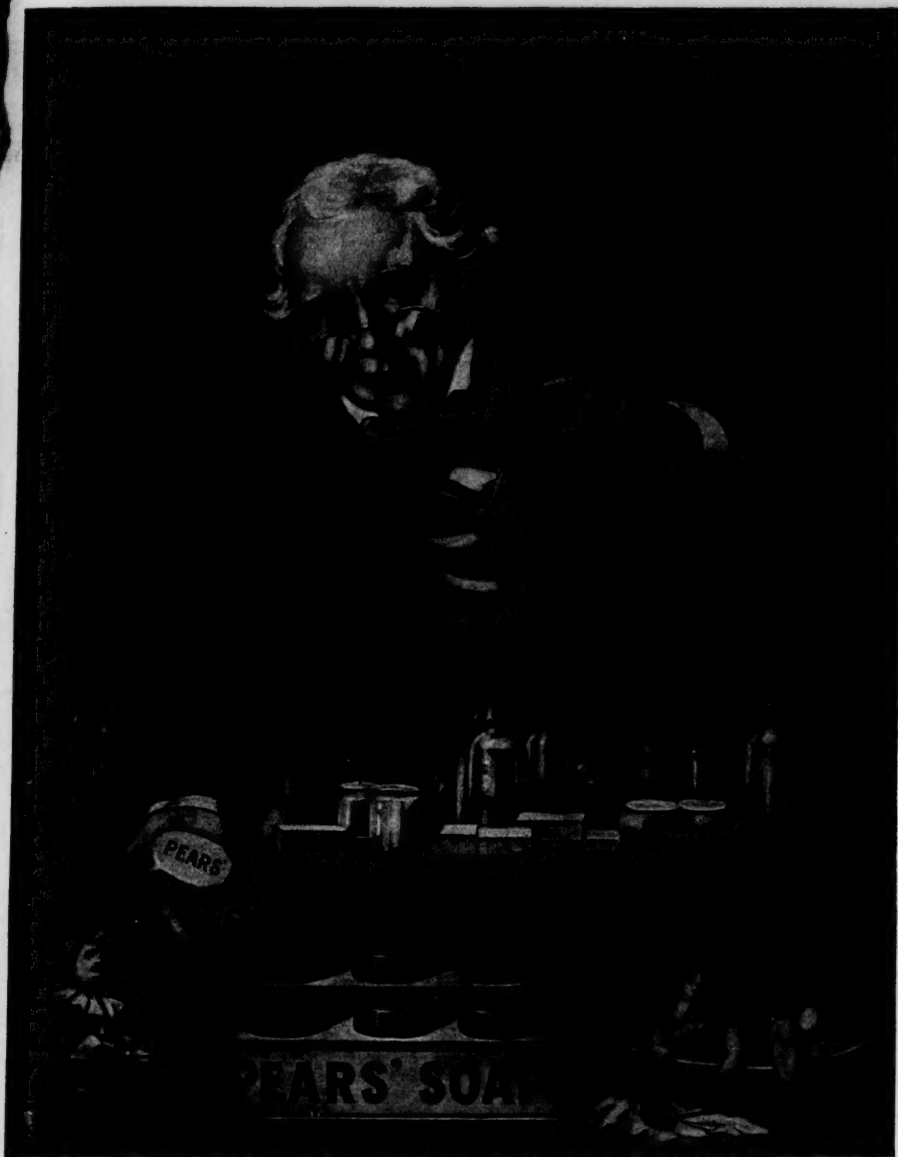


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Vol. VI

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No. 3

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

DECEMBER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.  
 ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer,  
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# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

FOR THE  
COMING  
YEAR

**D**URING the coming twelve months SMITH'S MAGAZINE will represent the combined efforts of a staff of the most brilliant writers, investigators, thinkers and artists living in America to-day. Never before has the magazine been able to present to its readers a list of contributors so fully representative of the best that our country is doing in the making of magazines. Never before has it been able to announce such an array of new, vital and distinctive features of interest and importance to every member of the American family. The announcements on the following pages tell in detail of only a few of our new contributors and the work we are planning to have them do for the coming year. This will be sufficient, however, to convince you that no matter what other periodicals are read, SMITH'S is the one magazine that every one in the family will want and enjoy.



**THE PEN.**

Specimen illustration from Byrns' article,  
"The Art of Alphonse Mucha."

## THE FICTION IN SMITH'S FOR 1908

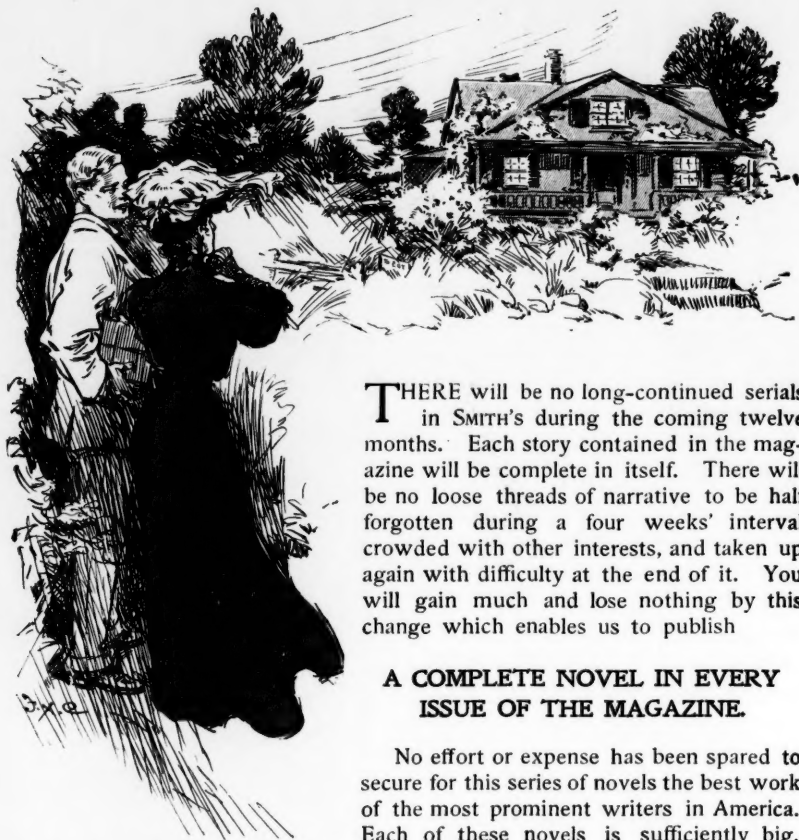


Illustration by F. X. Chamberlin for Kate Whiting Patch's story, "With This Ring."

**T**HERE will be no long-continued serials in SMITH'S during the coming twelve months. Each story contained in the magazine will be complete in itself. There will be no loose threads of narrative to be half forgotten during a four weeks' interval crowded with other interests, and taken up again with difficulty at the end of it. You will gain much and lose nothing by this change which enables us to publish

### A COMPLETE NOVEL IN EVERY ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE.

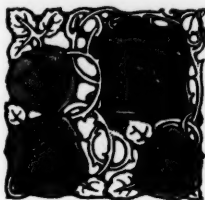
No effort or expense has been spared to secure for this series of novels the best work of the most prominent writers in America. Each of these novels is sufficiently big, strong and vital to run serially in any magazine. They stand for the best class of

the fiction of the present day, stories told of people really living in modern conditions, stories with heart interest, dramatic intensity and absorbing plots. The following list of writers, who have already written or agreed to furnish novels for the coming numbers of SMITH'S is the best possible guarantee of quality.

**ANNE O'HAGAN,  
CHARLES GARVICE,  
ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE,  
MRS. B. M. SINCLAIR,**

**JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS,  
ADELINE KNAPP,  
MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP,  
W. B. M. FERGUSON.**

## THE FICTION IN SMITH'S FOR 1908



ACH of these novels is a story of contemporary American life, but each is distinctly in a class by itself. We have such a big country, with so many conflicting elements in its population, and with so broad a variety of types and classes that we could find, had we the insight and understanding, material

for a hundred widely different stories in the life immediately about us. It is to get these stories, to find the writers who can see them and put them on paper, that we have been bending our energies. Never in the past have authors had such material to draw upon, such a canvas to paint upon as in this country at the present day.

For instance, **ADELINE KNAPP'S** novel, "**In a Far Country,**" which will appear in the March number of the magazine, tells the story of a teacher who feels that her sphere of duty lies in the Philippines, and goes there to turn nurse among natives in a fever-stricken district.

"**His Chance,**" by **JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS,** which will appear in January, is the life story of the daughter of a rich man suddenly become penniless and forced to earn her living as a society reporter, and of a newspaper artist.

**MRS. B. M. SINCLAIR'S** novel, "**The Arrow-Point Estate,**" is laid on one of the big up-to-date ranches in Montana. **ANNE O'HAGAN** has written a combination love and mystery story that will baffle the reader as to its solution until the very last page.

---

### SHORT STORIES.

Throughout the coming year the readers of **SMITH'S** will find more and better short stories in each number of the magazine than we have ever collected together in any one number in the past. In the list of our contributors we have the name of practically every writer of interesting high-class fiction in the country.



MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP.



## STORIES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER



EMMA LEE WALTON

FOR the past year a series of stories dealing with life in Maine and written by Holman F. Day has been appearing regularly in SMITH'S. In his ability to catch the humor of a situation, to see the ridiculous in character and make his readers see it, to be genuinely, unaffectedly and spontaneously funny in his manner of telling a story, Holman F. Day is unequalled. He has spent a great part of his life

in the smaller towns and hamlets of Maine, and knows intimately a population which produces more real "characters" to the thousand than any class of people in the world. We are all acquainted with Captain Aaron Sproul, Hiram Look and all the other good people of Scotaze. In succeeding numbers of this magazine more and even funnier stories of these New Englanders will appear regularly.

**"Crymble's Fourth Resurrection" in January.**

**"A Job for Herod" in February.**

**"The Double-yer T Double-yers" in March.**

---

## STORIES OF THE HUMAN BOY.

No writer on either side of the Atlantic has a keener insight into boy nature than Eden Phillpotts, author of "The Human Boy," "Children of the Mist," and other novels. The boys he writes about are real boys, not undersized men. They have the psychology and manner of thought that form so much of the attraction of children.

Stories by Mr. Phillpotts to appear in coming numbers of SMITH'S are:

**"The Holiday Competition,"**

**"Lydford Law,"**

**"Richmond and the Major-General."**



LOUISE DRISCOLL

## DETECTIVE STORIES OF A NEW KIND



MAUDE L. RADFORD

SINCE long before the days of Edgar Allan Poe, every one has been interested in stories of mystery and the detection of crime. A good detective story is one of the hardest things in the world to secure and one of the rarest. As time goes on it seems as if many of the chances for originality in writing stories of this class

have vanished, so that it is with more than usual pride that we announce a series of powerful stories of mystery of a new kind.

### "JUDITH: SOLVER OF MYSTERIES,"

is the title given to the series. The author is **Miss MAUDE L. RADFORD**, who is new to the readers of *SMITH's*, but who has had published a number of short stories in *McClure's Magazine* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's* and other magazines during the past year. "Judith," the central figure of the series of stories, is a girl, an idle society woman by reputation, a detective by taste and avocation.

---

### STORIES OF THE CIRCUS.

The life of the circus performer, with its thrilling moments, its glitter and excitement, its occasional pathos, is something with a peculiar charm and fascination of its own. **FRANCIS METCALFE** knows more about this side of life, perhaps, than any writer in America. "Children of the Sawdust" and "The Hand of Hatred" are two of a number of splendid stories of the circus which will appear shortly in the magazine.



ANNETTE AUSTIN



## STORIES FOR EVERY ONE IN THE FAMILY



HOLMAN F. DAY

NO effort has been spared to make the fiction as varied and as broad in its scope as possible. It is the purpose of the magazine to furnish something especially for each member of the family in every issue. This policy is to be carried out in the selection of the fiction, as well as in the special articles and departments. The names of the writers mentioned below give a sufficient guarantee of the quality as well as the variety of our short stories.

### CHARLES CLARK MUNN

is an author whose work has made his name familiar to hundreds of thousands of readers all over the country. Over 240,000 copies of his books, "Pocket Island," "Uncle Terry," "Rockhaven," etc., have been sold so far. SMITH's is the only magazine in which Mr. Munn's work has ever appeared. A number of his short stories and a novel will be published during the coming year.

### LULU WORTHINGTON HAMMOND

is a Southern girl with an ability to write a story with an earnestness and genuine purity of feeling very rare nowadays. She wrote "Molly's Girl," which appeared in a recent number of the magazine. Another of this author's stories will appear in SMITH's in a short time.

### ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE,

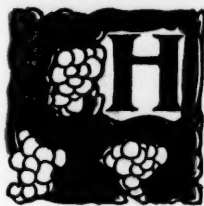
whose novel, "The Adder's Sting," appeared in last month's SMITH's, is prominent among the better class of American writers; an unusually strong story from his pen, "The Metamorphoses of Captain Scotia," appears this month.

### KATE WHITING PATCH

will contribute to the January number a delightful love story, "With This Ring." Among other prominent authors who will have short stories in coming numbers of the magazine are GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER, DOROTHY CANFIELD, FRANK SPEARMAN, LOUISE DRISCOLL, H. A. VACHELL, ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, M. I. TAYLOR, ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON, ELEANOR H. PORTER, CAROLINE LOCKHART, W. C. MORROW, ALAN SULLIVAN, HELEN M. PALMER, OWEN OLIVER, E. J. RATH, EDWARD LUCAS WHITE, WINIFRED ARNOLD, E. NESBIT, GRACE SARTWELL MASON and FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN.



## FACT—STORIES OF OUR NATION'S PROGRESS



HISTORY is being made now at a rate never equaled in the past. The battle that our government is fighting is against the forces of nature—as in the splendid work that the Reclamation and Forestry experts are doing—and against the civic disease of business and political corruption. We cannot read this history in the newspapers. Much of it never appears in the daily periodicals, and what is published comes in such disconnected form that it is impossible for the busy man or woman to understand its bearing and give it its proper weight.

### MR. CHARLES HARCOURT FORBES-LINDSAY

is foremost among the group of trained investigators and writers who have done so much to stir up the newly aroused interest in national affairs which we all feel. His books, "Panama: the Isthmus and Canal," "The Philippines" and "Our Insular Possessions," are accepted everywhere as the best and most authoritative expositions of their respective subjects. His article recently published in SMITH'S, "A Lake-Gulf Waterway," attracted widespread attention and was the forerunner of considerable agitation for a waterway between Chicago and St. Louis, which is likely to bear material fruit in the future.

Mr. Forbes-Lindsay does his investigating at first hand. He is better informed and in closer touch with the large national projects now under way than any one writing for the magazines. He has the power of writing his articles so that they have all the interest of the best fiction and can be understood by any one.

#### "The Story of Delaware,"

a fact-story of the winning of that State from a band of political corruptionists, as thrilling as any romance, will appear in an early number of SMITH'S. Mr. Forbes-Lindsay is now working on other articles which will be published from time to time.



C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY





## THINGS THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY ONE

### MUSIC AND HOW TO LISTEN TO IT.



RUPERT HUGHES

We are all fond of music, although the ideas of people differ greatly as to what is real music and what is not. During the coming year SMITH's will publish a series of articles on musical subjects. In the next few numbers will appear "**A History of American Music and Composers.**" Few of us appreciate the worth of our native composers. MacDowell, poor and ill, after a life spent in the service of American

music, is a case in point. No one is better fitted to tell us about our native music and composers than **RUPERT HUGHES.**

Mr. Hughes, who wrote "American Composers," "The Love Affairs of Great Musicians," and "The Whirlwind," and who has prepared numerous books of songs and collections of music, as well as written good music himself, is a well-known authority on musical matters. Any one who has ever read anything he has written knows that he has a remarkable ability to make the obscure plain and to interest the reader in the subject of which he writes.

---

### THE STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL PLAYS.

Every one likes to go to the theater. Every one would like to see the best of the big productions that make long runs in New York and other large cities. A great many of us, however, must stay at home and miss them. For the stay-at-homes, who outnumber the theater-goers many times, we have arranged to publish in SMITH's during the coming year the stories of the really good plays, told in such a way as to give the best idea of how the play itself appears to those who sit in orchestra chairs. These stories will be illustrated with photographs taken from the play. "**The Man of the Hour,**" which has been running to crowded houses for the past two years, will appear in a month or so.



WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

## THINGS THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY ONE



CHARLES CLARK MUNN

### FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT TRAVEL.

We will publish during the coming year a succession of interesting articles on out-of-the-way corners of Europe, places which we would all like to visit and in which we are all interested.

#### F. BERKELEY SMITH,

whose essays and descriptive articles have charmed thousands of readers, will supply a number of contributions during the coming months. He is at present in Normandy, and the first one of his papers, which will appear soon, will tell some of his experiences in France.

---

### THE PERSONAL NOTE

is the one that catches the ear of the majority of people. We all like to know the human side of people we read about.

We are all interested, more or less, in the personality of the actors and actresses who are doing most at the present time to develop the dramatic art in America.

#### RENNOLD WOLF,

who is well-known as a dramatic critic and who has a personal acquaintance with every one of prominence on the English-speaking stage, will write for SMITH's a series of interviews with famous actors and actresses during the coming season.

Mr. Wolf has an unrivaled faculty for putting his readers in close personal touch with those he interviews.

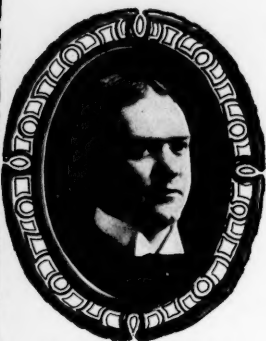


RENNOLD WOLF





## THINGS THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY ONE



ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

### THE GREAT PAINTINGS OF THE WORLD

are to be seen only in the great picture galleries, such as the Louvre, in Paris, or the Uffizi, in Florence. Owing to the improvements made in photography and printing during the past few years, adequate reproductions are possible to the magazine prepared to stand the expense.

#### CHARLES DE KAY,

art critic and author of a number of books on art, has written a series of articles for SMITH's which will be illustrated with half-tone reproductions of some of the art treasures of the world, unfamiliar to the greater part of our readers.

---

#### WALLACE IRWIN

has gained an enviable reputation the past few years as a poet of the genuinely humorous variety. Those who have read his "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.," his "Nautical Lies of a Lubber," and other verses, know that the reputation is well deserved.

Mr. Irwin has just completed a fresh series of humorous jingles which he entitles "Nautical Lays of a Layman."

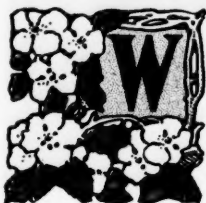
Without any exaggeration they are the funniest that he has ever written. There is a laugh in every line. They will appear in SMITH's during 1908.

Each number of Smith's for the year 1908 will contain at least 24 full page half-tones, printed on calendered paper. Each number will contain a special art insert of eight pages.



EDWIN L. SABIN

THINGS THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY ONE  
THE NEW ART PHOTOGRAPHY.



WE have all heard about it, but very few of us know what it can do. For ten years, with a few zealous amateurs in the lead, the manipulators of the camera and sensitive plate have been striving to emulate the wielders of the brush and palette.

SIDNEY ALLAN

will tell you of their work in future numbers of the magazine. His articles will be illustrated with sets of "camera-paintings," to use a newly coined word which fits the meaning better than any one who never has seen the pictures can imagine. These pictures will be printed on the heaviest of calendered paper at great expense. They will astonish you with their beauty and with the marvelous fashion in which the camera has been used to create *pictures* rather than *photographs*.

---

LITTLE SERMONS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

As a humorous philosopher with a constantly increasing audience of warm admirers,

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

has no equal. He will continue to preach to his flock throughout the coming year from his pulpit in SMITH'S.

---

THE PASSING HOUR,

an illustrated chronicle of what is going on in the world, will be one of the regular features of the magazine for the year. In it you will find pictures of the men and women who are doing the things that count, and short sketches of them and their work, written by people who know them and who can give their readers first-hand impressions. "The personal note" is the keynote of this department.



## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



FRANK X. CHAMBERLIN

### SHALL WE SEND THE GIRL TO COLLEGE?

A great many mothers and fathers are anxiously asking that question at the present time. It is a momentous one, especially for the family of small means where the cost of a girl's education stands for a great deal of sacrifice on the part of her parents and perhaps on the part of her brothers and sisters.

#### ANNETTE AUSTIN

will try to answer the question in a series of articles to appear in future issues of the magazine. She will also try to answer the question as to "which college?" for those who have answered the first question in the affirmative.

---

#### FOR THE WOMAN WHO TRAVELS

or who thinks of traveling in the near future we are preparing to publish a number of contributions in short-story form by

#### MRS. JOHN VAN VORST.

They will tell the story of an American girl who has inherited a fortune and who decides to spend a part of it in travel.

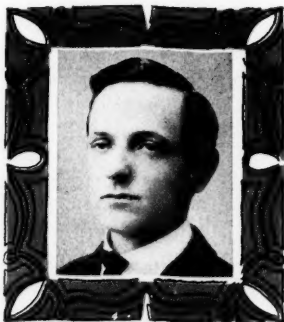
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#### THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO BE UP-TO-DATE

will find a good many things to interest her and a good deal of efficient advice in the series of articles which

#### GRACE MARGARET GOULD

is writing for us, and which will appear regularly in the magazine during the coming year.



J. A. CAHILL

## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



W. H. DUNTON

### THE SERVANT-GIRL PROBLEM

is always with the housewife and never really settled for the great majority.

#### ANNE O'HAGAN

will discuss this problem for you from the point of view of the "contented mistress," as she discusses it from the point of view of the servant in the present number. In later issues she

will talk helpfully about other domestic problems.

Miss O'Hagan is perhaps better known by her work to more women than any other woman writer in America to-day. Her stories and essays in *Harper's*, *Munsey's* and other magazines have won her thousands of warm admirers everywhere. In the future she will do the greater part of her work for the readers of *SMITH'S MAGAZINE*. No issue of the magazine during the year 1908 will go to press without having included in its list of contents some contribution from her pen.

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### HEALTH AND BEAUTY

are universally desired, but there are a great many differences of opinion as to the way in which they are the most likely to be attained. Miss Florence Augustine, who has had a wide experience as a writer and student on topics of health and hygiene, will conduct a department in *SMITH'S* for the woman who is not satisfied with her looks and who seeks some sane and reasonable way of improving them.

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#### LILIAN BELL

has written for the readers of *SMITH'S* a number of delightful essays on social topics. Two of them to appear in future issues of the magazine are "The Hall-Marks of Refinement" and "Co-operative Hospitality."



CH. GRUNWALD



## ART WORK FOR THE COMING YEAR



DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

BESIDES the special art features which have been already announced, there will be many other improvements in the appearance of the magazine during the coming twelve months.

Every story that appears in the magazine will be illustrated by some well-known artist and illustrated in such a way as to give the reader a stronger and better impression of the picture that the author is trying to draw.

A glance at the names of a few of the illustrators who will help to make SMITH's one of the best illustrated magazines in the world should be sufficient to give the reader a good idea of what we are planning to do in this regard. Among those whose drawings will illustrate the stories and verse to appear in SMITH's for 1908 are

A. G. LEARNED

F. X. CHAMBERLIN

CHARLES GRUNWALD

DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

F. STROTHMANN

J. A. CAHILL

H. HERBERT DUNTON

ARTHUR WM. BROWN

WARREN B. DAVIS

HY. MAYER

FLORENCE ENGLAND NOSWORTHY

Throughout the year with each number of the magazine will appear 16 well printed reproductions of the portraits of beautiful women prominent on the American stage. Improvements in printing facilities will enable us to give this part of the magazine a better appearance than ever before.

The science of printing and illustrating a magazine has not by any means reached its fullest development. There are fresh improvements with every season. During the coming twelve months no expense will be spared in making the appearance of SMITH's worthy of its contents.



WARREN B. DAVIS

## THE VALUE OF SMITH'S MAGAZINE TO THE FAMILY.

FOR a year we have been working steadily to assure to our readers for 1908 the greatest abundance possible of the most entertaining stories, the most attractive pictures, the most helpful and interesting articles within our reach. In the pages preceding we have been taking stock of our efforts and estimating and cataloguing some of their results. If you have even glanced at them, we are sure that you will agree with us in thinking that SMITH'S for 1908 is better than anything that we have been able to offer you in the past, and as good or better in its general interest and attractive features than any other magazine.

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### SOMETHING FOR EVERY ONE.

In the magazine for the coming year every one in the family will find articles, stories and pictures of special and personal interest. There is more than this, however, in the magazine. Each article, no matter what the subject, no matter to which special member of the household it appeals, is written in such a manner and with a set purpose that it will interest *every one*, not one class exclusively. The same is true of the stories and complete novels. Each one of them makes a broad general appeal to *every one* on its intrinsic merits as a piece of fiction; its interest, strength and fascination.

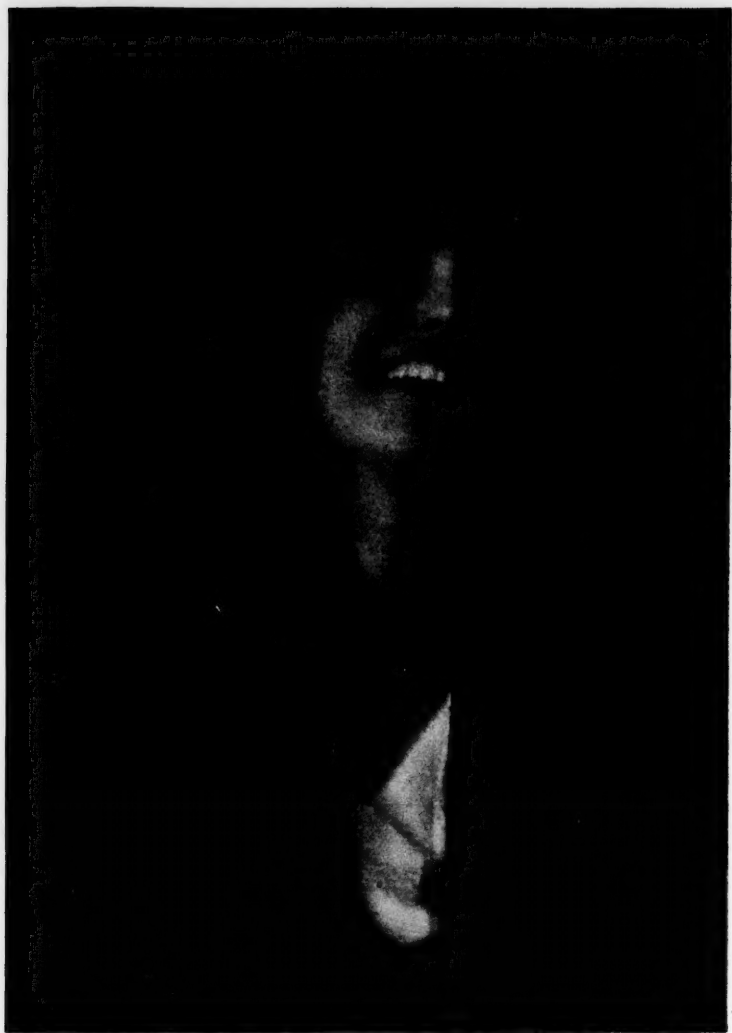
In SMITH'S you will find nothing morbid, unwholesome, nothing unpleasant.

It is clean, sound, bright and helpful, in every issue, from cover to cover.



"Come out, Rufe Barnes, come out," she cried shrilly.

Illustration by W. V. Cahill for story "By Grace of Understanding,"  
written by Roland F. Andrews.



**"MIRTH"**

Reproduction from photograph by Miss J. E. Bennett.  
Specimen illustration from Sidney Allan's article,  
"A NEW POWER OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION."  
To appear in SMITH'S.

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 6

DECEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 3



Photo by  
Otto Sarony  
Co., N. Y.

MISS JULIA SANDERSON  
(Mrs. "Tod" Sloan)  
With "The Dairy Maids"







Photo by  
White, N. Y.

MISS PEGGIE BALLAU  
With "The Prince of Pilsen"



Photo by  
Otto Sarony Co.,  
N. Y.

MISS BESSIE DE VOIE  
With "The Dairy Maids"

V  
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X



Photo by  
White, N. Y.

MISS FAY FAIRCHILD  
With "The Prince of Pilsen"



Photo by  
Matrone,  
Chicago

MISS MABEL HITE  
With "A Knight for a Day"



MISS ELEANOR IRVING  
With "A Knight for a Day"



Photo by  
Morrison,  
Chicago.

MISS JANE HALL  
With "The Rich Mr. Hoggeneimer"





Photo by  
Saroni, N. Y.

MISS KATHERINE FLORENCE  
In "The Other House"

V  
C  
D  
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O  
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XU



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Dover Street Studios,  
London

MISS ADELINE GENEÉ

A famous English dancer who will appear in America  
in "Aladdin"



Photo by  
Bangs, N. Y.

MISS DORIS MITCHELL

With the Marlowe Theater Company, Chicago





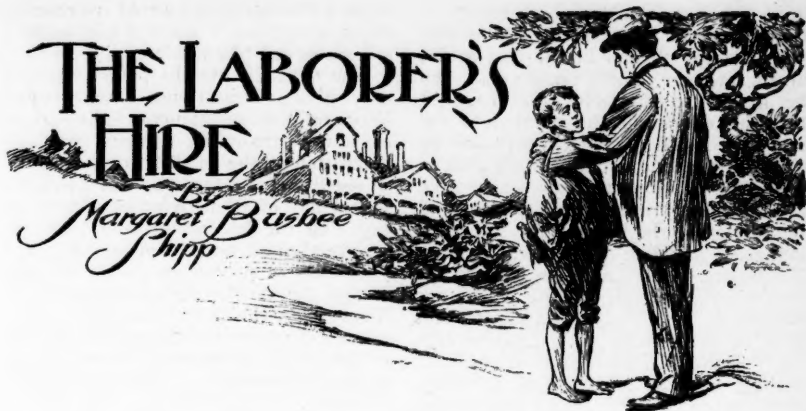
Photo by  
Purdy,  
Boston

MISS MARGUERITE CLARK  
In "Happyland"



Photo by  
Matzema,  
Chicago

MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER  
In vaudeville



ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURA E. FOSTER

THE steady grind of Ordway's life had eliminated women from his interests. He had never been thrown with them until he accepted the superintendency of Mr. Woodruffe's mills; and Betty Woodruffe, learning that he was a cousin of one of her guests, had insisted upon inviting him to dinner. Once given the entrée to her home, Betty's attention was piqued by the slight advantage that he took of the privilege. Ordway's ignorance of femininity and the impersonal quality of his admiration for womanhood amused Betty, and then interested her. Mr. Woodruffe, who enjoyed rallying her, never thought to include Ordway among the train of her admirers; so it was with a charming sense of triumph that she entered his study one morning. Even his wife was accustomed to hesitate on the threshold with a timid, "Do I interrupt you?" but Betty was privileged.

"Papa, I've a favor to ask you, and it's the most important thing! Robert Ordway wants me to marry him, and I told him I would, and I want you to go North with me to choose my things. No!" for the man's body had stiffened in amazement and recoil, and she laid a peremptory small hand over his mouth. "No, don't say a word until I

tell you all about it. You'll say you have business engagements and stockholders' meetings, and all sorts of rubbish, but, precious, nobody knows what suits me as well as you. When I select my hats, I fairly hate them in a little while. Don't you remember that chip with lots of roses that I thought too dressy for a morning hat, and you said: 'Betty, it suits you to a T,' and so I bought it? Well, every time I wore it somebody or other complimented it, and I had it on the first time Robert Ordway saw me."

"Ordway wants to marry you!" her father interrupted. "What insolence! And you—want to marry him," he continued heavily. "Why, Betty, I thought it would be a long time before you left your mother and me, but when you did, I thought, I rather hoped, you would fancy George Eggleston."

"Oh, papa!" Betty's fresh young laugh trilled out merrily. "Why, he'll be perfectly bald before he is thirty-five. I had just as lief marry a turnip." She ran caressing fingers through her father's thick hair.

"How long has this been going on, daughter?"

"What a solemn tone, dearest! You speak as if it were bank defalcations! Only last night—you know I couldn't

have a secret from you half a day. I tiptoed to your room last night, but you were asleep. I was in the rose-arbor, and I saw him coming up the path, and he looked so interested and eager I thought, of course, he wanted to see me, and I called out to him—and he stopped just long enough to say that he had come to tell you what a success the new machinery was going to prove, and he hurried to the house. Papa, I cried and cried, as I had never done in all my life before. After a while I heard his step on the gravel, and he called out cheerily: 'May I say good night?' and then he exclaimed: 'Why, you're crying! I should have sooner thought of finding a little bright bird in tears. What is the matter?' And I just sobbed out the truth: 'You,' I said. 'I hate people who care about machinery.' He looked perfectly bewildered, and then a light seemed to break on him, and I do wish you could have heard how nice his voice sounded when he said: 'Betty, is it possible you care about me?' 'No, I hate you,' I cried, and he took me in his arms and kissed me and petted me, and I was perfectly happy! The wonderful part is that, though he absolutely worships me, he didn't even know it himself until last night. You see, he has been so absorbed in his work. He is coming to-day to ask you; he thinks you're going to be very indignant—isn't he ridiculous? I told him you had never refused me anything in these twenty years of my life, and it's too late to begin now, isn't it, precious? And you'll go North with me?"

Betty was right. It was too late for Mr. Woodruffe to begin to say "No" to the adored daughter who alone of his children had survived babyhood. Since she wanted Ordway she should have him; and since Ordway as mill superintendent was not a fitting match for the daughter of the man who stood at the head of the cotton-mill industry in the State, he must be made eligible.

"I've succeeded in tougher propositions than this," Woodruffe declared grimly to his wife. "If I could make our mills pay dividends during the years that three-fourths of them in the State

were running at a loss or were shut down altogether, I guess I can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

The next six months passed to Ordway like a bewildering dream. Mr. Woodruffe owned the controlling interest in the yarn-mill which had just been completed on the outskirts of the capital of the State, and Ordway was given the presidency of it, with an excellent salary. In the late winter the marriage was celebrated, and the event brought a gathering of prominent people to Pine Ridge, the Woodruffe's spacious home. Though by birth entitled to a place among them, few of these were known to Ordway. It was a pleasure to him to see Bishop Kent, a loyal friend of his mother's.

The slim woman who stood near noticed the warmth of their greeting.

"You actually seem to have known him before!" remarked Mrs. Almeron, with a lazy surprise calculated to irritate the bishop into an explanation.

"I've known him all his life," was the reply. "His father died when he was a few months old, and his mother's slender annuity ceased with her death. The little lad of twelve was left with nothing, absolutely nothing, and no near relatives. I arranged to have him admitted into our orphanage, but he wouldn't go, declared he was going to work in the mills. He did, though over my protest, and he has taken care of himself ever since. The only help he would accept from me was the loan of certain books and suggestions as to others. He went to a good night-school, and he has persistently followed certain lines of study. He is self-educated as well as self-made, you see."

"He is a magnificent physical specimen," said Mrs. Almeron, in her low, indolent voice. "Somehow one feels as if he would be more in place in a gladiatorial combat than in a drawing-room. So you don't think Betty is making a mistake? Some of her friends seem rather apprehensive."

Some one claimed Mrs. Almeron's attention, and the bishop was not obliged to answer. But his grave, troubled gaze slipped by the dainty

vision in bridal splendor and rested upon Ordway.

Into the charming home, which was a wedding-gift from Mr. Woodruffe, life promised to spread out "all largesse and all love." Ordway had never had the experience of young love, which, in spite of its freshness, faith, and genuine sentiment, is aptly designated "calf," so he brought to Betty an almost boyish ideal of womankind. He was thoroughly "in love," with a touch of humility in it.

Betty had felt secretly apprehensive about Ordway's social success. She had noticed that men always liked him—but would women find him a little rough—a little ignorant of certain established, unwritten laws of their code? Would Mrs. Almeron find him lacking, the graceful, exquisite woman, who, without seeming to lift a finger to gain the position, was the arbiter of social distinction in the State? It was the crowning touch of Betty's happiness that with women Ordway was an instant favorite. Perhaps the same things which had attracted her—determination, reserve, and the unassumed indifference that lay underneath his courtesy—piqued their attention.

"I never saw Mrs. Almeron so interested in anybody," said Betty; and at the unalloyed satisfaction in her voice Robert lifted her up into his arms with a laugh.

"You dear little kitten! You can find a saucer of cream everywhere!"

But in spite of his delight in Betty, and his pleasure in their home, the first year of married life was to him a year of adjustment. He had a natural, healthy shame of appearing rough to his wife, and of course it was impossible for her to realize the complete alteration in his daily routine. From turning in at ten and rising with the factory whistle at five-thirty, he went to bed late, and yet woke early, partly from habit, partly because the furnace-heated room, at the temperature Betty liked, seemed stifling to the man who had never slept in a heated chamber in his life.

He had dined at noon, as it was more

convenient for him to do so at the same hour that the hands did, and the late dinners taught him for the first time the meaning of digestion. It is a word that is eliminated from one's vocabulary until it is threatened. Betty, with the young housekeeper's zeal, delighted in "surprising Bobby" with all sorts of unusual delicacies, and he ate them and praised them, knowing it would be a positive shock to his wife's pride if she had known that he would have preferred a rasher of eggs and bacon to the delicate trifle of mushrooms *à la Française*. In his determination that the differences of taste engendered by their earlier environment should not hinder Betty's pleasures, he let her take the initiative, and Betty never knew that their habits were not as perfectly adapted to his liking as to hers.

His first protest came when Betty went North to buy her summer outfit. Ordway gave her a check, which seemed to him more than adequate, even with the rapid stride of his ideas as to feminine requirements. Upon her return she showed him an elaborate lace gown.

"I put most of the money you gave me into this, Bobby. It's an imported thing, and quite the prettiest and the most extravagant of my purchases."

"Then how did you buy all of these?" He indicated the creations spread out for his admiration.

"Why, papa gave me everything else. He promised that he would always give me my clothes—he likes to do it, and it would be impossible for you to manage it out of your salary."

"It is quite enough for me to clothe my wife properly, I hope. That is my privilege."

"You're talking just like Ed Brewster," gurgled Betty. "Mattie Brewster said that Ed fairly walked up and down the floor in his agitation the first time her mother sent her a box after they were married, but now when one comes he exclaims: 'Only a waist! I had so hoped she had sent furs!'"

The comparison with Brewster, a notorious parasite, did not serve to dissipate Ordway's resistance.



*"You actually seem to have known him before!" remarked Mrs. Almeron, with a lazy surprise calculated to irritate the bishop.*

"Well, grant that it is nonsense, but do it because I ask it, won't you, dearest?"

"Papa gave us our house and furniture, and our carriage, and what is the difference between that and a few gowns? You're spoiling all my pleasure in being cross about it."

There was justice in her argument, he was obliged to admit, and he kissed her and duly admired the frocks, but the tiny furrow did not leave his forehead.

He had learned that it was "cross" to oppose the slightest whim of his wife's. She would look at him with wide, surprised eyes, and her lips would quiver like a grieved child's. It was easier and pleasanter to agree with her and to indulge her; to have her cuddle up to him and tell him how she "adored—adored him." In either case, she went straight to the goal of her own inclinations; nothing changed that. She turned as naturally toward ease and enjoyment as a buttercup to the sun, and followed the path of least resistance toward whatever appealed to her pleasure-loving nature.

The thought of her coming motherhood made her doubly dear to Ordway, and Mr. Woodruffe, watching him with keen eyes, and seeing the unfailing care and tenderness that sheltered Betty, said more than once to himself that she had chosen well for her happiness.

## II.

His little daughter! The deeper currents in Ordway's soul were stirred when that mite of humanity was placed in his arms, and he looked down at Betty's pale face.

"Are you sorry she isn't a boy?" asked Betty weakly.

"Sorry! Why, I'd a thousand times rather have a little girl who will look just like you, darling. Then one day she can help you to keep her brother in order."

But this proved unfortunate. Betty burst into nervous sobbing, declaring that she could never undergo that agony again. He knelt by the bed, protesting

that he had only been jesting, and then the nurse bore him away to keep him from exciting her patient. Ordway went out with a queer, choking sense that where he had hoped to taste the sweetest part of the bread of life it had turned bitter on his lips.

He began to look forward to the days when Betty was stronger and they could enjoy their baby together. Yet this time seemed long in coming, for Betty's strength returned slowly, delayed because she was so intolerant of pain. The baby was a frail little creature, and the doctors thought it wise to send her back with Mrs. Woodruffe, where she could have the benefit of country air.

Later they advised that Betty should have entire change of scene and climate, and Mr. Woodruffe returned to arrange it. Ordway must take his wife away for four or five months, her father would meet all the expenses, but everything must be done for her health. Ordway had made an excellent record with the mills, they were in good shape, with orders so long ahead that the manager could easily carry on the work.

With the energy that marked him in any pursuit in which he was engaged, Ordway determined to make his wife strong again. Women grew sentimental over the big man bearing wraps and pillows; it was told how he carried his wife up the stairs because she disliked an elevator. From Southern resorts they went North to one of the charming spots in the Adirondacks; later there was a trip through the great lakes for the breath of its air, and a final month in the Canadian Rockies. When they returned in the autumn, the roses were blooming again in Betty's cheeks, and she had never felt better.

When he saw little Eugenia—Mr. Woodruffe's name was Eugene—Ordway felt jealous that he had lost so much of her babyhood, for Betty's small duplicate turned away from him, holding appealing arms to her grandfather.

But he soon made friends with his baby, though he was always in awe of the trained nurse who was apt to pounce upon him just as he won little Genie to cooing and laughing, with the fiat that

it was ruin to her nervous system. Once he exploded to Bessie:

"Why, I saw a great deal more of the Northrops than I do of my own child. Mary Northrop used to look after her aunt's small brood, and on Sunday afternoons and odd times I generally took them off her hands."

"Who was Mary Northrop?" inquired Betty, with quick interest.

"Oh, she was the finest young girl I ever saw. I boarded with her aunt at Coharra, where I worked before I went to your father. The uncle had some throat trouble and couldn't preach, so he had to teach. Mary was an orphan, but, though she was just a girl of fifteen, she had the proudest, most independent spirit! She nursed the children and sewed for them, and earned her board four times over."

Betty put up her fan to conceal a slight yawn.

"How enthusiastic you grow over those people! I should think you would want to forget all about them, since they remind you of such trying experiences, dearie."

"Forget them!" he began forcibly, then checked himself with an effort. How could he make it clear to the dainty woman to whom luxuries were the *sine qua non* of existence that the part of his life in which he could feel an honest pride was the struggle of his youth, and not the comfortable padding of his manhood?

"Don't talk to Genie about it when she gets older," pursued Betty. "Children get things so distorted, and repeat them."

Ordway looked thoughtfully at the mite on his knee, the French embroidery of her slip, the face so like her mother's.

"You are right," he replied gently. "Neither you nor Genie has any part in those old memories."

The season was a gay one, and the Ordways were in great demand. In January Genie contracted a deep cold, and Betty was anxious for the nurse to take her at once to Pine Ridge. Ordway made a positive stand.

"Betty, you will have to face responsibility sometimes. This child is ours,

not your parents', and it isn't right to send her to your mother every time she is a little upset."

Betty resisted, Betty cried, but Ordway was firm. It was the first time he had refused to consider her wishes. But the cold was followed by bronchitis, and the doctor directed that as soon as it was possible she should be taken to her grandmother's in the pine region. So Robert was forced to give in, Genie quickly recovered; and Betty would have been superhuman, or superwoman, if she had refrained from a triumphant "I told you so."

Genie learned to talk that winter, and, naturally, her "mama" and "papa" went to her grandparents. When she returned home she acquired "Betty" and "Bobby," and said them so quaintly that Ordway could not help enjoying it, though he grudged the tenderer names to others.

They were spending Easter at Pine Ridge when Betty broached the subject of their summer plans.

"There's a charming resort opened for the first time this year in the Blue Ridge. I think we might go there for three months, then leave baby with mother, and go North for a month. Don't you think that would be nice, Bobby?"

"I can't leave the mills four months out of every year, little girl! You were ill last summer, you know. But you and Genie mustn't stay in the heat; go where you like, and I'll run up for Sundays as often as I can."

Betty sought her father with the plea that he should arrange it for them. But when Woodruffe came to his son-in-law he met with unexpected resistance.

"If Betty were ill it would be a different matter, but she has never been stronger. I cannot spend four months of every year trailing around at summer resorts with nothing more vital to do than to pick up a handkerchief or hold a parasol. I will not keep my position at the mills if repeated absences make it purely nominal." Then with a frank appeal to him as man to man: "Good heavens, Mr. Woodruffe, can't you see that it would be intolerable?"

But Betty stood between them and a clear understanding, for to her father she was the Lady Paramount, and he saw her husband only as Ordway was reflected in her eyes.

So Betty and the baby went off to the gayest and most fashionable resort in the State, and Ordway came frequently for week-ends. Mrs. Almeron changed her plans at the last moment about joining Betty there, and decided "not to desert poor Ned." She dispensed a very gracious and charming hospitality to her married friends, whose wives were summering away. Ordway was one of the half-dozen who dropped in regularly during the long summer evenings.

It never occurred to him to question the seeming accidents which threw him oftenest at his hostess' side or granted him chance moments with her. He piqued Mrs. Almeron's interest because he showed her the frank liking he would have showed to another man—and Mrs. Almeron had been treated as a woman hitherto, and an alluring one.

It was toward the end of August that Woodruffe, stopping overnight, found at his son-in-law's only a servant, who said that his master was dining at the Almerons. It was but a short distance; and, as Woodruffe walked up the avenue which led to the house, he heard Ordway's decisive voice interrupted by a low bubble of laughter. In the moonlight he saw Mrs. Almeron, leaning back in her chair with graceful indolence, her diaphanous black gown showing the delicate curves of her arms and throat. On a tray were silver-topped decanters, and a bowl of ice. Ordway had a cigar in one hand.

There was an ease and an intimacy about the picture that jarred Woodruffe. He could not know that Almeron and three of his guests had torn themselves away after dinner to a meeting of the executive committee of the club, just as Ordway did not know that Mrs. Almeron had seen a list of the committee, and had been careful to select guests who must leave early, except himself.

Ordway cut short his visit now to return with Mr. Woodruffe, but as he was on the steps he turned to say: "Tell

Almeron I'll bring over those books tomorrow evening."

As Almeron was the least literary of mortals, it sounded like a clumsy subterfuge, though, as a matter of fact, they were some technical works on a new dyeing process.

"You go there often?" asked Woodruffe.

"Almost every evening," returned Robert carelessly. "It's so beastly lonely with Betty and Genie away, and there are always a lot of pleasant men at Almeron's."

In view of the tête-à-tête he had surprised, this seemed rather barefaced. Ordway, impatient to talk of his wife and baby, had already dismissed the Almerons from his mind. But an ugly, insidious doubt of his son-in-law's course in remaining at home all summer had lodged in a mind tenacious of its opinions, and slow to change them.

### III.

"A lady to see you, sir," announced the servant when the men reached the house. "She's waiting in the library."

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Woodruffe. Some persistent agent, probably."

A moment later Ordway's voice rang out in unmistakable surprise and pleasure. Then the door closed, and Mr. Woodruffe sat annoyed and impatient. It was quite half an hour later when he heard Robert order a carriage, and, as the girl passed through the hall, he caught a glimpse of an arresting face and a peculiar grace of movement.

"I'm sorry to have been detained from you, though I enjoyed my visitor. She is Mary Northrop, whom I left four years ago at Coharra. How girls leap into womanhood! She wants work, she was always tremendously independent, and I gather that it has become uncomfortable for her at her aunt's. There's a cub of a cousin in love with her, I fancy. She didn't know to whom else to apply but me, and she ought to have done it before. Mary was such a warm-hearted, frank child that she infused a



*There was an ease and an intimacy about the picture that jarred Woodruffe.*

great deal of pleasure into my years at Coharra."

"And what do you purpose to do with her here?"

At the unmistakable dryness in the other's voice Ordway looked up in surprise.

"I've given her a place as assistant stenographer; she has just finished a course at a business college. This will give her practise until she can get a better position elsewhere. I'll look out for her."

Woodruffe made the same resolve, but silently.

Ordway wrote his wife enthusiastically of his pleasure in being able to help the friend of his young manhood. Betty replied that he was an old dear to be so kind, but he mustn't expect her to

ask the girl to dinner, but that she had left a closet full of old dresses, perfectly good but a little out of fashion, and the poor creature was welcome to any of them—except the blue embroidered frock which she adored because he had praised it.

A chance glimpse of the new stenographer stirred Mrs. Almeron's curiosity. She noticed the supple strength of the girl's form, the grave beauty of her face; she thought of Ordway's attitude of genial comradeship toward women—and wondered.

"Your husband's stenographer is quite striking, isn't she? It must be delightful to have anything so flower-like flourishing in a stupid office."

This was to Betty, soon after the latter's return.

"I haven't seen her. She was an old friend of my husband's, and Bobby is so Quixotic about having all the out-at-elbows to luncheon that I've avoided mentioning her since I came home," Betty frankly confessed. "Is she really so pretty?"

Mrs. Almeron was skilful in the use of the rapier. She could prick, but avoided drawing the telltale blood. In the conversation which followed there was not a word definite enough to be recalled or quoted, yet she left Betty intangibly uneasy, oddly annoyed with her husband. That afternoon Mrs. Ordway drove out to the mills.

"Why, Betty, is it you? You haven't honored the mills in a year." Ordway's face lit with pleasure, then he remembered Mary, and introduced her to his wife.

The girl arose from the typewriter, and Betty, acknowledging the introduction by a careless bow, let her eyes rest upon her.

Perhaps the most dangerous and penetrating type of beauty is that which does not impress the casual observer, but which grows with one's knowledge of the face. Mary Northrop's beauty was not of this subtler type; it was as indisputable, as serene, as nature in her best moods, whether she expresses herself in landscape, flower, or face.

"I've come by to take you for a drive—don't say it's the busiest part of the day, sir!"

"It is!" he protested, smiling. "But I'm going to stop and go with you. You needn't finish up those letters until the morning, Mary. You've been at the machine all day."

Betty turned toward her. "He spoils everybody under him. Nobody ever wants a cook or a nurse who has worked for him."

"One works for him at considerable cost if it closes all avenues of employment in the future," said Mary calmly.

Betty shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly.

"What bright chrysanthemums! Where did you get them, Bobby?"

"They grew in the mill boys' garden. This bunch won the prize I offered for

the earliest ones. Will you take them home?"

"Why, yes. Miss Northrop, bring the flowers to the carriage, please. Mr. Ordway has already put on his gloves."

But they were off again in a moment, and there was a distinct note of irritation in Robert's quick: "Here, Mary, let me have them, please."

"That was snobbish of you, Betty," he remarked, as they drove away. "Mary is my stenographer, not an errand-boy."

Betty said nothing, but when the drive was over she pointedly left the chrysanthemums on the seat of the carriage.

"I don't care for them any longer, since you were so cross about them. Papa says your idea of having flower-gardens is perfectly absurd, anyway."

Somebody discovered that Mary had a voice of no great range, but a true contralto, and she was asked to sing in the choir, where her appearance excited instant comment. Betty disliked it when her husband's friends laughingly rallied him on his good taste. Accustomed not to put up with any condition which was not entirely agreeable to her, Betty sought him whose habit it was to make all her rough places plain.

Just because she had no reason, she wrote:

I am not going to give any reason, simply ask a favor. Do find some other place for Bobby's second stenographer. Mrs. Almeron doesn't think you keep situations on ice, but I told her you could always do anything.

Woodruffe's mouth grew straight and hard as he read—not at the words, but at what he feared Betty might be keeping from him.

Skill at the game of finance was his. He had luck in holding honors, and he never lost sight of the odd trick; but when it came to the subtler game of finesse, in which the stakes are not dollars, he was apt to bungle. He bungled badly now. There was a directors' meeting that week, and among other things, at Woodruffe's suggestion, they decided to prune down the running expenses, to abolish certain clerkships, among them an assistant stenographer.

The Ordways were at a theater-party, so Robert did not hear of what was done until Woodruffe told him at breakfast quite casually; perhaps a shade too casually. The two were alone, as Betty never put in an appearance at the early meal.

"Make that poor girl lose her position for a petty ten dollars a week! What cheese-paring!" he said indignantly.

"I can offer her a place at the Pine Ridge mills in Bleckley's office," said Woodruffe.

Ordway considered a moment, and shook his head.

"It won't do, Mr. Woodruffe. Bleckley is not the proper man for a girl of twenty to work under. Besides, she is not a good stenographer. She is clever and all that, but the work is a misfit, or else she hasn't found herself in it. I shall have to keep her as my private stenographer and pay her out of my own pocket."

"You don't think such philanthropy is liable to be misinterpreted?"

The elder man's meaning was made suddenly clear. Amazement was followed by blazing scorn in Ordway's face, but he kept his voice level.

"It had not occurred to me. You think I had better take cognizance of a few chance harpies who manufacture the filth on which they feed?"

"I think you had better consider them—for the girl's sake."

"Very well. Then, also for the girl's sake, I again decline your offer of a position under Bleckley."

But what was he to do for her? He realized the genuine satisfaction he had felt in being able to extend a helping hand to the girl whose fearless independence had always attracted him. When he reached the mills, Mary broached the subject at once:

"Mr. Ordway, can you let me go by Thursday? We saw the minutes of the directors' meeting in the morning paper, and Mrs. Allan has urged me to go with her to California."

"Mrs. Winters Allan? She is a lovely little woman, but so frail that I'm afraid you would be hardly more than a nurse for her children."

"I'm a better nurse than I am a stenographer, and so I like it better. Mrs. Allan knew Uncle Northrop, and she has been most kind since I've been here, and I've grown so fond of her children. I think in a short while I can assume all the responsibility for them, and she can have the year of absolute rest which the doctor says is vital for her. She worries so over them, except when they are with me."

The girl's self-reliance stung him with a sense of his own dependence.

When he returned home that evening, sore and humiliated over the incident, he sought Betty for comfort. She was always ready to sympathize, though she sometimes misunderstood the cause of his annoyance. But this time she looked confused when he poured out his story, and she began to defend her father's course, insistently but contradictorily. All at once it was quite clear to her husband.

"Betty, did you ask your father to get rid of my stenographer?"

"No—yes—if I did, I only meant it for your own good," she stammered.

He drew a long, tense breath.

"Deal with me directly after this, won't you, Betty?"

He spoke so quietly that his wife did not guess that she had snapped the finest of the chords which bound them.

#### IV.

To win independence of his father-in-law, to be his own master again, began to obsess Ordway. Woodruffe had been so determined that office duties should not keep him too closely confined to be able to attend to Betty's pleasures, that Ordway felt himself of little more importance than a rubber stamp. For the first time he was assailed by the temptation to turn his knowledge of the cotton market to more rapid gains. "Futures!" The very word brought visions of free days ahead. He risked a little and won. Again—and success. Heavily the third time, and he won again. The excitement of it grew upon him. His life had been so abstemious, he had had neither the time nor the inclination to indulge



*"That was snobbish of you, Betty," he remarked, as they drove away. "Mary is my stenographer, not an errand-boy."*

in petty vices, that the sudden plunge into the market intoxicated him. He was like a boy playing his first hand of poker with a man's knowledge of the game. His luck was phenomenal—he lavished pretty things on Betty with an increasing sense of pleasure in "his own money," as he began to call it to himself, in contradistinction from his salary.

Then came one of those mad tumblers in which fortunes are made and lost in as many minutes, and Ordway had lost every penny that he had made, and nearly a year's salary in addition.

"I don't understand, Robert," said Betty, when he confessed the miserable truth. "Even Ned Almeron can make

money. He is as insignificant as he can be, he looks like a forked radish; but even he can make lots of money!"

Her mouth grew straight and sharp; she looked like her father.

"Mortgage our house! I certainly won't do anything of the kind. I am perfectly astonished that you should want to do such a humiliating thing. Just borrow the money from papa—of course you don't like to ask it—but neither should I like to live in a mortgaged house, and, as one of us has to suffer, it isn't fair for it to be me, when I've done nothing to bring it on."

The whole affair left Betty with a sense of injury. Her father loaned the

money—cup of gall unspeakable to Robert—and he accompanied it by the declaration that he would not again stand “responsible for gaming debts.”

Luxury fitted Betty like the feathers on the back of a gay little bird; and when Ordway began to look worried over bills, and though he was silent, let two telltale furrows deepen in his brows, she continued to make bills, but directed that they be sent to her father. This had gone on for some months before her husband learned of it, and knew that he was powerless to oppose it.

Genie was a solace to him, though he felt as if she was some fairy changeling rather than his own little daughter. In the winters the doctors continued to advise that she should be sent to Pine Ridge, where she lorded it over everybody, though she loved better than any one else the grandfather, with his delightful fashion of taking her into toy-shops and bidding her choose.

Mrs. Almeron was a help to Ordway through that winter of bitter mortification. Her tact, her interest, the silent quality of her sympathy soothed him. Betty, noticing how unobtrusively yet how distinctly Mrs. Almeron sought Ordway, wondered at it somewhat. Bobby wasn't as adorable as he used to be; he was so economical since he lost that stupid money that his clothes were positively shabby, and he wasn't half so jolly. All her life she had heard her father gage by the money standard, and she had unconsciously absorbed it. Her very respect for her husband was lessened by his disaster—even Ned Almeron could make money and Robert couldn't!

In the spring a suburb was thrown open to the public, a land scheme in which Almeron, Ordway, and others had been interested for some years. It caught the fashionable crowd, a country club was formed, everybody began to want a bungalow, and the whole thing proved an immediate financial success. When Ordway paid off his debt to his father-in-law, principal and interest to the uttermost penny, he felt as if a weight had been lifted from his very soul.

Betty felt the buoyancy of his mood, and she thought it an opportune time to coax him to agree to her plans.

“Bobby, I do so want to go abroad this summer, and papa wants to give us the trip, and mama has promised to take our precious baby to the coast—Genie is always better with mama. To think you've never been to Paris; and I do want to go again so much!”

“But my work, Betty; the mill——”

“Pouf!” She made a laughing face. “Papa has promised to arrange all that. We'll only stay three months, and your salary will go on just the same.”

“My pension,” he thought; but he kept the word from passing the door of his lips.

Then he thought how moody and anxious he had been throughout the winter. Poor little bird—had he rubbed too much of the gilding off the bars of their cage?

“Yes, sweetheart, we'll go if you wish. Your father is tremendously clever to us, isn't he?”

He told himself savagely that he was a stupid plodder to prefer to work through the warm summer rather than to idle abroad on his father-in-law's money, and he entered with determined cheerfulness into all of Betty's plans.

Quite suddenly it came.

There were a series of intimate dinners and small functions given in their honor the week before they were to sail. Bessie had driven from a dinner-dance at the Country Club, and, lured by the deceptive warmth of the night, had refused to keep a scarf around her shoulders. So quickly pneumonia developed that they could hardly realize that she was ill, before they were confronted with the fact that she was hopelessly so.

“Don't let her know,” her father commanded.

Stricken to the heart, his first thought was to spare her, as he had always spared her, and would now stand between her and foreknowledge of death. Cheerfully he told her that he had been able to exchange her berth for one on a steamer sailing a fortnight later, but that she would have to wait that much longer to see her steamer gift.

"But I've not forgotten your birth-day, daughter. If you were out of bed, you would have rummaged my pockets by this time."

"Is it to-day?" she questioned weakly; and her fingers tried vainly to touch the spring of the velvet case. Woodruffe opened it for her, and she gave a faint cry of pleasure at the bracelet of sapphires.

"So—beautiful!" she gasped. Then she turned reproachful eyes toward her husband. "Bobby—you forgot?"

He hid his face in his hands that she should not see the anguish written there. Always afterward, whenever the inner failure of their life together pierced his heart, the most poignant pang was for that moment when his child-wife, at the very gate of death, stretched out her little hand and he had no bauble to place there.

#### V.

After her mother's death Genie was taken to Pine Ridge. She had been there so often without her that she did not miss her; and in the child's attractiveness and caressing baby ways the stricken grandparents found a solace for which the lonely father longed in vain. He spent every Sunday with Genie, but the grandfather, who petted her every day, was a larger figure on her horizon than the father she saw but a few hours in the week. It was best for the child's health and happiness that she should live at Pine Ridge, as Ordway had no one on whom he could depend to entrust with the care of her; but, though he had had schooling in self-denial, to give up Genie he found his hardest sacrifice.

The only comfort in the dreariness of his existence was the determination to be no longer a pensioner on any man's bounty. It gave him a sense of renewed manhood to think of returning to the old independence—how needful a possession to the mind's health he had not realized until he had forfeited it.

When Ordway transferred his life interest in the home and certain other real estate of Betty's to Genie, Mr.

Woodruffe felt surprised approval. But when his son-in-law informed him that at the stockholders' meeting in November he would resign his position at the mills, Woodruffe grew suspicious of such altruism. Ordway's conduct seemed "too sweet to be sound." Certainly he had not intended to continue Ordway's present salary, which had been meant for Betty's support; but the name of the position could be kept the same, with a salary adequate to keep up a proper appearance in Genie's father. Woodruffe did not know how intolerable the sense of bondage had grown to the other man.

With all her insight, neither did Mrs. Almeron conjecture the depth of Ordway's feeling in the matter. He was often at her home throughout that almost intolerable summer after his wife's death. No one else was so unobtrusively sympathetic. Mrs. Almeron never asked questions—perhaps that was one reason why men confided in her—their confidences were probed no farther than the exact degree they volunteered. Ordway told her that he intended to give up his present position, and she inferred that his father-in-law and himself were at odds.

Toward the end of the summer Mrs. Almeron looked a little pale, and Robert expostulated with her for braving the heat for two successive summers.

The night was moonless, and he could not see her face, but her voice was very gentle as she replied:

"But the heat isn't any more trying to me than it is to you, and I felt that this summer you needed your friends."

"You stayed for me!" exclaimed Ordway, in unfeigned amazement. Then for the first time Mrs. Almeron heard a softening in the tone of cordial comradeship with which she was familiar.

"Thank you. It was a wonderfully unselfish, beautiful thing for you to do. 'A man among a thousand' the wisest of men found; but I am more fortunate than he in finding the woman."

The sense of her friendship was grateful to him; to atone for the pale cheeks, he was full of thought for her

in small ways, and she learned the kindly, protective side of his nature.

"For the first time in his life *Robert Ordway* realizes that I am a woman," *Mrs. Almeron* reflected. "He has always treated me before as if I were a particularly nice boy."

A faint smile curved her lips.

One October afternoon she watched him as he came toward her, his shoulders erect, his head thrown back, and a certain buoyancy in his bearing.

"At last! *Ned* must have written," she realized gladly.

"Well? You look like the little boy who pulled out a plum."

"The first thing he did was to exhibit it, you remember, and I've brought mine to you. Where is *Almeron*?"

"At his office."

She was vexed at the shade of disappointment which crossed *Ordway's* face.

"I wanted to thank you informally before I accepted his offer with due formality. He talks over business affairs with you, I know, so probably you know that he wants me to take charge of his new land company. I'm tremendously pleased by it. My resignation at the mills goes into effect November fifteenth, and now I shan't be job-hunting. I've been so absorbed in milling all my life that I

am gratified and flattered that as keen a business man as *Almeron* should have confidence that I can put this thing through. It is out of my line."

"So he said," returned *Mrs. Almeron* slowly. *Ordway's* obtuseness was almost past being amusing at times. Had she not by suggestion, by insinuation, by every art of which she was mistress, worked for months to bring about this result, and to make it appear to her husband as an emanation from his own brain?

"You talked it over, then?"

"Not exactly. But I conceived it—and I let him have the pleasure of believing the idea, as the *White Knight* phrases it, 'his own invention.'"

The clouding on the man's frank face was unmistakable this time.

"You had rather owe what small service may have been rendered you to *Ned* than to me?" she questioned.

"Why, yes, candidly. Women seem apart from business affairs. You see that it is natural for me to prefer to have won through *Almeron's* reliance on my ability rather than kindness—don't you,

through his wife's best friend?"

"You hurt."

The words were scarcely audible. She was off her guard.



"Fool!" she said aloud.

"Why?"

At the question, so blunt, so dense, Mrs. Almeron lifted her eyes, and let them rest for a long moment on his.

She wore brown, a dead-leaf color that brought out all the bronze lights in her hair, the wonderful, luminous brownness of her eyes, "like autumn pools" in depth and soft shadows. A swift realization of her beauty, almost as if he were seeing it for the first time, was less potent with him than the instinctive recoil of his soul.

Afterward, Mrs. Almeron could only remember vaguely that he brought the conversation at once to trivial things, and held it there while he made a call of ordinary length. All her memories were confused; her pride, her sureness, were too sorely stung by Ordway's first spontaneous recoil.

The next day Almeron came in at luncheon with a note, in which Ordway in terms of strongest appreciation thanked him for his offer—and declined it.

"I went to see him this morning, urged him to reconsider, but he thinks he is a mill man pure and simple. He has a few thousands coming to him from the settling up of the Meadowbrook Company; and he has saved most of his salary since his wife's death. He is going to try to get hold of a broken-down mill at Coharra which hasn't been running for some years, a pretty dubious venture. He'll be sorry he didn't take my offer."

He went out presently to get ready for luncheon, and Mrs. Almeron was left alone.

She went deliberately to the long cheval glass and looked at the graceful, patrician woman mirrored there—a woman of whose preference any man might be justly proud. He who had just left her considered himself the luckiest of mortals in being permitted to surround her with luxuries, which she accepted graciously. But Ordway—Her slim hands clenched.

"Fool!" she said aloud.

But whether she spoke of herself or of Ordway was not clear.

## VI.

There was no hazy glamour of Indian summer to soften Ordway's homecoming. Coharra stood dreary and dismal beyond his recollections. The mill in which he had served his apprenticeship faced him in naked, red brick hideousness, flanked by cottages painted a uniform slate color.

He had reached there early, and had gone to the one boarding-house of the place. Visions of the snowy damask, the hothouse flowers, the sparkling silver and cut glass of his own table made this one, with its oilcloth cover, its steel-tined forks, and iron-stone china, so repulsive that his breakfast was limited to half a cup of execrable coffee.

Through a growth of scrubby pines he followed the path to the mill on which he had acquired option. Except for the excellent water-power—not difficult to find along that swift-flowing river—there was little to attract. Poison-ivy grew along the walls and across the barred door; jagged remnants of window-panes testified to the accurate aim of bean-shooters. The few surrounding cottages were occupied by the lowest stratum of mill-hands seeking the minimum rental. The very atmosphere of the place seemed to spell disaster; and Ordway, recalling how the last owner had failed, wondered if he had been an erratic fool. Creature comforts loom larger when one has turned the back upon them.

Along the path a small boy scudded like a frightened rabbit.

"I'm jes' goin' to git pa some med'cin'; he's in a hurry, suh," he stammered quickly, fearing he might be detained.

An empty flask in the pocket of his torn jacket showed the sort of medicine of which pa was in need. The child was obviously stunted, his face oddly lined, and with that peculiar yellowness which marks skin or leaf that is in need of the sun.

"You've been working on the night shift?" There was no interrogation in Ordway's question. "So did I, at that very mill, for more than a year."

The boy looked up in dull astonishment.

"Why d'ye want ter come back, then?" he asked, as a trapped animal might wonder at an escaped one returning to see its cage.

Ordway's hand dropped kindly on the thin shoulder, and his voice had the old, positive ring:

"To teach you something about day-time—play-time."

He turned the key in the rusty lock; and, in spite of the difficulties which confronted him inside the mill, he was upborne by a sense of having found again his place and his work, for he had seen hope dawning in the eyes of a child.

He had need of all possible encouragement in the two years which followed; years of the hardest work and the most rigid economy. The only luxury he indulged in were the visits to Genie, between whom and himself he felt an ever-widening gulf. The little princess, whose hand-embroidered frock represented more than his personal expenditures in a month, would be driven to the station to meet him, and would delight him with her demonstrative greeting. But when they reached the house again it was hard to coax her to leave "papa" for "Bobby."

Mr. Woodruffe showed his disapproval of what he regarded as Ordway's erratic course by absolute silence concerning it. So he worked on steadily, without interest or sympathy anywhere; but his muscles came back to their old dependency; he lost flesh and gained endurance. His face was graver, but imprinted with purpose and steadfastness.

Mrs. Northrop, Mary's aunt, had taken him to board with her again; and when her husband fell ill, Ordway was invaluable in helping her.

"I've written for Mary," she said one day. "Mrs. Allan is well again, and she can't need Mary as much as I do."

"Will she come?" asked Ordway. "That transcontinental journey is a long one for her to undertake alone."

"Oh, Mary will always come where

she is needed," returned the other simply.

Ordway thought how the words epitomized the girl's character.

Mrs. Northrop was what is negatively termed "no manager"; it was interesting to watch how order grew out of confusion, and how easily the sick man's needs were met without delay or confusion, when Mary was home again.

To Ordway's work and plans she gave whole-hearted, clear-sighted sympathy. She was the first person who understood his purposes and sympathized with them.

A late afternoon in May, as Ordway passed the gingham-mills, his attention was arrested by a figure in the path ahead. The severity of cut of the black gown was foreign to Coharra. The easy, arrogant grace of movement, the small, queenly head, could belong to but one woman, and he hurried to overtake her.

"How in the world do you find yourself at Coharra, Mrs. Almeron?" he asked, after they had shaken hands. "Do you feel like a rose in a turnip-bed?"

"You flatter these clay hills when you call them anything so green and home-ly as a garden-patch," she returned. "There are some sort of negotiations for the sale of the gingham-mills. Ned was the principal stockholder, you know. I thought it more businesslike to attend to the matter in person."

"I can fancy you appraising the value of milling stock," he said, smiling. "Of course you brought your lawyer with you?"

"Of course," she answered indifferently. "But he is a mere bundle of statistics, and too dry to discuss. Let us talk of you instead, and of your life here. How do you bear this dreary place? You know I've heard nothing of you."

"You had my letter?"

"After poor Ned's death?—yes," she said gently. "But what stereotyped things are letters of condolence; how devoid of personality! Religious women use them as a vent to their intimate beliefs, it not being popular or possible



*"She's ter the mill, and they sez the ledly Mr. Ordwy was with she'd fix it, and I run arter you," whimpered the child.*

to sermonize often; sentimental women quote favorite passages of poetry—one sent me ten stanzas of a rhymed effusion called 'Under the Rod'; and the average woman and all men avail themselves of a few trite and conventional phrases."

A slight color crept under the tan of Ordway's cheeks. He remembered how hard to write he had found that letter.

"I appreciated the flowers you sent," she continued. "The great bunch of freesias recalled that night in the conservatory when Ned said they were his especial favorites. Their fragrant, inconspicuous blossoms made the pall of American beauties I had ordered seem tawdry."

This note of self-deprecation was new in her—her gentleness served to restore their old, intimate footing. They

walked on, talking of many things, his eager questions making her realize how completely he had been cut off from intercourse with their common friends.

"Are you never coming back to the haunts of civilization, oh, caveman?"

"I shall see your lawyer," declared Ordway, with positiveness. "I shall exact his promise that mills for you to appraise must be brought to you hereafter. You are not to come to Coharra with your alluring invitation to the flesh-pots."

"But I haven't invited you," she objected.

"You do," he insisted. "Everything about you breathes it. Those Parma violets, for instance—I had forgotten there was such fragrance! For flowers, we have dahlias or zinnias, or perhaps hollyhocks! You are quite unconscious

of it, but you are such a finished, exquisite product of one sort of achievement that you make the other sort seem a sober-hued thing—you make one question one's purposes, and that is never salutary."

"You didn't use to philosophize," she reflected. "You say I am inviting you unconsciously. Shall I make it conscious, then? Come back to your proper place among the people who were your friends—come away from the barren monotony of this!"

She extended one slim, gloved hand toward the dreary surroundings with a gesture of disdain.

Did she read a struggle in Ordway's candid eyes, or was it their palpable acknowledgment of her beauty which sent a rose-leaf color to her cheeks? Almost breathlessly she waited—and knew the moment to be the crisis between them.

"My hand's hurt orful bad. Please tie it up."

A shrill voice broke in upon them, and from a by-path in the woods a child appeared. She ran to Mrs. Almeron and caught her dress with one hand, extending the other, with a finger cut and bleeding. Controlling her annoyance at the interruption, Mrs. Almeron quickly disengaged her skirt from the grimy fingers.

"Why, I haven't any bandages, little girl. Run to your mother."

"She's ter the mill, and they sez the ledly Mr. Ordwy was with she'd fix it, and I run arter you," whimpered the child.

Quick comprehension broke upon Ordway.

"They must have thought it was Mary. You'll find her at Mrs. Northrop's cottage, two doors below the church. She will help you."

In his voice was the quiet faith in which a man speaks of his mother—and but one other woman. Instinctively Mrs. Almeron knew that the psychic moment had passed—whatever temptation might have assailed him no longer had power.

"Shall we walk on to the car?" she suggested. "I am a little fatigued."

"You came in a private car, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Eggleston's. He insisted that this branch of his road did not do him credit, and that I could make the trip more comfortably in his car. I shall accuse him of bribery, for it is the only bearable way I have ever found to travel."

Ordway grasped the undercurrent of meaning in the words.

"Eggleston!" he exclaimed, in amazement. "George Eggleston! Somehow I never thought—"

"Don't let congratulations escape you in their first warmth," she checked him; but there was an edge to her usual low tones. "They would be premature, and by keeping them six months in cold storage you can lower them to the exact conventional temperature, and still present them in ample time."

In marrying Eggleston—short, stout, "bald as a turnip," as Betty had once prophesied, but the shrewd, wealthy president of a railroad and the most powerful figure in the State—Mrs. Almeron would barter her beauty at an even higher rate than in her first equally cold and bloodless marriage.

But before she had committed herself, she had taken this trip to Coharra, and Ordway knew—and she knew that he knew—she had given him a last opportunity.

They said good-by in the car, where her lawyer, her maid, and an obsequious porter were waiting. On the table was a vase of hothouse roses, in size so immense as to suggest apoplexy. From their heavy fragrance Ordway turned with relief to the fresh outdoor air again. He hurried across a short cut to the Northrop cottage.

He found the sitting-room momentarily empty, and then Mary came in with a vial in her hand, and he knew she had been attending to the sick man. She picked up a torn jacket poor Mrs. Northrop had left half-mended, and began to darn it with smooth, even stitches. There was a knock at the door.

"I couldn't find the house. Please fix my hand, it hurts orful."

Ordway watched Mary as she bathed the dirty hands and the little tear-stained face, bandaged up the cut forefinger, and found some cookies "to take away the hurt."

As the child ran out again, he cried involuntarily from the innermost depths of his heart-hunger:

"For me also; oh, beautiful, strong, gentle hands!"

He was on his knees beside her, his head bowed against the arm of her chair. There was a long, silent moment—perhaps of revelation to them both—and then he felt the exquisite tenderness of her touch upon his hair.

## VII.

Bishop Kent leaned back in his chair in the library at Pine Ridge. His attenuated frame, stooped shoulders, and the finely wrinkled hand bore witness that he had passed beyond the allotted span of threescore years and ten. His eyes, kindly, humorous, just, had seen much of the failure, much of the sorrow, which is part of humanity, but had grown in faith in that humanity—which is the best fruit of living.

"I visited your father last week, Genie," he said. "He is doing remarkable things at his mills. The magazine article which has been so much discussed gives you statistics better than I can do, but he is a man of whom you can feel proud."

"I—I haven't seen it," replied the girl, glancing questioningly at her grandfather. "I'll read it, if grandfather likes."

"Run along now, child. Your grandmother will quarrel if she doesn't have a chat with you before bedtime, and I can't let my best roses fade." He touched her pink cheek tenderly, and the bishop noticed the quick responsiveness of her smile.

"She is a dear girl," he said, as the door closed upon her. "You escape old age altogether, Eugene, with youth like hers to enjoy."

"She has a precious nature, as affec-

tionate as her mother, but with even more thoughtfulness. She has made the light stay in my life. Bishop"—he hesitated a moment—"I wish you would not speak to her again of—of Ordway. I have never permitted his name to be mentioned before her since his marriage. I wish him, and any children of this second union, to be entirely outside of Genie's life."

"Some years ago you called his children 'factory hands,'" mused the bishop. "You would modify that expression now?"

Woodruffe gazed into the fearless old face.

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But there is a lot of gallery play in all these schemes of Ordway's."

"Most reforms are called advertisements when they begin," commented the other. "May I talk to you of him? I have waited for years, until events would prove that my unswerving faith in him was well grounded. I have just spent a week at Coharra, and I believe Robert and Mary Ordway have infused more of the spirit of home into their abiding-place than any I have ever known. When they were first married they lived in a three-roomed cottage which had been built for operatives. Robert papered and painted, Mary did her own work, and they gardened together; yet I used to think, as I made my pastoral rounds, that I found no happier home. Step by step she has worked with him. She is so calm, so poised, it is beautiful to see her with her children."

"Quite a brood, I hear," interrupted Woodruffe, with something like a sneer.

"There are five. From the beginning, almost as soon as they could toddle, their mother has taught them to feel that part of the work of the home, as well as the joy of the home, belongs to them. The other day, the two older boys, manly, well-grown fellows, were sawing vigorously at the wood-pile; the oldest girl had charge of the vases, and saw that every room in the house had its fresh flowers; while even the baby girl took pride in making up her doll's bed and keeping her doll-house in or-

der. They realize the satisfaction there is in work well done.

"Get work, get work,  
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to  
get."

"I consider Ordway responsible for the recent hysterical legislation in this State on the subject of child labor."

"He would count the charge a badge of honor. He has demonstrated that the best-equipped mill has less need of child labor—though, of course, the initial expense is much greater. There are young people at work in his mills, but well over the permitted age; they have shorter hours than adults, and there is no night shift. The article which contrasted his mill settlement with those of an older régime, tells of the school, the gymnasium, the swimming-pool, the flower-gardens, the sunny day-nursery. The dairy and the farm are designed to give outdoor employment to the boys and girls."

"He will find he has overreached himself in encouraging the hands to own their homes. The economic reasons why the mill company should be the landlord are too obvious to be questioned."

"I regard the savings-bank and building and loan association he has established as the ultimate expression of his faith in the manhood of his operatives, in spite of the evil tendencies engendered by the massing together of an agrarian people. Of course, the mill cottages are never sold, but Ordway has opened a large tract of land contiguous to the mill's property, where the thrifty

operative can build his home and pay for it gradually. A householder is not moving from one mill to another in restless dissatisfaction. He has a sense of permanency in his environment, and of personal interest in the prosperity of the mill, which means the advancement in the value of his property. Coharra has grown into the model mill settlement of the State through the labors of the man who was a factory boy in his youth."

"He never got over the taint of it," returned Woodruffe doggedly. "I think of all I did to make him a gentleman for Betty's sake — the luxurious home, travel, the means to gratify every refined taste; and how, as soon as she died, he returned to the old ways, declined Almeron's gilt-edge offer, to work like a day-laborer and to marry the Allans' nurse! It brings home the old aphorism: 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'"

"Why try?" urged the bishop gently. "A purse is but a receptacle for holding money; one's own or other people's. An instrument God made to do its especial work, serve its particular purpose as nothing else can, may be a homelier, but it is a higher, thing."

There was silence between the two.

"May I say good night?" Genie's fair head appeared at the door.

Her grandfather kissed her, then cleared his throat, and said with an effort:

"You may take this magazine with you, daughter, and read the article about your father. It is the one subtitled, 'A workman who needeth not to be ashamed.'"



"You may also add that Queen Anne is dead," said Saunders.



# THE GOOD-CONDUCT PRIZE

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS MCCLEES

GOING through the schoolroom of the "third," I chanced to see Saunders and Fowle there; and just as I passed them Saunders said that he wished he was dead.

This, from Saunders, was a bit out of the common, so I stopped and asked him why. He said:

"It's only a manner of speaking, Thwaites; but all the same I do, because of the Good-conduct Prize."

"Well," I said, "you're a snip for it—everybody knows that."

"Not now," he answered. "In fact, it's all up, and the gold watch and chain are gone."

Of course when young Saunders talked about a gold watch and chain, he didn't mean Doctor Dunstan's piffling Good-conduct Prize, which is always a book of a particularly deadly kind, such as "Lays of Ancient Rome"; but he meant the special prize his father had promised him if he won the highest marks for good conduct in his class. And he was simply romping home when this happened.

"Of course it's that beast Foster,"

said Fowle. "I always hated Foster, and now, knowing he couldn't win by fair means, he made that peculiar face at Saunders just as the doctor came in to say prayers last night; and Saunders laughed, not knowing the doctor had actually come in; and the doctor took off five conduct marks at one fell swoop."

"Foster must win now," said Saunders. "But it's a blackguard thing."

"And if Foster doesn't win, you will," said Fowle to me.

Curiously enough this was true. I had been going rather strong on good conduct this term for private reasons. In fact, my father had promised me—not a gold watch—but a flogging, or very likely two, if I came home again with a holiday punishment.

You must know that at Merivale there was a putrid system called "holiday punishments"; and if you didn't get a certain number of good-conduct marks in the term, instead of going home in glory with a good report, you went home with a holiday punishment. Well, owing to one thing and another,

I had taken home a holiday punishment four terms running; and my father began to get rather restive about it.

As a rule, he is the sort of father who talks rather ferociously, but doesn't do much; therefore when he actually does flog me, which happens now and then, it comes as a great and unpleasant surprise. And I felt, in the matter of the good-conduct marks, that if I went back with another holiday punishment, he would certainly keep his word and flog me to the best of his power. Therefore I bucked up in a very unusual way, and, though miles behind young Saunders and Foster, was miles in front of the others; and when suddenly Fowle said this to me, that if Foster also smashed up as Saunders had done, I must get the Good-conduct Prize in the "third," I felt quite giddy. Needless to say, I had never taken home a prize in my life. In fact, it seemed almost too much. My people would never believe it.

Of course if such a thing really did happen, it would be a frightful score off my father; but then there was Foster. He stood six clear marks ahead of me, and, unless some great catastrophe overtook Foster, it was impossible for me to catch him. Then it seemed to me that as Foster, in the most unsporting manner, had made his well-known comic face that always forced Saunders to laugh, and so he had got ahead of Saunders by a paltry trick, therefore it was only right that Foster should be scored off, too.

Needless to say, I was quite prepared to score off Foster myself; but then, very likely, that would end by smashing me up—so it seemed to me that the thing to do was to try and get some outside person to score off Foster, like he had scored off Saunders.

I thought a lot about it; but I couldn't see any way that was perfectly sportsmanlike. Then Fowle, who is not sportsmanlike but very cunning, said there was a way. I felt pretty certain his way must be mean and piffling; but for once he thought of rather a good way. At least it seemed good to me.

"I can't do anything myself," Fowle

said; "because the last time I was interested in a fight, you will remember, the result was rather nasty for me; but, all the same, in a case like this, there ought to be a fight, and very likely if you explained in a perfectly friendly spirit to Saunders that he owes it to himself to fight Foster, he will be much obliged to you, and go into training for it."

Well, I was bound to admit that for once Fowle seemed to be right. Because, if Saunders fought Foster, the marks of battle would appear on Foster even if he won; and they would be noticed by Browne, who hates fighting, and always takes off half the term's good-conduct marks when he finds a chap who has clearly had a fight.

So I put it to Saunders.

"I come in a perfectly friendly spirit, Saunders, and I don't want to put you to any inconvenience with Foster; but, as he's knocked you out of the Good-conduct Prize, and your golden watch, which your father may never offer again, as they often change their minds, you have a frightful and bitter grievance against Foster."

"You may also add that Queen Anne is dead," said Saunders.

"I know," I said. "But the point is that I'm rather worried to see you taking this lying down. It isn't worthy of the 'third.' We've always been a fighting lot, and, in fact, you ought to resist this tooth and nail; and I'd be your second like a shot; and West, the champion of the lower school, would referee—to oblige me."

Saunders was a good deal interested.

"D'you think I ought to lick him?" he asked.

"I think you ought to try," I said; "and you might even succeed if you went into training and had a bit of luck."

Saunders thought. He was a pale, parsnip-colored chap, and when he thought, he frowned terrifically till his forehead got quite wrinkled and old. There was also a very peculiar vein on his temple. You could see it when he was thinking extra hard, but not at other times.

"The question is what I should gain," he said.

"Also what he would lose," I said. This was, of course, Fowle's idea, but it came in jolly handy here.

"What can he lose unless I lick him?"

"Well, the beauty of it would be," I explained, "that if you licked him, or if he licked you, it would be all the same as far as the Good-conduct Prize is concerned. If you knock him about a bit, and black an eye or so, Browne

grief myself before the holidays. I've had to be keen on conduct this term owing to my father, who has rather overdone it about conduct lately; and so I've been piling marks in a small way, but, of course, such a thing as a Good-conduct Prize is bang out of my line."

"Or any prize," added Saunders thoughtfully.

"Or any prize, as you truly say," I answered.



*We sat together at meals, and I gave up my meat to him in exchange for his pudding.*

will pounce upon him for certain, as well as you, and away go half his conduct marks for the term, and bang goes the Good-conduct Prize."

Saunders nodded.

"Did you think of this?" he asked.

"Yes," I said—"with help from Fowle."

"As a matter of fact, if this happened, you'd get the Good-conduct Prize, Thwaites," said Saunders.

"It seems rather a wild idea," I answered, "but, as a matter of fact, I should—unless, of course, I come to

"Well, we've always been friendly enough," kindly remarked Saunders.

Needless to say I agreed.

"It would, of course, be a terrific act of kindness on your part to me if you knocked Foster out," I said; "and also it would be an act of justice to yourself; and also it would be what is expected of chaps in the 'third.'"

"You speak as a fighter yourself," said Saunders.

"I am, of course, a great fighter," I said, "and have only once been beaten, and that by West, who is a champion



*The Fight. Round 5. Saunders fell on Foster, much to Foster's surprise.*

and nearly two years older than me. But I believe you would be a very good fighter if you cared about it."

"I never should care about it," said Saunders. "But the point is Foster. Supposing he refuses to fight?"

"My dear chap," I said, "he couldn't. You've got a frightful grievance against him. The 'sixth,' when they heard, would mighty soon make him fight."

"You'll second me, Thwaites, if it comes off?"

"Yes," I said. "Certainly I will."

Saunders began to think again, and his forehead became much furrowed.

"I'm just wondering, if I explained to my father about it, whether he'd still give me the watch if I succeeded in licking Foster," he said.

I told him that from what I knew of fathers like his, it was very unlikely, and he'd better not hope.

"I have heard you say that your father is a clergyman," I said. "Don't buoy yourself up to think that he'll give you the watch if you lick Foster. Far

from it. In the case of Morrison it was very different. His father always gave him something if he went home with a black eye, and Morrison generally managed to do so; but then his father was a royal sea-captain, and had commanded a first-class battle-ship. Your father is religious and against fighting."

It happened that just at this moment Foster and some other chaps, including his chum Tin' Lin Chow—commonly called "Tinned Cow"—the Chinaman, came by, and Saunders, in the excitement of the moment, stopped Foster, and spoke.

He said:

"I've been thinking over losing the Good-conduct Prize, Foster; and, as it was your fault, something must be done."

Foster said:

"I've apologized. Nothing more can be done."

But Saunders said:

"Much more can be done. In fact, I challenge you to fight; and Thwaites is my second, and West will referee."

Foster was much astonished at this. "I'm bigger than you," he said. "It wouldn't be fair. I'm bound to lick you if we have a real, serious fight."

"You might lick me, no doubt," said Saunders. "But I shall do a bit first, and I dare say you'll know what'll happen then."

"The only thing that can happen is that you'll have to give in," said Foster.

"Something else will happen besides that," answered Saunders. "However, you'll see. To-morrow week in the wood, if that will suit you."

He mentioned a half-holiday, and, as the "first" had no game on, West would be able to referee comfortably, while everybody was looking at the second eleven game fixed for that day.

"Saturday week in the wood; but you'd better think twice," said Foster.

"I have," said Saunders.

And then Foster himself appeared to think twice. At least, Tin Lin Chow reminded him of something, and he came back rather mildly to us after he had walked by in a very cold and haughty manner.

"Look here, Saunders," he said. "Would you mind putting off this fight till next term? I'm not in the least anxious not to oblige you; but for private reasons I would rather not fight this term."

"Yes, I know," said Saunders; "and for private reasons I rather would. You've knocked me out of the Good-conduct Prize when it was a dead certainty for me; and now——"

Foster went away to think; but, needless to say, his thinking didn't get him out of the mess. In fact, the fight had to come off, though Foster met Saunders three times before the day, and once actually sank to offering him a valuable and remarkable knife if he would put off the fight till the next term.

But Saunders scorned to do so.

## II.

What Foster did in the matter of training I don't know, but Saunders had rather bad luck. We sat together at meals, and I gave up my meat to him

in exchange for his pudding. Well, of course, to eat all my meat as well as his own ought to have made him strong. But, unfortunately, it didn't. He seemed to miss his puddings frightfully, and his tongue went white the day before the fight, and he got a headache. The matron spotted him looking a bit off, and then a frightful thing happened, for the very night before the fight she made him take a huge dose of some beastliness, and, of course, instead of being full of solid meat and strength for the fight, when the time came Saunders was quite the reverse.

Needless to say, he gave up all hope, and at dinner wouldn't eat any meat worth mentioning, and wouldn't give up his apple-tart to me, but ate it himself. He said he was bound to lose, so it didn't matter, especially as apple-tart was his favorite food.

The time came, and those in the fight sneaked off to the great wood that runs by Merivale playing fields, and everything went very smoothly, indeed. Saunders had me and his brother for his seconds, and Foster had Tin Lin Chow and Trelawney. And West not only was referee, but he wrote a magnificent description of the fight, like a newspaper. He had read about thousands of proper prize-fights in a book of his brother's at home; so he understood everything about it. And he rather hoped that Masterman, who is the editor of our school magazine, would put the fight in; and, if he had, it would have been far and away the best thing that he ever did put in. But Masterman wouldn't, though he was sorry not to.

He said: "You see, West, the people who read the magazine most are the parents, and they like improving articles about foreign travel, and what old boys are doing, and poetry, and so on. If I published this fight, the doctor would get into an awful wax, because it would be too ferocious, and very likely frighten the parents of future new boys away when they read it."

Certainly it was a very horrid account written as West wrote it; but, as he most kindly let me have the descrip-



"What have we here? Why, no less a classic than Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'! Fortunate boy!"

tion to copy, I shall write it out again here; because certainly I couldn't do it half so well as him—him being champion of the Lower School and champion of the Upper School, too, when Trelawny goes.

This is word for word what West wrote:

Description of the Fight between Foster and Saunders, junior, written by Lawrence Basil West, Esq., Champion of the Lower School of Merivale, and brother of Lieutenant Theodore Travers West, Middleweight Amateur Boxing Champion of the World.

The men came into the ring in pretty good condition, though Foster had the advantage, owing to Saunders getting a setback in his training the day before the battle. The ring was cleared and the combatants shook hands for

#### THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. Some cautious sparring ended by Saunders letting fly with the right and left, and missing with both. Foster then steadied his antagonist with a light blow on the chest. More sparring followed; then, with a round-arm blow, Saunders got home on Foster's ear and the men closed. They fell side by side, and on rising instantly prepared to renew the battle; but, as the round was over, the referee (Lawrence Basil West, Esq.) ordered them to their corners.

ROUND 2. The men were very fresh and eager for business when time was called. There was some good counter hits, and then Foster received a prop on the nose which drew the claret. First blood for Saunders claimed and allowed. The fighting became rather unscientific toward the end of this round, and finally Foster closed and threw Saunders with a cross-buttock. Both men were rather exhausted after this round.

ROUND 3. Foster, using his superior height, landed with his right on Saunders' kisser. Then he repeated the dose and in return caught it on the left optic. Some good milling followed, with no advantage to either side. Saunders got pepper toward the end of the round, and, when he was finally thrown, his seconds offered to carry him to his corner; but he refused, and walked there.

ROUND 4. Foster came first to the scratch. Both cautious, and Saunders very active on his trotters. But he gave some good blows, and managed to hit Foster again in the left eye. Foster, in return, landed with the right on Saunders' smelling-bottle, and liberated a plentiful supply of the ruby. A good round. At its conclusion, Thwaites and Saunders' brother wanted Saunders to give in; but, as he was far from beaten, he very properly refused to do so.

ROUND 5. In this round Saunders was receiver-general and received heavy punishment. It was claimed that Foster hit him a clean knock-down blow, but the referee would not allow it. In the wrestle at the close, Saunders got the best of it and fell on Foster, much to Foster's surprise.

ROUND 6. Saunders was badly cut up in this round, and received heavy blows on his potato-trap and olfactory organs. The fighting was very wild and unscientific, and both men fell exhausted toward the finish.

ROUND 7. Nothing done. Both fell exhausted.

ROUND 8. Some good in-fighting. Saunders got his second wind, and, making useful play with his left, landed on Foster's throat and his right eye. It was nearly a case of shutters up with Foster. They fell side by side, with the ruby circulating freely. The sight of so much gore upset Saunders' brother, and he had to leave the ensanguined field. Fortescue took his place by permission of the referee. But the end was now near at hand.

ROUND 9. Both very weak. Referee had to caution both combatants for holding. Nothing much done, except that Foster lost a tooth.

ROUND 10 (and last). Foster came first to the scratch, and managed to get home on Saunders' forehead and left aural appendage. Saunders was almost too tired to put up his hands. He tried to fight, but nature would not be denied and Saunders fell in a very groggy state. He was counted out by the referee, and Thwaites flung up Saunders' sponge in token of defeat.

When Foster discovered that he had won, he shed tears. But Saunders, though defeated, was quite collected in his mind.

## REMARKS.

We have seen better fights and we have also seen worse ones. Foster has some good, useful blows, but he wants patience and practise. He is not a born fighter, but might improve, if he took pains. He had much the best of it in height and weight, including age, being a good deal older than his redoubtable antagonist. Though defeated, Saunders was by no means disgraced. He put up a very good fight, and at one time looked like winning; but luck was against him. Saunders, however, might give a very good account of himself with

he had done all he wanted to do, and Foster had a caution of an eye, that went on turning different colors, like a firework, till the very end of the term.

Such a wonderful, bulgy, and curious eye could not, of course, be overlooked even by such a blind bat as old Briggs; and, needless to say, Browne soon saw it. Then the truth came out, and that was the end of the Good-conduct Prize as far as Foster was concerned. He was frightfully sick about it; and when it began to appear that owing to these extraordinary things I, of all people, must get the Good-conduct Prize, he



"Good heavens!" said my father. "You—a prize! What on earth for?"

a man of his own size, and we hope soon to see him in the ring again. He has the knack of hitting hard and getting away. He was very little marked at the end of the battle, whereas his opponent's right eye will long bear the marks of his prowess; and, also, he lost a tooth.

(Signed) LAWRENCE BASIL WEST,  
Referee.

I read this to Saunders, and he agreed with it all, except the bit about being in the ring again soon. He assured me he did not care about fighting in a general way, or wish to live for it, like West did, but only now and again for some very special reason, as in the case of Foster. At any rate, though the loser,

was sicker still, and called it a burlesque of justice, whatever that may be.

Anyway, it actually happened, and when prize-day came it was a clear and evident thing that I, Thwaites, had got the Good-conduct Prize in the third form. The doctor began to read out the name; then, evidently under the idea that he had got it wrong, stopped and spoke to Mr. Warren, our form master; and Mr. Warren nodded, and the doctor put on a puzzled look. Then he dashed at it, and read out my name, and I had to go up and get the prize.

"A pleasing and unexpected circumstance, Geoffrey Thwaites," said the

doctor. "Frankly, to see you achieve this particular trophy caused me no little astonishment; but, believe me, my surprise is only equaled by my gratification. You have not forgotten what I said to you last term, and I hope this satisfactory amelioration of manners may, when we reassemble, be followed by a corresponding increase of scholastic achievement. It will be no small gratification to your good father, Geoffrey Thwaites, to welcome you under these conditions, instead of with the usual melancholy addition of a 'holiday punishment.'"

Then the doctor picked up the Good-conduct Prize with that innocent, inquiring air he always puts on when giving the prizes. He pretends to be frightfully astonished at the beauty and magnificence of each book in turn; which, considering he chooses them all himself, is fearful bosh, and deludes nobody but a few mothers, who sometimes come if their sons happen to have pulled off anything.

Now Doctor Dunstan picked up a pretty tidy-looking book, as far as its outside was concerned.

"What have we here?" he said, as if he had just found a bird's nest. "Why, no less a classic than Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'! Fortunate boy! Here, bound in scarlet and gold, and richly illustrated, is a copy of that immortal work. Know, Thwaites, that in receiving the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' you are receiving one of the noblest and most elevated and improving masterpieces in the English language. Take it and read it again and again, my lad; and when you shall have mastered it, lend it to those less fortunate, that they, too, may profit by the wisdom and piety of these luminous pages."

Then the chaps clapped and stamped, and I bowed and took the book, and shook hands with the doctor and cleared out.

Needless to say, my father was even more astonished about it than Doctor Dunstan. I came into his study to wish him good evening when I got home, and he said: "Well, boy—vacation again? How have you got on? Don't—don't tell me there's any more trouble."

"Far from it, father," I said. "I've got a prize."

"Good heavens!" said my father. "You—a prize! What on earth for?"

"You mightn't think it, but for good conduct," I said.

"Good *what!*" cried out my father.

"Good conduct," said my mother. "I always told you there was a mistake. A beautiful, expensive-looking book, with his name in it, written by Doctor Dunstan himself—the name, I mean."

"Wonders never cease," said my father. Then he added: "Well done; capital! I'm more pleased to hear this than you've any idea of. You must keep it up through the holidays, though."

"If Saunders had won it, his father was going to give him a gold watch," I said—just to see how that would strike my father.

"No doubt Saunders' father felt perfectly safe," said my father.

Which shows how people misunderstand.

However, my father was pretty decent about it; and, in fact, so was everybody.

My sister asked me if I should read the Good-conduct Prize.

"The pictures are ripping," she said. "Giants and all sorts of things."

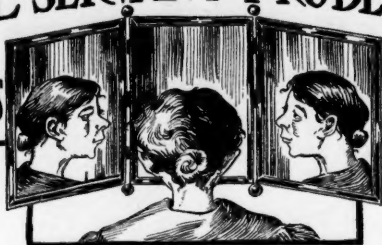
"The pictures, as you say, are ripping," I told her; "but, unfortunately, the story itself is far from ripping."

"How do you know if you haven't read it?" she said.

"By what the doctor told me," I answered. "It is one of the noblest and most improving masterpieces in the English language, so, needless to say, I've got no use for it."



# THE ONE-SERVANT PROBLEM FROM THREE POINTS OF VIEW



## II.—THE ONE SERVANT'S

By Anne O'Hagan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. PROVOST

SO Nora, most cheerful and contented of maids though she had been, would not permit her niece, Lizzie, to enter service—even her well-esteemed Mrs. Bennet's agreeable service! I reflected upon this fact after I had left that harassed searcher for "help" in a hated intelligence-office on the day of our chance meeting. This, by the way, illustrates one feature of the servant problem. Once a woman begins to consider it, her mind becomes a prey to it, she wonders and plans and devises and considers and wonders again.

The end of my wonderings was at the door of Nora's tenement. Nora and I had had more or less of an acquaintance during her seven years' employment with my friend; our cordial relation had been, as it were, cemented by the bestowal of a silver butter-knife on the occasion of Nora's wedding. And, finally, I had an excellent excuse for my call in the fact that I wanted Nora to give me the address of the incomparable cleaning woman, which I had mislaid.

Nora's tenement consisted of three rooms, two of which had such light and air as a back yard, towered over by the tenement-houses of the next street, affords. But it was shiningly clean, and Nora, at eleven in the forenoon, was placidly seated by her window, on which

the brightest of geraniums flaunted a cheerful defiance at hard conditions, darning the socks of her recently acquired Joe. I thought of the envy with which poor Laura Bennet would eye her ex-maid's mid-forenoon leisure.

Nora was all that was hospitable. She found the lost address, pressing urged upon me a cup of the bitter, black tea which she had steeping upon the back of the stove, inquired warmly after her late employer, and sighed when she heard the tale of that lady's misfortunes.

"Mrs. Bennet was terribly disappointed when she couldn't persuade you to let Lizzie try the place," I hazarded.

Nora's plump, kind face hardened. She darted a suspicious glance at me. I hastened to disavow myself an emissary from the Bennets, and apparently my manner carried conviction, for Nora's features resumed their amiable lines and she sighed again over Mrs. Bennet's plight.

"Deed, if Himself 'u'd let me," she said, "I'd be afther goin' back to the pore dear for a week or so, till she could look around her. But of course he won't. He wants me here when he comes in of an evenin', an' he don't hold with married women's workin', anyhow, not even to oblige. The neighbors wouldn't

know it was to oblige. They'd think Himself wasn't makin' enough for us both."

"But if you feel that way, Nora," I tentatively suggested, "why wouldn't you let Lizzie go to Mrs. Bennet?"

"I've been out in service all my life since I came to this country, miss. It's nothin' much one way or the other to me now. I've been a servant, an' if there's the disgrace in that that some think there is, why, I'm disgraced already. An' house-work's what I know, an' it's all that I know. But no girl that I have to do with is ever goin' to be a servant, not if I can help it."

Nora's lips closed firmly upon this statement, and I immediately and joyously proceeded to answer her, fatuously assured that I could make her see the folly of her position.

"So it's the social position you are considering, Nora? Don't you think that's rather foolish for a sensible woman like you? What difference does it make to you or to any woman with common sense whether she is called a servant or an employee? Employees are quite as much servants as the so-called servants. And think of all the advantages a servant in a good house enjoys! She makes more money than the factory-girl or the untrained clerk in a store; she is better housed and fed; she is safeguarded from all sorts of danger which beset the girl who has to earn her living in other ways."

I paused for breath and awaited Nora's acquiescence. But she shook her head and smiled half-pityingly upon me.

"It's easy for the ladies to see the good side of it," she said. "But it's different with the girls. You know I lived other places, miss, before I went to Mrs. Bennet—some of them bad an' some of them good. There's nothin' much you can tell me about the advantages of bein' a livin'-out girl."



*Once a woman begins to consider it, her mind becomes a prey to it.*

And Nora forthwith proceeded to furnish me with a companion piece, in the line of domestic adventures, to Mrs. Bennet's distraught mistress.

"When I came over," she said, "it was little I thought about whether it was a disgrace to be a servant or not. I wanted to earn money to send home to my people and to keep myself goin'. I'd lived as a kitchen helper at one of the big houses near my old home an' never thought myself too good for the job; you see, miss, over there we have different classes, an' we all know where we belong in them; so it was no disgrace for me to be the helper in the kitchen of the great house, an' it would have been fine an' laughable if I'd have set out to make myself the equal of my lady."

"But I came over here, an' my uncle's on the force an' his girls weren't workin' in anybody's kitchen; they could be home of an evenin', playin' the piano in their own parlor an' talkin' to their beaux like the best in the land. An' the Grady girls whose father came over from our part, he knowin' all our people well, well, if you please they're goin' to the convent like the gentry. For their father's made money with his sa-

loon an' he says nothin's too good for his girls.

"Well, an' here I come, pleased as Punch to think of makin' fourteen or sixteen dollars a month—at home I'd had five pounds a year, miss!—an' never thinkin' at all about 'position.'"

Nora laughed as she said the word. Then she went on:

"But I soon learned it made a difference. My cousins, when I'd go down

my own on this side of the water; an' pretty soon I began to feel hot and red when I had to tell any one that I was workin' up on Sixteenth Street. It's all very fine to say that it was foolish—but it's the way we're made, miss; we want to be as good as the next one to us, as looked up to, an' all, an' in the old country we are, for the next one to us is another like ourselves, havin' nothin', an' glad of a chance to earn a bit, an'



"My niece Lizzie."

to their place on my Sundays out, they'd talk very fast when any one asked me where was I and what was I doin'. They clerked in a Sixth Avenue store, the two of them, an' what they made wouldn't have paid for the food I had to eat in the house where I was; an' yet they were ashamed of me for bein' a servant."

She paused and sighed. Then she resumed her discourse.

"Of course it was silly, an' they were silly-headed fools, an' I was another to care what they thought. But I was only sixteen, miss, an' they were all I had of

never thinkin' of puttin' herself or himself up on a line with the gentry.

"But here—well, you'll say yourself it's so. You know, miss, in spite of all you say to me about honest labor bein' no disgrace, but an honor—you know that in spite of all you say about how much better a good home is than a pore, mean, cheap boardin'-house such as a girl workin' alone in a shop would have to have—you know in your heart, miss, that your own way with the girls in the shop ain't quite like your way with the girls in the kitchen. Now, is it, miss?"

I shook my abashed head.

"In the kitchen," pursued Nora, "it's 'Nora,' an' it's 'Lizzie,' an' it's 'do this' and 'do that.' An' in the store, if you know her name at all, it's 'Miss McElroy, good mornin', will you please show me this an' that?' An' you know, miss, that if some one were to offer you ten times what you've got now, and a hundred times as good a home to live in, an' were to talk you black in the face about the dignity of labor, you wouldn't go an' live out. Now, would you?"

I tried to explain to Nora that my probable refusal to accept such a glittering financial offer as she intimated would be due to a conviction that I could not successfully do the required work. But Nora knew me for the casuist that I was, and smiled and shook her head at me.

"You wouldn't go, miss, dear," she said, with an air of finality, "because you wouldn't be anybody's servant, for anything that could be offered you. An' that's the way we all get to feel in this country, whether it's silly or not. An' it ain't so silly. Both of my cousins were married years before I was, though neither of them could do for a man in the house as I could. Why? Why, because they had a place to see young men, an' they had evenin's to see them in, an' because young men 'u'd rather marry salesladies than servants, an' that's the livin' truth. Not," Nora hastened to add loyally, "not that I'd have had it any different. I knew Dan before ever I came out, an' I'd have waited a good while longer than I had to for his old father to die so as he could come out himself an' get started."

"Well, then, the reason you are unwilling to have your niece enter Mrs. Bennet's service, or any service, is on account of the social standing of the servant class," I summed up Nora's arguments. "But is that really all you have against household work?"

"'Deed, an' it's not," replied Nora energetically. "Why, miss, just let me tell you about the first place I went to live after I came over—a nice place it was, too, an' nice people. They kept but the one girl, the Osbornes; he was a lawyer, an' they hadn't been married

but a few years, an' they had no children, an' they lived in a steam-heated flat, an' it all sounded fine an' easy to me. Where I had lived in the old country there were seven in the family an' stoves an' fireplaces to take care of, an' inconveniences no end. So I was pleased as Punch, an' saw myself doin' all the work in a few hours a day.

"Well, miss, all that she said when she was engagin' me was true; there was but the two of them—only they were always havin' her mother down from Massachusetts an' his sisters up from Virginia, an' then the sittin'-room an' the little dark box off it they called 'the den' would have to be made into bedrooms every night, an' the company'd sleep late, for they were out late nights, an' yet I'd have to have those rooms aired an' fresh an' dusted an' pretty early in the mornin'.

"It's really awful on a girl, company in a flat is, miss. An' they were all hot-water people—what, don't you know what I mean, miss? They all wanted their hot water to drink when they woke up. It seems a little thing, an' sure it would be a pity if people couldn't have a cup of hot water in their own house when they wanted it. But he took a pinch of salt, an' she took a squeeze of lemon, an' one sister-in-law took it plain, an' her mother liked it with some kind of a powder. When they had company, miss, there used to be three or four little trays on the kitchen-table the first thing every mornin', an' a pitcher an' a cup an' saucer an' a spoon on every tray; an' I'd go creepin' around, knockin' on the doors an' leavin' the stuff, an' by an' by they'd ring to say they had fallen asleep again an' the water had cooled, or I'd mixed the flavorings, an' would I bring some more? It sounds like a trifle, miss, I know, but somehow it used to try my patience more than anything else, that hot-water business.

"She liked everything around her very nice, Mrs. Osborne did. No dead leaves on her plants, fresh water for her flowers, her andirons polished up an' her hearth clean; they generally had a wood fire in the sittin'-room in spite

of the steam heat; said they liked the looks of it, an' it certainly did look pretty and bright; but the ashes an' the dust! She had lots of brass, too—they said she was a fine judge of metal things, an' she was always goin' off in queer parts of the town an' comin' in with candlesticks an' bowls, an' what not; an' she would tell how cheap she had got them, an' everybody would congratulate her, an' exclaim an' ask for the address. An' it used to take me five hours every other week to keep all those bargains bright

an' shining. Oh, yes, they looked pretty, an' I was always one that liked to see my ladies' houses lookin' nice! But five hours on an extra like that is sort of hard on a general housework girl, miss.

"An' there was afternoon tea. Now, I like a cup of tea as well as any one, an' I don't know how I'd get along without the pot on the back of the stove all day. But that's easier than Mrs. Osborne's way. She'd had some fine weddin' presents, an' the one she liked best, I used to think, was her tea-things—a great, big, carved tray; Sheffield they used to name it, I think, an' a tea-kettle with a little lamp to match. Keepin' them clean was no joke, I can tell you.

"An' her cups an' saucers were so fine an' pretty, I used to nearly die of fright when I'd bring the tray in, lest I'd slip an' let it drop an' break everything. Every afternoon when she was in the house, I'd have to march with that contraption, an' put it on a low, little foldin'-table I had already dragged out an' made ready. An' I had to be as tidy an' bright as a new guinea to carry in the things; my collar and cuffs



*"Sometimes I have sat down on the edge of a chair an' cried."*

just so for whiteness, my black dress without a spot on it, my apron all crispy. Wash day, iron day, bake day, sick day, well day—every day when she'd be in in the afternoon I'd have to do that.

"An' once I made some little cakes when I had some extra time, an' gave them to her for a surprise when she came in; well, after that I had to make them twice a week. She said every one talked about them, and how good they were, an' how smart I was. But what I remember is that I had to make them twice a week. It doesn't seem much, afternoon tea—but when there's only one girl, an' she may be straining soup stock or ironing curtains or polishing the brass, or trying to sneak a minute to rest her head or to mend her clothes—why, afternoon tea gets on her nerves, as the ladies say.

"They were great for company, the Osbornes. I have heard people talk about how hospitable they were, an' how cordial, an' how simply they did things, but how well! It was all true, I suppose. I know that they seldom sat down to dinner alone, an' that they had real parties every week or so. I



*"An' maybe she sees the ladies smokin' cigarettes."*

can see myself yet, after I had carried the coffee into the parlor to the ladies, goin' back into that little kitchen an' lookin' at the dishes piled up on the tubs beside the sink.

"Sometimes I have sat down on the edge of a chair an' cried. For Mrs. Osborne had to have everything nice an' like it ought to be from start to finish; an' I leave it to you, miss, how many plates an' knives an' forks an' spoons that means. She had taught me to wait on the table right nicely; an' I will say for her that she used to help with the cookin' on the days when there were many comin'; but, oh, how they used to look, those dishes, after I had left the coffee for the ladies to drink in the parlor an' the gentlemen in the dinin'-room—so that I couldn't get into my table or to put away my things until they were gone! Many's the night I've cried when I've gone to bed afterward.

"Mrs. Osborne used to say that she'd be glad to have some one in to help me with the dishes, but that she didn't like

to trust her pretty things to strangers. An' somehow the kitchen always seemed to me lonelier those nights when the sittin'-room was so full of talkin' an' laughin'.

"You see what the trouble was there, miss. It's the trouble in many an' many a place where the lady is as good an' kind as can be. The ladies are used to nice ways of doin' things; an' they have friends who keep three an' four servants. Well, they must do things nice an' do things like their rich friends, though they can't afford but one servant. In those places it's the extras that wear a girl out. Just the cooking an' washin' an' cleanin' for a family of two is nothin' much. It's the extras.

"Mrs. Osborne an' Mrs. Bennet, they were real ladies. They knew how to treat a servant. They didn't nag, nag, nag until you nearly died. They didn't lose their tempers. If things went wrong an' they were annoyed, they didn't fly off the handle an' scold an' shout. They came out to the kitchen afterward, an' said, quietlike an' firm, that they didn't want such an' such a thing to occur again.

"But I have lived with ladies that weren't ladies, miss. They'd as soon speak to a servant like a dog as not. They'd scold an' lose their tempers, an' talk in a way that would surprise you. But I will say for myself that I never would stand those mistresses. Once a lady let me see, by shouting at me or using ugly language, that she was no lady, I gave notice. There's plenty of places in this city for a girl without her havin' to put up with that kind of thing; an' so I told such always.

"There are other things, too. Of course, there are the children who are allowed to be nuisances in the kitchen, an' the children who think it is smart to talk sassy to a servant. An' there are gentlemen who drink; an' it ain't always pleasant in their houses. An' if you'll excuse my sayin' it, you made me smile, miss, a while ago when you were speakin' of the safe life of the servant girl compared with the shop-girl or the factory-girl, or the girl who works by the day an' boards herself.

"Why, miss, one reason I'd never let Lizzie go into service, if I could help it, is because of what she'd see in some houses; nice ones, too. Oh, miss, I don't mean anything dreadful; it's all right for the gentry, I suppose, who can afford it, to have wine on the table every night an' to have whisky on the sideboard all the time, an' all that. But a girl needs to be very sure of herself to keep from doin' as she sees the mistress do—takin' a nip when she's tired, an' another when she's chilled, an' one when she's gay an' wants to celebrate, an' one when she's sad an' wants to cheer herself up.

"It happens sometimes, I don't need to tell you, miss, in the very nicest houses. The ladies do it.

"Mind you, I don't mean for a minute to say that nice ladies drink too much. But a girl in the places like the ones I mean sees drink used often—sort of familiarlike. An' she sees that the people who use it are decent an' fine, an' by an' by temperance comes to mean nothin' much to her, an' she loses respect for it.

"An' maybe she sees the ladies smokin' cigarettes—I have, often enough; an' they were nice ladies, too; an' I dare say they had a right to smoke them if they wanted to. But we don't do those things, miss—we poor people—if we are anyways decent.

"An' it's bad for a young girl to get her ideas mixed, as you might say; she hears, maybe, Father O'Flynn of a

Sunday mornin' preachin' against drink, an' then before dinner that Sunday night she sees the master mix a cocktail an' the mistress drink it. It's confusin' to her mind.

"Sometimes I think, miss, that as many a young girl has been started wrong by what she has seen when she was livin' out in nice houses as by anything else in the world. An', of course, if she happens to strike a house that ain't nice!

"Once I lived in a promoter's family for a while. Of course, you know what a promoter is, miss. I didn't at first. I didn't even when he offered to invest my wages for me. I was a good deal of a greenhorn then; an' I actually let him take all the money I didn't send over to my mother for six months to invest for me. The first three months he gave me interest—big interest; ten per cent. I think it was. He was a very free an' affable gentleman, and' he used to jolly me along, sayin' how I'd soon be havin' corner lots.

"Of course, I didn't get my money

back. They discharged me at the end of the six months; an' when I asked for the money he explained how it was tied up in those fine investments. An' whenever I went after it I was put off; an' then by an' by they began to say I shouldn't come around annoyin' them. Annoyin' them! I told my uncle on the force about it, an' he told a lawyer he knew. But, miss, I didn't have a single line to show for what I said—an' there



"Of course you know what a promoter is."

I was. Often I think of that when I read things about dishonest servants.

"An' I think, too, about the houses where I've lived where they didn't set out to cheat you, but where your wages were always behind, an' where you'd have to lend the lady car-fare half the time, an' sometimes pay for her little C. O. D. parcels. Oh, there's ways an' ways of not bein' quite honest with your help.

"It isn't always the houses where they keep only one girl, of course, that do things like that to you. But in the big places where there are lots of servants there is likely to be more ready money; an' even if there ain't, the girls sort of support one another against the mistress if she begins to ask too much.

"I don't know quite why it should be so, but a girl by herself in a family feels a lot less independent. I suppose it's because she sees a whole family united together on one side, an' sees herself, a poor, lonely thing, on the other. An', of course, she feels that she can't by herself stand up against them, all workin' together.

"But, of course, there's tricks an' troubles in all trades. We know those of the trades we've worked in best, though, an' I suppose that's why we're all so sure we don't want our young folks to have to do what we have done. I suppose Lizzie may be more cheated in the lace place than I was in all the houses where I worked. An' she'll probably see more drunkenness in the street here than if she lived in a nice family—but it will be drunkenness, an' ugly to her, an' not in her own place; that's a lot less harm to her mind, miss, than just nice, easy-goin' drinkin' in the nice, pretty place where she works, by the nice lady who is a lady an' never forgets herself.

"An' she may have to work awful hard—not that housework's any too easy; but of course you don't do it at the same rate all the time. You don't put the same strength into sittin' down an' parin' your potatoes that you do into washin' your sheets an' table-cloths; an' it ain't such a strain on your mind to dust the parlor as to watch an

omelet soufflé. In housework you do get breathin'-spells; and' I suppose you don't get many in other work.

"But, miss, when Lizzie's work in the lace-shop is done, it's done! She can come home here at six o'clock, an' she can go to bed if she wants to. There'll be no servin' a four-course dinner an' washin' the dishes an' tendin' the door. An' if she wants to sit up all night she can do that, an' it's nobody's business. An' she can have a young man every night in the week, if she can find one that she likes as often as that; an' he won't be called a 'follower,' an' he won't be told to go by any one but Lizzie—an' maybe Lizzie's aunt.

"It'll be her own life that's she livin'. It won't be just standin' on the edge of some one else's life an' lookin' in. If there's a party, Lizzie'll have a place in it. If there's company, it'll be for Lizzie, too. If she gets a new dress, there'll be some one to show it to, an' talk about it with; an' it will be just as important a new dress as there is on the street. She'll be livin' her own life, not the life of the ladies who run the lace-shop.

"An' when people are interested in her it will be a natural interest, because they are her own kind of people, doin' the same kind of things as she is—not because they are well-meanin', conscientious people, who make it their duty to be interested in things which don't interest them at all.

"If Annie Maginn across the hall asks Lizzie about her steady, it'll be because Annie is keepin' company with Lizzie's steady's brother, an' because they all belong to the same Charles Street Pleasure Coterie, not because Annie thinks she ought to ask about him because we are all fellow creatures!

"Loneliness? I tell you, miss, there's only one sort that counts, an' that's bein' in the middle of a crowd of people that don't belong to you anyways you can fix it. An' that's what it is to be a servant in a family that keeps but one.

"An' that's the reason," concluded Nora, rolling up the last sock—"that's the reason why my niece Lizzie doesn't go out into service."

# THE METAMORPHOSES OF CAPTAIN SCOTIA

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CH. GRUNWALD



I FIRST met him in the rear of Timmins' grocery, where a circle of citizens were steaming about a red-hot wood-stove and launching tobacco juice toward a neighboring box of sawdust, while they discussed the probabilities of kerosene going higher and damned the Standard Oil Company. I think he was the mildest man I ever saw, and I wondered where he had acquired the title of "Captain," by which every one addressed him. It was difficult to believe that he had ever commanded a company of soldiers, for there was not a vestige of authority or military rigor about him. On the contrary, his reserve amounted almost to timidity; and though he was a regular attendant of the debates around the stove, he seldom contributed a word.

"He's the captain of a steamer that runs on the lake here in the summer-time," old Timmins explained to me, as he wiped his briny hands on his trousers in the neighborhood of his hip pockets. "She's beached for the winter just below the bluff. We all think she's a pretty nice boat. It would pay you to go down and look at her, if you ain't seen her."

I did so that afternoon. The lake was eighteen inches thick with ice, and dotted with the huts of the pickerel-fishers. The palatial summer homes along the shore looked cold and cheerless through the naked trees, and reminded me of the deserted martin-boxes in the garden, back of the Pelican House, where I boarded.

The ninety-foot steamer lay high and dry on the shore in a stout oaken cradle, so firmly braced that she scarcely trembled under the rude buffetings of the northern gale. The snow was driving fiercely against the snugly closed windows of the pilot-house, and eddied about the solemn black smoke-stacks. It had already laid a spotless carpet several inches thick on the exposed portions of the decks, and half-obliterated the gilded name-plates on the bow. The clinging flakes also streaked the pine boards which protected the entrance to the engine-room, and icicles hung from the rusty propeller under the stern. Below lay the pier, with its centiped legs locked immovably in the ice.

Altogether it was a mournful sight when one paused to think of the gay crowd of pleasers, now scattered to the four winds, who had so lightly trod those decks a few short months before, or moved to the rhythm of the waltz, or held low, sweet converse in some secluded nook, while the *Nautilus* glided over the crystal, moonlit waters of the lake, past silent, wooded headlands, and the beautiful homes among the trees—some dark and asleep, others aglow and echoing with mirth—while to the ear came the muffled clank of oars from some shadowy cove, or a hushed song, or suppressed laughter.

It explained in a measure the subdued mien of Captain Scotia, and gave him a new interest in my eyes. He,

like his boat, was now out of his element. Timmins' grocery, I reflected, was not a proper field for the display of his talents. Yet I found him there the next day, and the day after that, and every day. He would never remove his faded, brown overcoat, no matter what the temperature of the room or the length of his stay. If he got too warm, he took a turn in the zero atmosphere outside, with his coat unbuttoned and his hands in the outside pockets. Returning, he would light another cigar, or slip another prune into his mouth—and listen. Thus equipped, he would sit and stare at the stove for hours with such a fixed interest that I used to wonder if there were not some mysterious hieroglyphs there, invisible to the rest of us but as plain as print to him.

Talk he would not. I never heard him speak even of the *Nautilus* except in answer to a question, and then most briefly only. I never succeeded in drawing him out on the subject of steamboating, try as I would. Nor did I ever catch him in the vicinity of the *Nautilus*, although I haunted the spot myself, and wove romances about her, until it was difficult for me to separate fact from fiction.

It soon became evident to me that, though from the fact that he was out of his element Captain Scotia might be an object of refined interest to a student of human nature, he was finely oblivious of it himself. By February I had gone a step further, and had seriously begun to doubt whether he really had any element or not. It was certainly unlikely that a man so silent and docile, of such jellylike placidity in the midst of the most heated debates, who could seldom be trapped into a partizan expression, and never be fanned into a glow over even his own occupation—it was unlikely that such a man would create much of a stir anywhere.

By this time, of course, I had learned all about him, and almost daily patrolled the neighborhood of his home—a little cottage clinging to the hillside, and commanding a view of the village and the lake like an eagle's eyrie. I

traced an analogy between this high-perching domicile and a pilot-house, but never quite dared to sound Captain Scotia as to the truth of my surmise.

Yet with all my nosing around, I failed, except on one occasion, to surprise the captain in any act that smacked of nautical tastes. On this day he stood at a little bay window which overlooked the lake far below, and with a pair of binoculars swept the level expanse of ice and snow. He knew that sheet of water better than most men know their back yards. He had steamed over it by night and by day for a quarter of a century. He had touched at every pier a thousand times. Every shoal and hole was as familiar to him as the features of his face in a mirror, and he could always tell you just where the biggest black bass were to be had. I wondered what his thoughts were as he looked, and if he were only whiling away an idle moment, or was gazing upon that frozen scene somewhat as a man might gaze upon the rigid features of his beloved dead.

I had begun to doubt the captain, as I said, but it was in my haste. One morning in early April, when the wild ducks and geese were hurtling northward like winged arrows, the sun revealed a large, black patch far out in the lake. That patch was water. Simultaneously with this discovery, as I descended the steep village street, I noticed a man in front of me in greasy overalls and a battered felt hat. From one shoulder a coil of rope hung; under one arm was a carpenter's kit. There was something very familiar about that figure—a peculiarity of carriage that I felt I ought to be able to identify. But it was not until I was within ten feet of the man that I recognized Captain Scotia.

If there had been one thing more unchangeable than another about the captain in the six months I had studied him, it was his clothes. He always wore a faded, brown overcoat, a brown derby hat, a black suit, a blue-and-white necktie, and a pair of neatly polished, square-toed boots with a patch over

the little toe of the left foot. When I say always, I mean always. I had never, up to this April day, seen him with one of these articles missing. The only visible change which ever took place in his personal furnishings was in his shirts. One week he wore a pink-checked shirt; the next week a blue-checked one; then a pink, and then a blue, and so on. Therefore my surprise now may be imagined.

There was an alertness in his step, too, which I had never detected before;

She's just as good a boat to-day as she was the day she was launched, sixteen years ago. Have a cigar?"

I took it—I managed to do that much without betraying myself, though I had never seen him offer any one so much as a match before. He drew out another for himself, and struck a light on his thigh with an air that struck me as almost jaunty. We then walked on together.

"The lake will be clear by to-morrow night, if this south wind holds," he



*He would sit and stare at the stove for hours.*

and as I came alongside him his blue eyes were turned on me with a sprightliness quite foreign to them. He saluted me, also, in a firm, round tone quite different from the uncertain, nasal speech customary with him. Evidently some change was working in him.

"Got a little work on hand, captain?" I asked cautiously lest I frighten him back into his reserve.

"Well, yes. I'm going down to take the boarding off the *Nautilus* and look around a little. I paint and overhaul her every year. It pays in the long run.

continued cheerfully. "The ice is thoroughly rotten now—honeycombed into spikes about eighteen inches long. The waves break them up, and they then melt very rapidly. Yet there are intelligent people in Pelican to-day who will tell you that the ice sinks," he added, with a smile.

For a week or two Captain Scotia potted about the *Nautilus*, unscrewing the name-plates, which had to be regilded, replacing broken balusters in the railings and worn pieces of flooring in the decks, and hammering around the engines and boilers. I remember

well the first day I heard him whistling. The thrill I felt was almost like that which comes to me each spring with the first heavenly pipe of the bluebird. After that he came to his work with a quicker step each morning, it seemed to me, and left it with grimmer hands and face each night.

But all this individual work was preliminary only, and one bright morning I found the *Nautilus* humming with industry. Painters were swarming over her decks and sides, and one of them swung high in the air, from the top of a smoke-stack, like a spider. Two professional boat-builders were replacing some worm-eaten planks in the hull, a mechanic was tinkering with the screw, and a clerk from Ulm's dry-goods store was measuring the cabin for new carpets.

Yet Captain Scotia was no mere spectator under this invasion of artisans. He was flying hither and thither all day long. I shall not soon forget the catlike agility with which he ran down a ladder once, face outward, in fireman's style, in answer to a call from below. A month before I should not have believed him capable of running down a flight of door-steps.

He had his own ideas, too, I soon discovered. When he directed that white bands be painted on the smoke-stacks instead of drab, all the trade talk of the head painter for the old color was in vain; and I could scarcely believe my ears when Captain Scotia finally said, not angrily, but most conclusively: "*White* is what I want, Mr. Blaisdell," and walked away. It was very different from the January days when old Timmins used to palm off worthless brands of baking-powder, coffee, and flour on the yielding captain. Frequently he brought his purchases back the next day, with a message from Mrs. Scotia; but the apologies with which he softened the latter were abject enough to have brought the blood of shame to the cheeks of any one less hardened than old Timmins.

But all that had gone on before about the *Nautilus* was as nothing compared

with the excitement of launching. To the inhabitants of Pelican, just awakening from their long winter's sleep, it was a sure presage of summer gaiety and crowds of pleasure-seekers and high prices for board. Therefore, a goodly number of them were present.

The oaken ways on which the *Nautilus* was to slip into her cold bath were greased to the water's edge, and a windlass was rigged on the outer end of the pier to assist her if she stuck. When all was ready, the props were knocked away. The captain, awaiting the crucial moment, stood by, grimy and hatless, in rubber boots, with beaded forehead and moist, disheveled hair. His brows were knit, and his eyes leaped restlessly from point to point.

The great hemp cable was lifting its dripping length from the water as the men at the windlass hauled away, and the heavy timbers were beginning to creak, when I saw the captain start. Some reckless workman, in a spirit of bravado doubtless inspired by the presence of some of the fair spectators, had perched upon the cradle, just beneath the overhang of the vessel at the stern, and was ostentatiously lighting his pipe.

"Get off that cradle, you fool!" bel-lowed the captain, in tones of thunder. "If something should give way——"

He did not finish, but, in spite of his heavy boots, darted across the intervening space with the speed of a sprinter, leaving behind him a trail of sulfurous language that fairly took my breath—proceeding from Captain Scotia. He sprang on to the cradle, seized the fellow in a grip of iron, snatched him from his perilous position, and then wrathfully flung him a full ten feet away, into a heap of sand.

At the same instant, as if to justify the captain's act, that end of the cradle snapped ominously, jolted, groaned, and, under the terrific friction, began to smoke. A loose piece of timber had jammed, and the next moment the corner of the cradle lifted, the steamer listed to one side, the tall stacks leaned still more ominously, and the fright-

ened crowd hastily retreated to a safe distance.

But without an instant's hesitation, Captain Scotia seized a sledge and sprang onto the same timber from which he had rescued the venturesome workman. With the quaking mass above threatening him with destruction, he rained blow after blow upon the obstructing plank until it was reduced to a mass of harmless splinters. Then the cradle slowly sank into place again, the boat righted herself, the timbers ceased to smoke and groan, and the crowd cheered lustily.

That moment saw the climax of my admiration for Captain Scotia, I supposed. But a gain I thought in haste. I had not yet seen him in all his phases. After a month's absence I returned to Pelican Lake, on the fifteenth of June. The tally-hos and splendid equipages which awaited the train at the little station announced to me that the millionaires had opened their summer homes around the lake, and that the "season" was on.

Half a dozen private steamers were tied to the pier, and noisy little launches were nosing about in every direction like porpoises. But towering above

them all, a queen among her satellites, was the *Nautilus*; and at her gangway stood Captain Scotia in a glittering uniform of gold and navy blue, as fine an officer as ever trod a deck. I should never have believed, without seeing, that his head could look as shapelessly as it did under that trim cap. And

the checked shirts had given way to a bosom of glistening white, set with a diamond stud!

He grasped my hand with a heartiness which smacked of the salty seas. At the same time, though, he skilfully passed me along, ostensibly to save me from an incoming truck of freight, but really conveying to me the fact, in a delicate way, that this was his busy day. I could well believe it. The boxes and baskets coming aboard were mostly supplies for the homes and hotels about the lake. They had

to be stowed in a certain order, so as to be instantly accessible at their destination; and the ease and precision with which the captain directed this bewildering process was worth traveling miles to see. Again I marveled.

At the same time he was taking care of a constant stream of passengers, pulling women from in front of the reckless truckmen, answering a bom-



*He seized the fellow in a grip of iron, and snatched him from his perilous position.*

bardment of questions as to railroad time-tables and hotel-rates, and greeting old patrons after a year's absence. Yet through it all he was as cool as a veteran on dress-parade.

Many of these old patrons were millionaires, who could have bought and sold Captain Scotia every day in the year without noticing the expense, and I looked for a little sycophancy on his part. But I looked in vain. The over-fed, over-dressed wives and daughters of Cresus received the same courtesy—no more, no less—as did a band of miserable old women whom city charity had sent out to the Radcliffe Home for a two weeks' outing.

While I sat in silent admiration, trying to conjure up the image of that Captain Scotia I had been introduced to in Timmins' store one November day, a man with a bulldog jaw, closely cropped mustache, and an overbearing eye, stepped haughtily up to the gangway. Behind him came a Shetland pony, led by a liveried coachman upon whose cockney face servility was hopelessly and ineffacably stamped.

"Captain, I want this pony and man left at Villa Clare," said the magnate—for such he clearly was.

Captain Scotia finished some pleasantries with a little woman whose hand he held, answered a question of hers as to the boat's leaving-time, replaced his cap, gave an emphatic order to a truckmen, and then turned to the gentleman.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hitchcock, but I never carry live stock on this boat," he answered politely.

"Do you mean to say that you refuse to carry this pony?" demanded the other. His indignation rang hollow, and I was almost certain that he had expected a refusal, and had come up with a pre-determination to bluff the matter through.

"I am sorry, sir. I have never yet loaded stock on to a boat with women and children, and I don't intend to begin now." His tone was pleasant, but unmistakable.

"Do you understand the law in this

State regulating common carriers?" asked the millionaire threateningly.

"I understand my own business, Mr. Hitchcock," answered the captain, with a spark of fire in his eye, at the same time lifting his cap to a lady.

Hitchcock hesitated an instant and smiled, as if inviting the curious spectators to watch him handle this unpleasant little situation in the most approved manner. But it was a wicked, malevolent smile, showing a set of horse-teeth beneath his bristly mustache.

"Look here, sir," said he arrogantly, stepping closer and lowering his voice. "I have a right to ship this pony on your boat, and I'll pay you well for its transportation. But if you don't take it, I'll pledge myself never to give another pound of freight to your boat, and I think I can pledge the same for two-thirds of the residents around the lake. This is a piece of injustice on your part in which they'll stand by me. More than that," he continued brutally, "if you refuse, I'll build a public steamer and have it running in competition with yours on this lake within thirty days, and the rates will be of a character that you can't meet and live."

Of the dozen men who were nearest and heard the cowardly threat, any one, I think, would have cheerfully tossed the moneyed bully into the lake if Captain Scotia had said the word. But he answered calmly:

"When you build your steamer, sir, you can run her to suit yourself. Meanwhile, I'll run mine to suit myself. Stand back, please. There is a party of ladies waiting to get on." And Hitchcock, purple in the face, was forced to retire with his pony and man.

I spent much time on the water that summer, and happened to be aboard the *Nautilus* during the great storm which swept the State in 1893 and sent so many inland craft to a watery grave. It broke almost without warning, with a roar like a herd of stamped cattle. The boat was caught in mid-lake, loaded with a party of excursionists. Captain Scotia was on the boiler-deck

at the moment, not ten feet from where I sat. As he ran for the stairway, he shouted: "Keep your chairs, and nobody will be hurt." I heard him repeat the warning on the upper-deck, and then he sprang up the steps to the pilot-house.

In less than a minute the inky clouds had shut down on every side, blotting out the shores. The strange, terrifying light coated every face with a greasy, ghastly pallor that made one think of a corpse. Women and children were shrieking hysterically. Some threw themselves to their knees; others ran madly about, and were restrained only by the cooler heads from leaping overboard.

To escape the harrowing scenes below, where I saw nothing that I could do, I started for the pilot-house. When I reached the hurricane-deck, it seemed as if I must be blown like a rag into the raging waters; but, finally, gasping for breath, I drew myself by means of the hand-rail into the shelter of the pilot-house and peered in through the glass. Captain Scotia was alone—more profoundly alone, it seemed to me then, than any traveler lost in Sahara sands. Upon his nerve and judgment hung five hundred lives. In calmer times there were others to share his labor and cares, but in this crucial hour he was supreme. To decide right was life, to decide wrong was death.

With both hands he gripped the wheel without which the *Nautilus* would have been a helpless hulk. At his right were the speaking-tube and bell-pull. Down-stairs, where these ended, the engineer sat, with trained eyes and ears bent over his throbbing machines. But the brain which controlled both him and his engines was here in the pilot-house. One bell, and those engines would stop, although every passenger aboard shrieked for them to go on. Four bells would set them pounding at full speed, and the engineer would never so much as glance up to see what lay in the watery path ahead.

I opened the door, although doubtful of my welcome, and stepped inside.

Captain Scotia turned his head, but did not speak. The boat was rocking like a hobby-horse, with a motion from stem to stern, very pronounced at this height, and I developed a tendency to pitch forward and through the glass.

"You might help steady the wheel, if you will," he said, after a little. "Roy is probably busy down-stairs, or I'd call him."

I took my place at his side. A four-horse team could not have plunged and jerked more viciously than that rudder did, and I wondered that the captain's arms had not been wrenched from their sockets. The front windows of the house were closed, or breathing would have been impossible with our faces to the wind. I could not see a hundred yards ahead, but I soon discovered that the captain was steering by the pennant on the flagstaff at the bow. This bit of bunting did not wave or flutter, as might be supposed, but stood out from the staff as straight and stiff as a frozen fish, merely trembling throughout its length from the tremendous velocity of the wind and humming like a top. It indicated exactly the direction of the storm, and when it veered to right or left we knew that the boat was falling off her course. But how essential it was to keep her head exactly in the wind I did not realize until the captain spoke.

"If she gets a broadside she will go over like a bottle," he observed grimly. "And if she ever gets ten points off the wind, she'll go the rest of the way and get a broadside as sure as there's a God in heaven. There's just enough headway to steer by now, and that's not a mile an hour. There's a couple of life-preservers under that seat. It won't do any harm to get them out. One of them will float you and some woman."

I got the life-preservers out, and then took hold of the wheel again. Nothing was said for perhaps thirty minutes, though assuredly much was thought—at least by me. Then the captain placed his mouth to the speaking-tube:

"Henry, how's your coal?"

The answer must have been satis-

factory, for the captain seized the bell-pull and gave it four measured jerks—"emergency speed." The clanging notes, shredded and distorted by the gale, reached even our ears from the engine-room below. To the startled passengers, who could not know what they meant, they must have sounded like the knell of doom.

wrench the boat from his control. But he did not falter. I cannot say the same for myself. As the pennant, which had been pointing straight at our eyes and which we had bent every muscle to keep there, swung off to the right like a weather-vane, and the wheel leaped frantically under our hands, as if protesting against the altered course,



*"There's a couple of life-preservers under that seat."*

"I am going to let her fall off twelve to fifteen points now," explained the captain. "With the increased speed, I can hold her there, and the wind will edge us to the shore in time. It's our only chance. This storm may last for hours. To stay out here until it falls is courting death. Something might break."

It was apparent that even he regarded the move as a dangerous one, for a sudden increase of wind might

and the whole boat shook appallingly, I was on the point, for one weak moment, of begging him to put her back in the wind and fight it out on that line.

An hour passed, two hours, and the situation seemed unchanged. Then I noticed a peculiar dull light in the blackness to our right, and called the captain's attention to it. But he had seen it some minutes before.

"That's Colonel Dearborn's million-

dollar marble palace," he said, with a smile which struck me at the time as the most divine thing I had ever seen.

"Notice how the wind has fallen? We're not a thousand yards from the shore, and in a few minutes we'll be behind the bluffs."

We lay there until navigation was safe again—a matter of some hours. When we landed at the village pier, none of the passengers could have gleaned from the captain's cheery, matter-of-fact demeanor how close we had all been to death. He accepted their grateful words and hand-clasps with a deprecating smile; but as we climbed the steep street together, he said to me soberly:

"I can't help thinking how narrow is the margin between life and death. If the rudder-chain had snapped to-day, most of those people would have been lying on the bottom of the lake to-night. When that old rudder was thrashing about like a harpooned whale, I could think of but one thing. You'd never guess what it was. I kept thinking of a link that a fellow named Sylvester Cheney put in that chain once. Sylvester used to drink a good deal, and I kept wondering to-day if he was sober when he did that job, and had welded it well. That was seven years ago, too."

I left Pelican a few days later—for ever, I supposed. Yet chance brought me back once more. The streets lay under a twelve-inch coverlid of white. The sidewalk in front of Timmins' had not yet been shoveled. I stepped within and stamped off the snow. A familiar scent, which I recognized as a favorite brand of tobacco with Timmins' loafers, greeted my nose. Sure enough, the customary circle was in

the rear. Not a face was missing, and there by the stove was the brown overcoat and brown, stiff hat of Captain Scotia's.

Somehow I had believed that *this* time he would not go back to those dull garments, after that resplendent uniform of the past summer. But that was only fancy, and the captain was a man of facts. He was the last man to shake hands with me, too, which was just what I might have expected of Captain Scotia in January, but which I didn't. Nor could I quite resign myself to the thought that the Captain Scotia of August was no more until I glanced down at his bosom. It was the pink-checked shirt's week!

"How's everything, captain?" I asked familiarly.

"So, so," he answered, and sat down again.

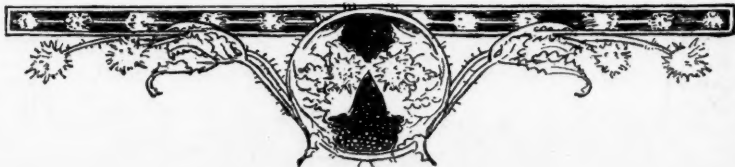
He was ill at ease under the attention I was drawing toward him, but I had ready one remark which I was sure would prove an open-sesame to his reserve.

"Captain, I haven't forgotten that link in the rudder-chain which Sylvester Cheney made."

There was a movement toward us among the curious loafers, but Captain Scotia checked it by placing his boots on the railing of the stove—I noticed a patch over the little toe of the left foot—and rubbing his shins.

"Quite a blow we had that day," he observed, with a bashful smile, and that was all.

It was hard to believe that he was the same man who had foiled Millionaire Hitchcock in his game of bluff, and saved the *Nautilus* on that memorable summer's day. Yet he it was—in hibernation.



## On Getting Paid in One's Own Coin

By Charles Battell Loomis

**L**AUGH and the world laughs with you, quarrel and—you have the help of the world.

Man is an imitative creature, and he is apt to do what he sees you do. Knowing this, you have yourself to blame if your merry outing sees its finish in a cell.

I knew a man who, having received a little inheritance that enabled him to travel, set forth in blithe fashion, for all the world like a hero in a romantic novel.

As he fared along the road, he'd greet those he met with a "Good morning; it's a pretty day, isn't it?" He was from the Southwest, where they have "pretty" days instead of "fine" ones—and his smile was reflected back from every face he passed.

"It's the merriest kind of world," said he, and he was quite right. His suddenly acquired means had rose-tinted the whole world. Every one was his friend, and he was on the best possible terms with every one.

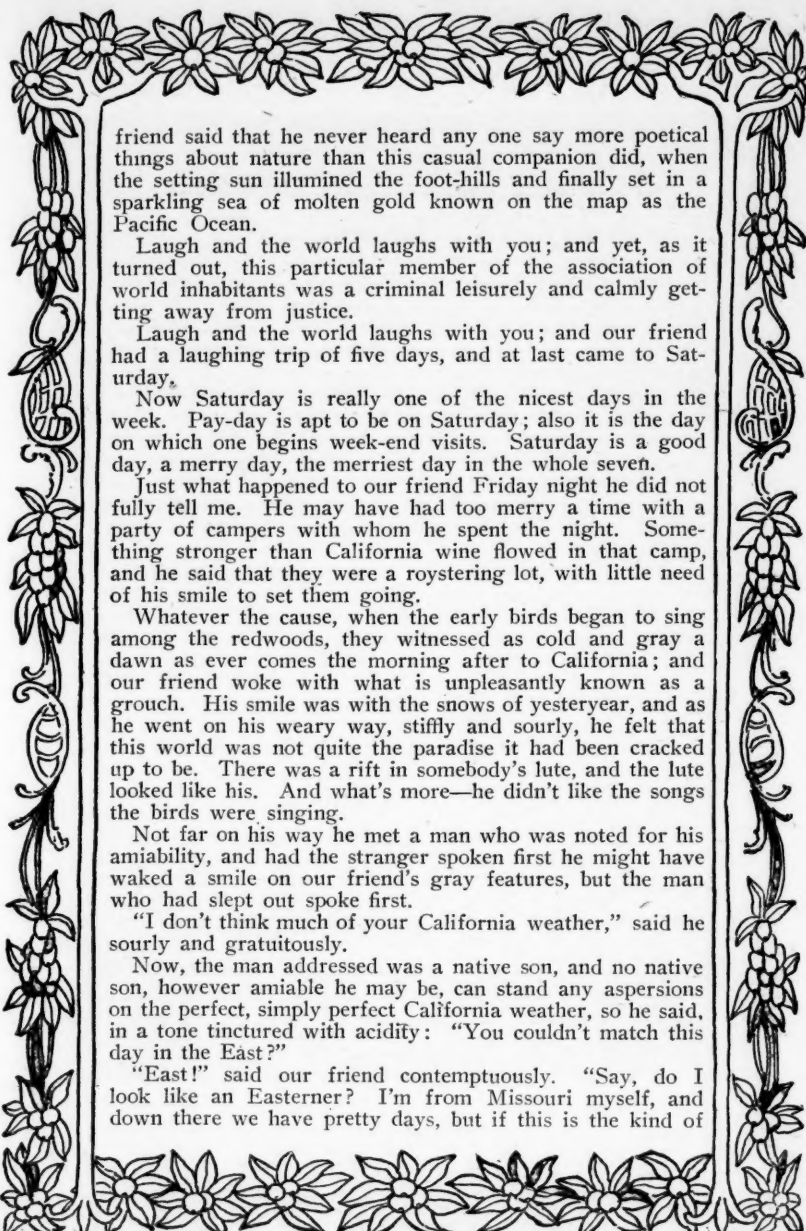
If he sojourned at a private house—and he found such hospitality everywhere—he was so hail-fellow-well-met, without being too familiar, that gruff men relaxed and women melted.

"The world is better for having him," said they as he went on his way.

"It surely is a merry world," said he. "This talk about trouble is very much exaggerated."

He met Mexicans and Chinamen and Indians, and he found them all companionable. He had the knack of getting under the skin with a pleasant remark just as some people do with a bit of sarcasm; and, of course, once you get under the skin, human nature is so much alike everywhere that it would make a monotonous exhibit at a county fair if specimens of it from all over the world were laid side by side.

One day he fell in with a dark-complexioned, weather-bronzed man in the foot-hills around Santa Barbara, and he found him a most companionable fellow. He was courteous, he had a sense of humor, had plenty of knowledge of men and things—even of botany and other bits of learning that schoolgirls absorb to-day and forget to-morrow; and our



friend said that he never heard any one say more poetical things about nature than this casual companion did, when the setting sun illumined the foot-hills and finally set in a sparkling sea of molten gold known on the map as the Pacific Ocean.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; and yet, as it turned out, this particular member of the association of world inhabitants was a criminal leisurely and calmly getting away from justice.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; and our friend had a laughing trip of five days, and at last came to Saturday.

Now Saturday is really one of the nicest days in the week. Pay-day is apt to be on Saturday; also it is the day on which one begins week-end visits. Saturday is a good day, a merry day, the merriest day in the whole seven.

Just what happened to our friend Friday night he did not fully tell me. He may have had too merry a time with a party of campers with whom he spent the night. Something stronger than California wine flowed in that camp, and he said that they were a roystering lot, with little need of his smile to set them going.

Whatever the cause, when the early birds began to sing among the redwoods, they witnessed as cold and gray a dawn as ever comes the morning after to California; and our friend woke with what is unpleasantly known as a grouch. His smile was with the snows of yesteryear, and as he went on his weary way, stiffly and sourly, he felt that this world was not quite the paradise it had been cracked up to be. There was a rift in somebody's lute, and the lute looked like his. And what's more—he didn't like the songs the birds were singing.

Not far on his way he met a man who was noted for his amiability, and had the stranger spoken first he might have waked a smile on our friend's gray features, but the man who had slept out spoke first.

"I don't think much of your California weather," said he sourly and gratuitously.

Now, the man addressed was a native son, and no native son, however amiable he may be, can stand any aspersions on the perfect, simply perfect California weather, so he said, in a tone tintured with acidity: "You couldn't match this day in the East?"

"East!" said our friend contemptuously. "Say, do I look like an Easterner? I'm from Missouri myself, and down there we have pretty days, but if this is the kind of

weather you advertise in the magazines, I'd like you to show me its superlativeness."

This led to words on the part of the amiable man, and at last our smiling traveler and the amiable one came to blows, all under the arching dome of the California sky, with the little birds still singing.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, quarrel—and you'll get what's coming to you.

Speaking of merry hearts and fighting, I once knew a young clerk who was fond of fighting, and he thought this the best of all possible worlds because it was so easy to pick a quarrel, and such fun to shake hands over it afterward. He was not malicious at heart. He was simply high-spirited, and rejoiced in a scrap.

If he celebrated a holiday by going to a picnic with his Maggie, and we asked him next morning if he'd had a good time, his answer would be very apt to be: "I had a dandy time. Licked a feller that got saucy on the way down to Coney."

"How did he get saucy?"

"Oh, he looked at Maggie, and I told him not to get gay, and he looked at her again, and I told him to mind his own business or I'd give him something to remember me by, and he said he was minding his business, and I'd better mind mine, and then I sailed into him. He won't look at Maggie again before he's been introduced."

"And he'll never get introduced, will he?"

"Oh, I introduced him after the scrap was over. He was a nice enough feller, only too free with his eye. He introduced me to his steady, and we all spent the afternoon together down at Coney."

Jimmy was of Irish extraction, and Maggie was the same, and a fight was possibly a species of hospitality in their eyes, but it serves to show that whether you smile or quarrel the world does the same.

But it's a good thing to start out a-laughing of a Monday, keep laughing Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, be careful how you spend Friday night, and then make Saturday the merriest day of the week. You will have plenty of company, for the world loves a happy man.



## Art in Child Portraiture

*See Article by Sidney Allan on Page 472*



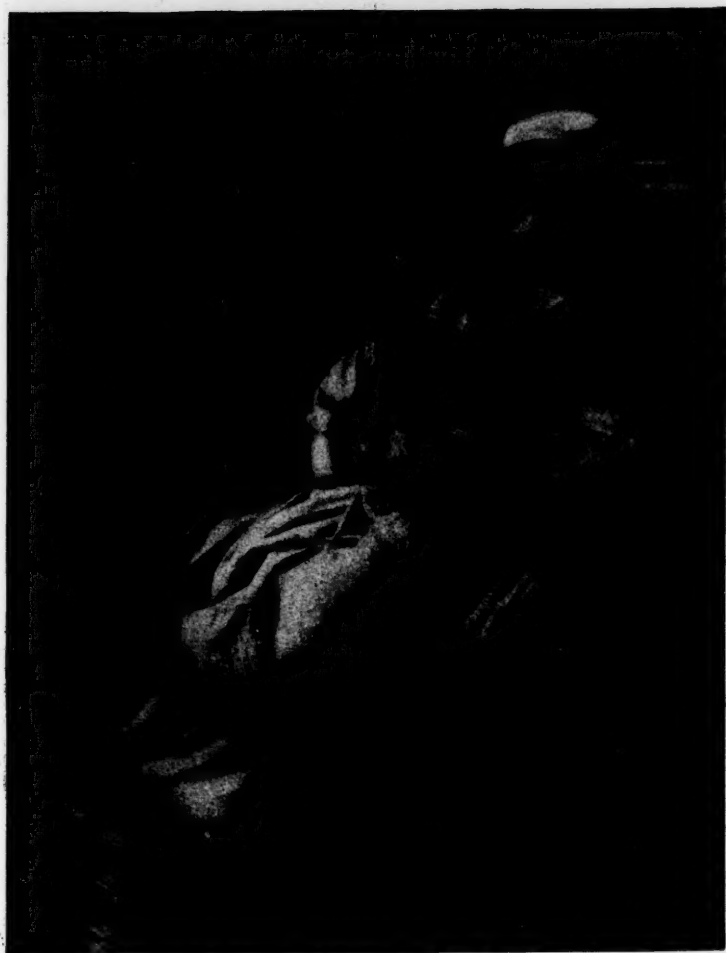
SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,  
Sixteenth Series

### HOME STUDIES

A Portrait Effect by Henry Havelock Pierce



FULL OF MISCHIEF  
Photo Composition by Curtis Bell

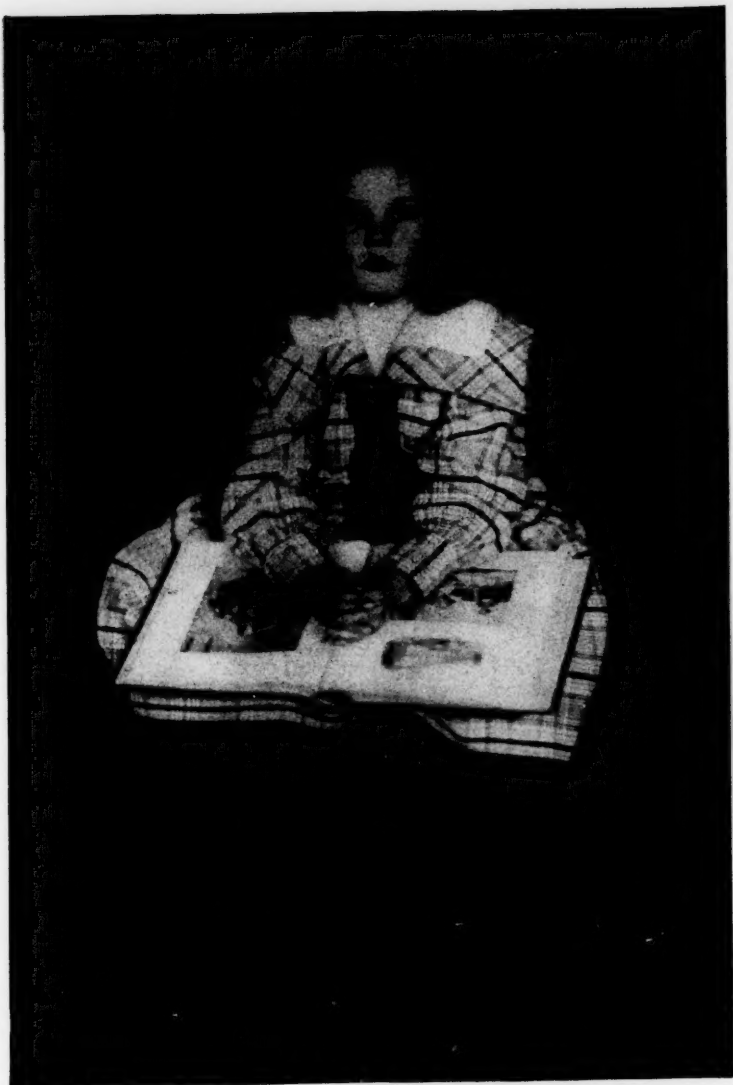


TWO LITTLE DUTCH WAIFS  
A Symphony in Sepia by Jeanne E. Bennett

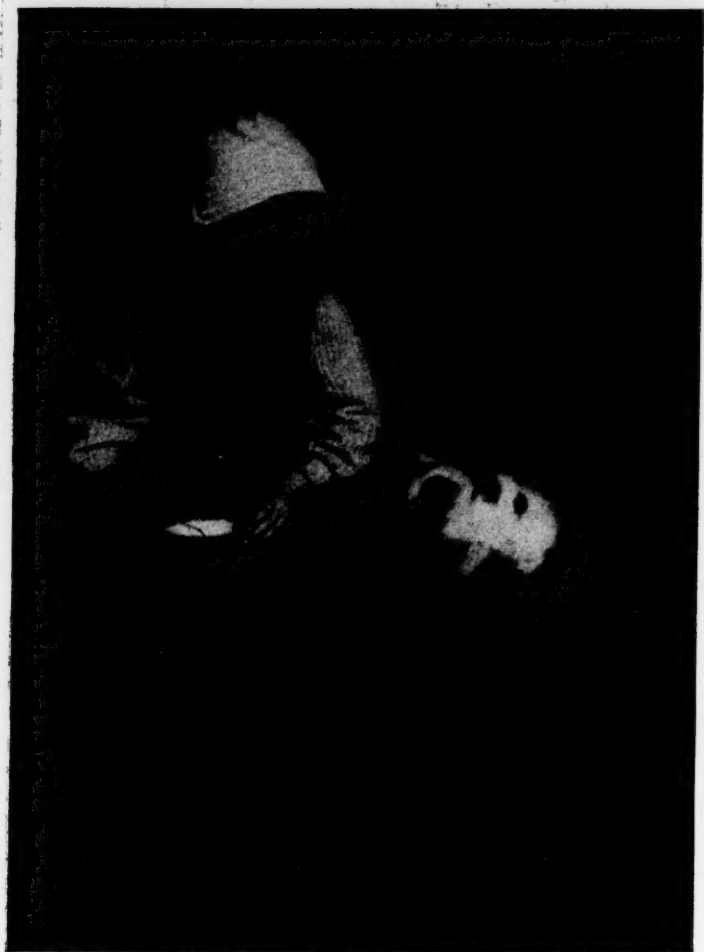
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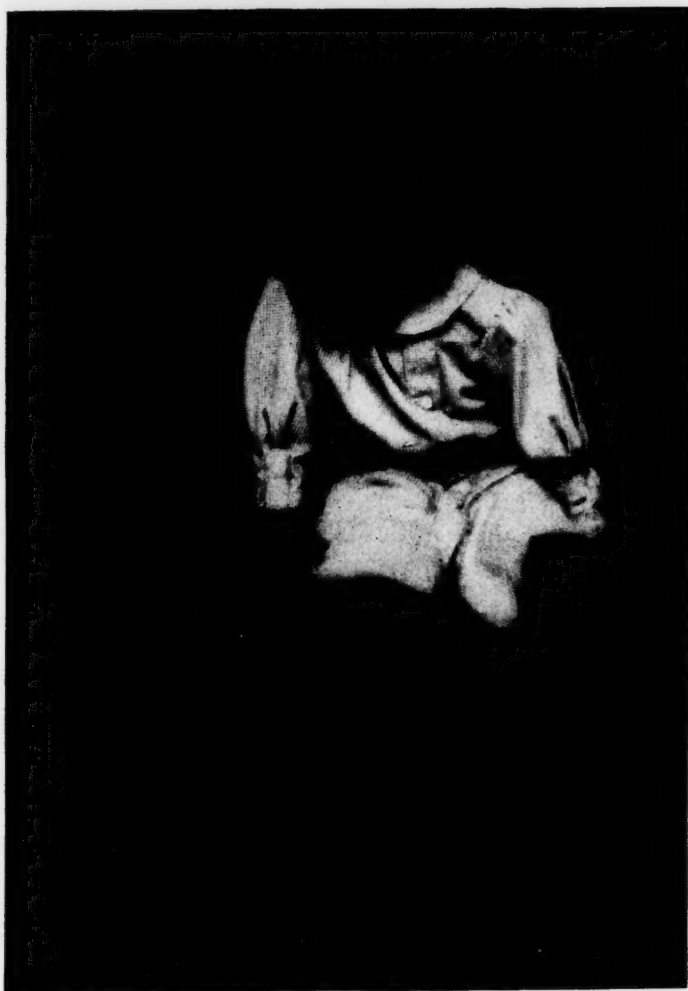
ON HER BEST BEHAVIOR  
A Portrait Study by Adelaide Hanscom



THE PICTURE BOOK  
An Arrangement in Brown by Mathilde Weil



BREAKFAST FOR TWO  
A Snapshot Portrait



COMRADES

A Bit of Home Portraiture by Henry Hall



MOTHER AND CHILD  
A Harmony in Lines by Adelaide Hanscom



PORTRAIT  
A Photographic Art Study by Adelaide Hanscom

# HANS AND THE MADAME

BY  
JESSIE L. SCHULTEN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

MARIE was in the basement laundry washing out the Madame's lingerie waists. Marie had been evolved from plain Mary at the same instant that Mrs. Jenkins became the Madame, and both patents were very new, and dated from a certain lucky hour when Mr. Jenkins had made a "strike." What he struck no one knew to a certainty; but the report of the blow had placed the local bank of which he was president upon a surer foundation in the public faith, and imparted an air of opulence to the whole Jenkins' ménage.

Marie felt herself lucky to be in the Madame's service in these prosperous days, and she sang softly to herself as she splashed the lacey waists up and down in the white suds. Washing was not a part of Marie's legitimate duty, but was allowed her as a privilege because no one else could be trusted to do justice to the Madame's finest French creations, and, as the Madame often pointed out to her, it was "dainty work for dainty fingers."

The Madame was very fond of Marie—she liked to have her about, and assured her that nothing could be more beneficial to a girl who was quite lacking in educational advantages than to come under the refining influence of wealth and culture. So Marie was allowed to do the dusting every morning that she might come into closer connection with the Madame's rare bric-à-brac; and she waited on the Madame's table that she might hear cultivated con-

versation, and come in touch with the Madame's distinguished guests. She also, incidentally, was allowed to dress both the Madame and the Madame's hair, thus gaining the benefit of an hour's elevating intercourse; and she was now in the basement laundry washing out the Madame's waists, fairly crushed beneath her weight of obligation to this uplifting deity.

Marie was pretty—she was the sort of a young person to whom beautiful things should have come as a birthright, not as the gift of Mrs. Jenkins; and she could not but see, when her dust-brush hovered near the great beveled glass mirror in the parlor, that her face and figure were in perfect keeping with the soft rugs and rich hangings; and she began to feel that it was among such surroundings that she rightfully belonged.

It never occurred to her that the Madame's active interest in her development dated from a certain day when Hans, the drayman, had come to take Marie to a picnic; and the Madame had learned, upon inquiry, that Hans and Marie had been steerage passengers together two years before on their lonesome way from the fatherland. He was a great blow to the Madame, this broad-shouldered young German, who blinked happily at Marie—he was really an affront. Who, pray, would ever prove so willing as Marie to do all the Madame's odd errands? What parlor-maid or waitress of equal skill would not think herself above a little washing

of linens or china? Marie was undoubtedly a treasure, and she must not be allowed to discover it.

So from that time Marie's fondness for all that was dainty was developed—a love of luxury was first created in her, then fostered—until, when Hans sat upon the back porch with her and the cook upon summer evenings, Marie found herself comparing his rough hands with Mr. Jenkins' tapering fingers, and she wondered vaguely if great virtue could lie beneath a flannel shirt. Mr. Jenkins' evening dress was so immaculate it naturally suggested good deeds and thoughts attuned, while Mrs. Jenkins' perfumed boudoir was fast teaching Marie to turn up a pretty nose at the mingled odor of horse and tobacco; and Marie's flighty mind was being carefully led to believe that the good must needs be beautiful. This was all that was needful to the Madame's ends, for deep in Marie's peasant heart, hard training had laid the desire for good through teachings which made her afraid to do wrong, the rigid Lutheran doctrine of damnation.

Hans, meanwhile, quite unaware of the subtle influence at work against him, kept on stolidly coming to see his girl; and the Madame, when she caught glimpses of him from a rear window, felt indignant at the endurance of her foe.

Why should any girl consider Hans for a moment! Hans, poor, common, gawky—*ouh!* Madame had not adjectives enough for him—when weighed against the luxury she offered. A luxury tempered with work, of course; but Hans could but offer her worse drudgery than the Madame's gentle service. Marie was a fool, and the Madame would touch her bell, and, when her model maid fluttered up crisp and dainty, she would reward her for some trifling service with a bit of cast-off finery, and Marie would go happily back to Hans.

The cook saw the plot thicken, and to her crude Irish mind it was a crime that Mrs. Jenkins should want to keep such a fine colleen from her man. For, she reasoned, the Madame would not

always want Marie in her service; not when she had lost her trim figure and pretty face, at any rate; while Hans seemed to be a good fellow, and would, no doubt, stand by her, if she married him, even in that black future of fading charms.

Meanwhile Marie, with a childlike craving to eat her cake and keep it, too, dreamed dreams of Hans as the Jenkins' coachman, and of herself still privileged to wander at will among the bric-à-brac, and allowed to robe the Madame and wash the Madame's laces. It certainly was a life beautiful she pictured; and how proud she would be wedded to a Hans ennobled by the Jenkins' livery. She tried many times to broach the matter to the Madame during the progress of her toilet, but the Madame seemed to shrink from the mention of Hans as though the odor of horse and tobacco were being introduced into her boudoir with the mention of his name. So, unable to contain her dreams any longer, she confided them to Hans as they sat one night in the twilight—without the cook, and Hans listened patiently, as he always listened, being a man of few words; then he took out his pipe and remarked:

"Marie, ven I vants to be a monkey mit a cock hat and such monkey fixin's, I'll hire me to one of dem real organ-grinders, und not to Mr. Jenkins." Then he put the pipe back again.

As Marie washed the Madame's lingerie waists in the basement laundry she gently rubbed out certain black pin-marks in their ample fronts; pin-marks which she handled reverently, for they had been made by the badges which the Madame wore to her various club meetings; societies which the Madame fostered, and which in turn fostered all sorts of noble propaganda. Marie quivered with the echoed sentiments of these meetings as the Madame had enthusiastically described them at dinner the night before to Mr. Jenkins and a guest who stood for the alleviation of some form of suffering—Marie was not sure just what; but the Madame had called her a suffragist, which seemed all-embracing. Marie imagined her to

be a sort of general secretary of allied sufferings. The pin-marks were more numerous than usual to-day; there had been an increase in badges in honor of the guest, and as Marie rubbed ever so softly at them she thrilled with the nobility of the cause which they represented.

The night before she had stood en-

If Hans would only wish to be uplifted, if he would only listen to even her mangled rendering of such great scenes, she might have some hope for him; but Hans was so stolid—he smoked his pipe placidly, as though there was not a world to be saved, as though he did not care whether great life-giving forces emanated from the



*"And you come back no more, Marie?"*

tranced while those favored ones who sat around the Madame's glistening board and beneath her tinkling glass chandelier had talked, and she had listened, standing immovable behind the Madame's chair, to the plans for uplifting the whole race, to the noble sentiments expressed by those men and women, who, like the Madame, seemed to be devoting themselves wholly to the good of others.

Madame's pink-and-gold boudoir or not. Once when she told him how Mr. Jenkins had risen, glass in hand, and with face quivering with feeling had proposed a toast to "Those less fortunate," Hans, instead of being grateful, had repudiated all share in the toast in one great gruff exclamation, "Rot!" adding meditatively: "Dot Jenkins he t'ink he smart;" then he relapsed into silence.

Marie felt that the break had come. Hans was what the Madame called "temperamentally quite uncongenial"; and she set vigorously about making the great fellow realize his shortcomings and her mental heights.

"I t'ink you don't like me any more so well," said Hans, as he shook the tobacco mournfully from his pipe with an air of finality.

"It makes no difference now," said Marie airily. "Maybe I go to Mexico next week, anyway."

"Mexico!" The welkin rang with his despairing shout.

"Hush!" said Marie. "The Madame told me not to tell any one; but I like to tell you, Hans, so you'll know there is no use to hunt after me."

Then she told the big troubled fellow all about it, how the Madame had bought a beautiful home down there with flowers and birds and hammocks and deep porches and running water, and how she and the Madame were going to slip quietly away—the Madame was so tender-hearted she hated to say good-by to all her friends and dependents, so it was to be a secret from every one until they had gone. Mr. Jenkins was to join them later, "when his business made it advisable," the Madame had said.

It was so like a fairy-story that Hans was stunned. How had he dared to offer a mere drayage business and the little it stood for to this darling of the gods? He awkwardly removed his hat under this unusual stress of feeling.

"And you come back no more, Marie?"

Marie tossed her head—then the Madame's bell tinkled, and that ended it.

A vague unrest, emanating, doubtless, from the Madame's own person, stole through the pink-and-gold boudoir, crept down the mahogany staircase, and was felt everywhere within the portals of the pretentious residence ticketed Jenkins on door-plate and horse-block. Mr. Jenkins himself seemed to feel it as he hurried nervously off to the bank half an hour earlier than usual; and to Marie the very window-curtains seemed

to crane inward with every passing breeze and query "Mexico?"

"I think we go quick soon," Marie had whispered to Hans.

The Madame's bell tinkled incessantly now, for the Madame was stowing away her choicest things in the two big trunks which Mr. Jenkins himself had helped Marie bring down from the attic one evening when the other servants were away; and Marie was constantly tripping up-stairs with a silver soup-tureen or a crystal carafe from the buffet to pack them safely away among the Madame's imported gowns. Then on the day when everything was ready the Madame walked up and down her rooms, nervously doing over again things already done; and Marie fluttered after her and thought of Hans.

Mexico was very far away, and Hans was a good fellow; but he was not as the Jenkinsses were.

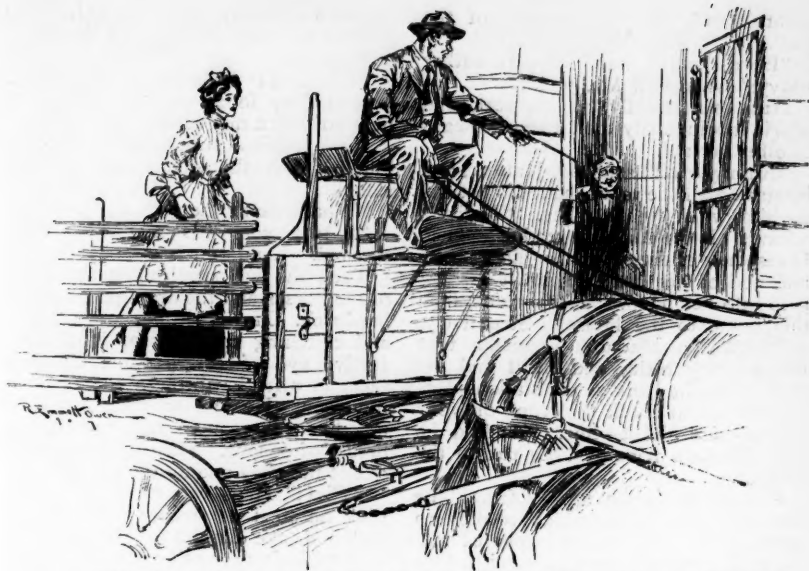
It was almost twilight of the late summer day when Marie heard a wail of distress from the Madame. "Marie! Marie!" she called. "The telephone is dead!"

She seemed to consider it very ungrateful of so intimate a member of the family to die at such an hour, and she clicked the receiver up and down briskly for several moments in the faint hope of reviving it, but there was no spark of life.

The Madame bit her lip. "Marie," she said, "Mr. Jenkins has not come home, and I had thought, perhaps, we might be able to take the late train to-night. Will you run down to the bank and see what is keeping him? Hurry! And go by the boulevard—you may meet him."

The Madame was much excited, although her voice was calm. Marie hurried away in her cap and apron; but she forgot to strain her eyes for Mr. Jenkins in the gathering darkness, because—if they went to-night she could not say good-by to Hans.

Think of not saying good-by to him! But, then, think of saying it! The dainty Marie looked longingly down each side street, not for the dapper husband of Madame, but for the great



*"You l'ief!" he yelled. "I send dose folks in front around to help you once mit dose grips!"*

flannel-shirted figure of Hans. But she met neither of them, and when she reached the corner below the bank she heard a low mutter of voices, and she saw down the street a crowd blacker than the gray twilight, and it was rumbling and swaying there in front of the bank.

Why it intruded upon what was usually a deserted spot after banking hours Marie could not imagine. It looked like the throng that collects outside the newspaper bulletin on the days when something has happened. But perhaps something had happened. Perhaps it had happened to Mr. Jenkins. Perhaps he was hurt! Poor Madame!

Marie ran swiftly toward the growing crowd, the strings of her cap and apron fluttering out behind her; but just as she reached the corner, down the side street came the familiar creak and rattle of Hans' dray; and Hans himself drove it quickly toward her, then turned sharply into the alley behind the bank.

Marie flew after him, but the noise of the dray drowned her voice. As he

drew up at the back of the bank she reached him.

"Hans," she cried; "Hans, we go to-night to Mexico!"

Hans turned in his seat and looked at her, as though it were quite in the usual order of things to see her standing there in cap and apron.

"So," he said.

Just then the back door of the bank opened just a crack, then a little wider, and then the head of Mr. Jenkins was poked cautiously forward.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in an amiable whisper. "Just in time. Hans, my man, I have some—ah—grips here and a small trunk, which I want you to take down to the station at once. Leave them in the baggage-room for Mrs. Jenkins, my wife, you understand? She is going on a little visit to-night, and these—" He turned and pulled out a suit-case with both hands, hauling it clumsily toward the dray.

There was a furtiveness about the way he looked down the alley that made Marie feel uncomfortable, and she

shrank back into the shadow of the wall.

"Here, lend a hand, they're rather heavy," whispered Mr. Jenkins.

Hans sat stolidly on his seat, and Marie involuntarily took a step forward to offer her aid.

"Ah, my girl!" said Mr. Jenkins; and he started a little more than was natural to him when he saw her. "Nothing wrong? Is the Madame ready?" Then in response to the reassuring little shake and nod of her head he thrust a small grip into her hand. "Here, quick, take this home to the house! Step lively, and tell the Madame to make that eleven-thirty train, and she'll find the stuff from the bank at the station—better tell her to check the trunk on your second-class ticket—hurry!" And he gave Marie a friendly little pat on the shoulder.

Then Hans woke up. "Marie!" he ordered, in a voice which seemed to thunder after the soft whisper of Mr. Jenkins. "Marie, drop that grip; drop it. You jump in this wagon quick now."

He reached her his whip-handle by way of gallant assistance; and Marie, too surprised to hesitate, let the grip fall, and climbed hastily onto the back of the dray.

Mr. Jenkins was still in the doorway. He had not heard Hans, but his hands shook as he tugged at another heavy

suit-case. Then, as he turned, Hans pointed his whip at him with the air of an emperor.

"You t'ief!" he yelled. "You t'ief! I send dose folks in front around to help you once mit dose grips!"

Mr. Jenkins straightened up and blinked with the surprise of the onslaught.

"What's that?" he gasped.

"I said you was a t'ief!" Hans shouted. "And you is one!"

Then the whip fell upon the backs of the horses and the dray gave a creaking lurch. Marie, sitting in the bottom and clutching the sides of it, saw the furtive eye of Mr. Jenkins watching them in affright through the crack of the door. He had scurried inside his hole like a frightened mouse at the first breath of danger. Then they thundered out of the alley and up the street.

"T'ief!" Hans was muttering. "He t'ink he steal der whole bank and my girl, and take dem all by Mexico once."

But Marie did not hear him. As she bounced up and down on the hard boards, she was busy hanging her ideals on a new peg. Hans had defied the gods, and they had not smitten him, but had retired discomfited; and the Jenkinses, with all that they stood for, seemed to have shriveled up and disappeared through that crack in the bank's back door, and on her horizon Hans now loomed alone and colossal.

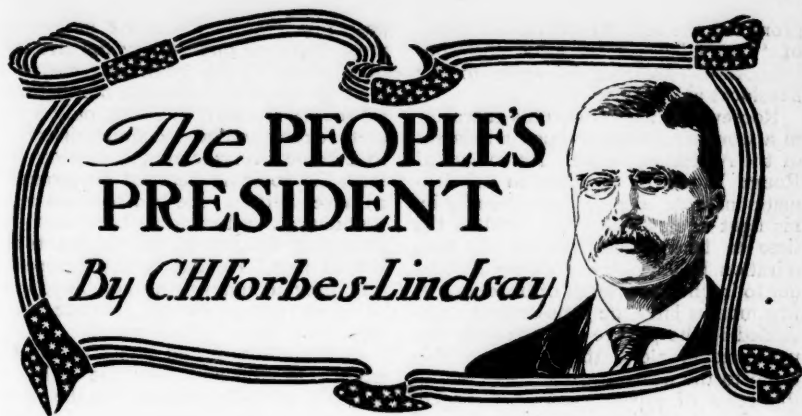


### Bereft

WHAT is't to me the opening flower,  
Now Dick's not here to see it?  
What pleasure in the April shower,  
When Dick's not here to flee it?

The opening flower, the budding tree,  
The busy life about me—  
I wonder if my Dick can be  
As lost in Heaven without me!

MARGARET FRASER.



NO President of these United States—and we need not except the first—has been so close to the people as is Theodore Roosevelt. No President has excited in the masses anything like the affectionate regard which is felt for him by a vast number of his countrymen; nor has any—save Washington—been the subject of such

great and widespread admiration. And again, no President has received his title so directly from the populace and filled his office with such consistent regard to their interests and desires. "The People's President" more nearly approaches the ideal of latter-day American manhood than any of his contemporaries in public life.

On first thought it might seem that the designation "People's President" should be applied to every chief executive under such an elective system as ours. On reflection, however, we are forced to admit that few indeed of them can be so described without further qualification. With the exception of the first two or three, scarcely an incumbent of the office can be said to have

been the choice of the people at the time of his nomination. During the past half-century, at least, the nominations have been controlled by political machines, and have fallen to others than the most popular men of their parties.

The best indication of true popularity is, perhaps, to be found in reelection. Nine Presidents of the United States have enjoyed that honor: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland, and McKinley. Roosevelt naturally qualifies for this category, for he owes his second term to the same source as the others did—the popular approval of a previous administration. A cursory analysis shows that our present President possesses the qualities that peculiarly distinguished those of his predecessors we have mentioned. He displays the broad statesmanship of Washington, Madison and Monroe, the democratic simplicity of Jefferson, the forcefulness of Jackson, the sound common sense of Lincoln, the sturdiness of Grant, the honest independence of Cleveland, and the political acumen of McKinley. And to these sterling characteristics Theodore Roosevelt adds a subtle personal charm that endears him to the common citizen.

Jackson came nearer to exciting a similar feeling than did any other President. Much the same sort of sentiment

prompted the man of his day to speak of "Old Hickory" as leads the contemporary American to refer to his President as "Teddy."

Roosevelt has impressed his character in a wonderful manner upon all classes of the American people. As colonel of Rough Riders he appealed to the dramatic instinct. He excited sympathy by his fight against what appeared at the time to be political suicide, and admiration by his self-sacrificing surrender to it when convinced of his duty. A few months later the popular fancy was tickled by the picture of an athletic figure striding along the road from his camp to the nearest railway to take up the reins of government so strangely transferred to his hands. He entered upon his office with wide, though superficial, popularity, which he has increased and placed upon a solid foundation by the acts of his administration.

It is admitted—no less by his enemies and opponents than by his friends and followers—that Theodore Roosevelt is the real leader of the American people and the greatest force in the molding of public opinion. That his great influence is due mainly to his personality is also generally admitted. He is no party politician. Bryan attributes his popularity to the fact that "he has repudiated the platform on which he was elected and adopted a Democratic platform." He is not the representative of any class or section. Indeed, he has antagonized some of the most numerous and strongest elements of the social body—the plutocracy and the mob, the bosses and the grafters, the supporters of the old-time State Rights doctrine, and the placemen who cling to the old-time system of defrauding the taxpayer.

One passes from admiration for the courage of the man who attacks wrong and abuse wherever he finds them, to satisfaction at the evident fact that the majority of the American people are ready, regardless of special interests, to support a leader who is guided by consideration for the good of the whole.

The power of public opinion was never so fully realized as during the

past few years. Roosevelt has given more than one opportunity for striking illustrations of the truth that the people represent an irresistible moral force in the last resort, needing only concrete expression and definite direction to become overwhelming. During his term the voter has learned his strength as never before. He has seen his representatives reluctantly bow—not to President Roosevelt, but to the force behind him. He has seen the popular will prevail against the combined political and financial strength of the country.

It is significant and indicative of his peculiar qualification for the title of "The People's President," that the Democrats are disposed to claim Theodore Roosevelt for their own. "I always said he was a Democrat," declared Bryan, and again, quite recently: "Democracy, which laid the reform egg, claims to be the chicken's mother quite as much as the hen that is hatching it." The latter statement is one of those characteristic Bryan epigrams that sound so well and are almost convincing when delivered from the platform, but which will not stand the test of logical examination. It is on a par with the piteous plaint of the seer of the silverites that he cannot voice a new thought but the political pirate in the White House immediately seizes it and expresses it in more forcible language and presents it in more practical form.

It is not the man who gives us an idea enveloped in a nebulous haze of delusive rhetoric to whom we are indebted, but to him who conveys a clear understanding of it to our minds and impresses us in no uncertain terms with his attitude on the subject. And so, the poultry-yard owes the practical development of the egg to the hen that brought the chick into the living workaday world and not to the fowl whose activity was restricted to the production of an embryo. It is not upon Saavedra, who first conceived a Panama canal, but upon the engineer who actually constructs it that posterity will confer the credit for the resultant benefits.

To declare that Roosevelt is as much

a Democrat as a Republican is not straying far from the truth. He is singularly independent of precedent and party tradition. His first consideration is the people's welfare, and he would not hesitate to advocate free trade tomorrow if satisfied that it would work to the advantage of the country.

Some months ago I was talking to a senator, one of the old-time Democrats who view with sorrow the decline of their party since it gave fatuous heed to the siren voice of the silver schismatic. We were discussing the probability of a revolt against President Roosevelt in his own party and the possibility of a successful combination of reactionary politicians and capitalists.

"If he should run again," said the senator, "and I am inclined to believe that he will—he would undoubtedly defeat such a combination or any other that could be arrayed against him. During the present term his chief measures have been approved by the Democratic Party in general, and he could command in the next election even greater support from it than he received in the last. In fact, he would make an acceptable leader to the majority of Democrats, and with little concession on his part he could accept such a platform as their next convention is likely to define. He is known to favor tariff reform, and if he were now entering upon a new term of office, would probably urge it."

"You think that the President is as much the representative of one party as of the other?" I asked.

"Theoretically so, of course, and almost actually so. As a matter of fact, Roosevelt is only incidentally a party man. He reached the Presidency despite the politicians of his party, and his after election was disfavored by them and was due in large measure to the Democratic vote. His policy has been pursued in opposition to the leaders of his party, and he has a more general following than a public man ever attracted to himself before. With the majority of his supporters it is a personal matter. The masses are so thoroughly convinced of Roosevelt's wisdom

and honesty that he would, I verily believe, be elected on any ticket that he might head. This fact will be so forcibly impressed upon the Republicans before their convention meets that Roosevelt may be compelled, against his will, to accept another nomination."

This attraction of Republicans and Democrats to one man is indicative of an important political movement taking place in the country. The barriers between the two principal parties are fast falling away. Gradually and naturally they are approaching each other, and the time is coming when they will amalgamate in self-defense and present a solid front to the rapidly swelling ranks of socialism. Our sons will make their choice between voting what will, perhaps, be called the "National" and the "Radical" tickets. We are in an acute evolutionary stage, and great changes must take place in the present half of the century, but before long there will be a conflict between rational reformers and reckless transformers.

Interest in the next presidential election has been lively during the past twelve months, although the event is yet a year distant. This is unprecedented, and the more remarkable because the result, so far as party is concerned, may be considered a foregone conclusion. The explanation of this popular interest is to be found mainly in the speculation as to whether Theodore Roosevelt will again be the Republican candidate. Numerous booms have already been started, and the ensuing months will see several more, but—with the exception of Secretary Taft—the prospective candidates have been hardly heeded by the people in general. One can find, however, on every hand evidences of keen interest in the question of President Roosevelt's reelection. With the progress of time the belief that he will run again—based on the desire that he should—gains strength.

If this sentiment develops into an unmistakable demand upon the part of a majority of the people could Roosevelt resist? Would he have a right to do so?

At the close of the day of his tri-

umphant election in 1904, Theodore Roosevelt addressed the nation thus:

"On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and these three and one-half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination."

This declaration is as absolute and emphatic as it well could be. Nevertheless, it has not deterred Republicans in large numbers from entertaining the hope, and many Democrats from feeling the fear, that Roosevelt will stand for another term. There are few, probably, who will disagree with the proposition that he may accept a unanimous nomination without stultification. A statesman's declarations in matters of public interest must necessarily be conditional. They can never do more than express the state of his mind at the time that they are made. Numerous instances can be found in the political histories of this and other countries where public men have reversed themselves on important questions, and Roosevelt himself affords a striking illustration.

In 1900, when the politicians were scheming to destroy his prospects for the Presidency, he stated publicly:

"Under no circumstances could I, or would I, accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." To this he added later: "My position in regard to the Vice-Presidency is absolutely unalterable."

These are declarations as strong as

that which he made four years afterward respecting renomination. Nevertheless, when at length he became persuaded that the success of his party might be hazarded by his persistent refusal, he acted contrary to them. So it is quite possible—almost probable, in fact—that at the eleventh hour the pressure of popular demand will force him to recede from his present position.

That Roosevelt will be reelected in case he runs again, is almost beyond question. No man in the history of the world, probably, was ever elevated to any position or office by the choice of so overwhelming a majority of his fellow citizens as was Theodore Roosevelt in 1904. At that time, the spokesman of the Democrats said:

"The subject of imperialism is, all things considered, the most important of the questions at issue between the parties."

That has been decided. The country has declared itself willing to carry its share of "the white man's burden." If there were no great differences of principle between the two parties at the time of the last election, there are certainly none now. If there was little to choose between the rival candidates in the matters of policy then, there will be even less in 1908. Personality won the last election, and if President Roosevelt runs again, it may be depended upon to win the next. The Republicans realize that with him at the head of the ticket they are practically sure of success, and there is a growing disinclination to incur any hazard with another.



# CUPID INCOGNITO

by HELEN  
MAY  
WILLOUGHBY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER



"I FINK I am losed," said Tom soberly. He sat down on the curb-ing, and contemplated the tips of his dusty, small shoes. There was only a moment's reflection. Then he laid his gun across his knees and smiled. Some way Tom had learned that soft gray eyes and a halo of yellow curls could make many friends in this great big world. And, besides, there was a deep dimple in one cheek upon which he had also learned to rely.

"I fink I am losed," he repeated, as some one came around the corner, and paused before the small figure that rose and blocked the way.

"I only wish I was," answered the man. "But, unfortunately, I know almost too well just where I am at present."

Tom looked up. It seemed to him that in all his life he had never seen any one quite as big as this solemn blond giant. For an instant there was silence. Then a passionate admiration began to crowd the surprise out of Tom's gray eyes.

"I ranned away to shoot bears and elephants—bang!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"Well, I'm a bear to-day," said the man. "You might begin on me. I thought maybe you were a soldier looking for the enemy."

"I am a soldier!" Tom said. "And

I want to shoot a enemy and a elephant—bang!—dead!"

"But, now, really, wouldn't you run if you saw them?" asked the blond giant. "That's what I did when the enemy invaded my territory."

"No," persisted Tom valiantly. "I'd shoot a enemy."

"Well, I'm a coward, you see," said the man, with a slow, little smile. "I ranned away. And, between you and me, old fellow, I really feel like going straight to the deuce."

Tom's dimple wavered. Then from a shadow dimple, it grew into a real one. With the big gun trailing at his side, he reached out a small fist that lost itself in the man's hand.

"I fink I'll go along," he said sweetly. "I'm losed."

"Would you mind telling me your name?" asked the giant as they walked down the street together.

"Well, all of it," said the child confidently, "is Thomas Cortlandt van Dyke, you know."

"But I don't know," objected the man. "And you never happened to hear of Charles Noël Kent, did you?"

"No," Tom said gravely. "But I'm glad you finded me." He rubbed his soft little cheek caressingly against Kent's hand, and his eyes were filled with the love unutterable.

"I camed miles and miles," he added

thoughtfully, after a while, "and my legs got tired before I did."

Kent paused. "Have you ever seen this little store before?" he asked.

Tom shook his head emphatically.

"Well, I think we'd better go in," said the man, "and sit at that table in the corner, and drink soda-water tonic untill we feel stronger, don't you?"

He lifted Tom gently upon a stool, and leaned the shining new gun against the table.

"Now, Tom, what will you have?" asked Kent.

Tom smiled radiantly up into the clerk's face. "Somefin' blue!" he answered quickly.

"Tom," Kent interposed gravely, "I, too, favor anything blue. But not in drinks, old man—not in drinks. Try pink."

Tom's eyes half-closed in a perfect content as his straw sank into a glory of bright cherry foam.

Kent watched him curiously. He waited until the child looked up again, and until he drew a long, satisfied breath.

"Now, Tom," Kent began, "tell me the name of some one you know real well."

Tom paused, with his spoon in mid-air.

"Miss Francesca," he said.

The man glanced up quickly. "All right. What is the rest of her name, Tom?"

"Miss Francesca Barnes," Tom answered, in a voice that admitted of no dispute.

"Oh, yes. Of course," asserted Kent

slowly. "It couldn't possibly be any one else, now, could it?"

"She plays wif me," murmured Tom blissfully.

"And she plays with me," echoed Kent.

"And she loves me lots," continued Tom, fishing the last of the ice-cream from the depths of the glass.

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Van Dyke," Kent said deliberately. "He is the most hopeless who has hoped the most. you know."

Tom contemplated a fly crawling across the table. "But I love her back again," he boasted.

"So do I," mused the man. His voice had grown suddenly very tired and indifferent.

"Tom," he asked, after a while, "will you tell me some one else that you know?"

"Mr. Peters," said Tom slowly. "Yes—and who else?"

"Mr. Peters—and Maggie—and Edith—and Jim—and—"

"Jim who?" questioned Kent.

"Just Jim—

that's all." Tom pursued the fly eagerly with a broken straw.

"Do you happen to know your grocer's name?" asked the man wearily.

"No. Just Miss Francesca," repeated Tom, with a grave determination.

Kent leaned suddenly across the table and took hold of the child's hands.

"See here," he said, as he looked down into the soft gray eyes, "you don't happen to be the little boy Love, do you? And your gun an arrow in dis-



Tom looked up. It seemed to him that in all his life he had never seen any one quite as big.

guise? For if that's the case I want you to understand that I object to this camaraderie. In fact, you're the very young man from whom I'm running away."

With a queer little persistence Tom grasped the key-note of the situation.

"Miss Francesca Barnes," he repeated dreamily. "Miss Francesca Barnes."

Kent rose quickly. A consuming wrath began to well up in his heart.

"Come on," he said abruptly. "We're going to the police-station. I'll leave you there until called for!"

Tom gave a tired little sigh. He climbed down from the high seat carefully. To be given to a policeman meant to be put in jail. He knew that. But he was very brave. He clasped his beloved gun closely against his breast, and it was because he had the heart of a hero that he looked up into Kent's face and smiled.

The man hesitated. There were shadows under Tom's eyes, and the baby mouth drooped wearily.

"Old fellow, I beg your pardon. I was a brute," Kent half-knelt by the child, and put his arms around him.

"If you will let me carry you, we will go to Miss Francesca. It isn't very far."

Several people turned to look smilingly after them, as they went down the street together. Once a girl in a high cart checked her horse to drive past with a careful slowness. But the man neither glanced up nor spoke. Tom respected this silence, and, with his head against Kent's broad shoulder, and his yellow hair against Kent's cheek, closed his eyes drowsily.

He swung the gun carelessly in one small hand. He would not need to shoot a policeman now.

They had traveled perhaps a hundred miles, Tom thought, when Kent's voice roused him.

"I wish you'd wake up, sonny," he said, "and go in here by yourself. I've an idea she'd much rather see only you."

"Only you," echoed Tom sleepily and stupidly. He opened his eyes as they went up the steps of a big, gray house. On the veranda Kent stood still. The front door was hospitably open, and he turned to touch the bell. His hand fell quickly again to his side. Down the long, old hall a girl was coming to meet him—a girl with shadowy eyes that darkened as she looked up into his face.

"Tom was lost," explained Kent



"See here," he said, "you don't happen to be the little boy Love, do you?"

quietly, "and yours was the only name he seemed to know. That is why I am here, Frances."

"I am glad you found him," the girl answered coldly. "We are old friends—Tom and I."

The man put the sleepy boy upon the scarlet cushions of the window-seat.

With the deliberate slowness that was characteristic of him, he stooped to pick up the gun that slipped from Tom's hand.

"Do you want me to take him home?" he asked.

"No."

"Nor telephone—nor anything?"

"No," said the girl again. She turned away from him, and looked out of the window.

In silence, Kent returned the stare of the inquisitive moon-faced clock.

Then suddenly Francesca began to laugh. "I suppose," she said, "that you are waiting for the reward?"

"Would you give it?" he asked quickly.

Francesca did not meet his eyes. "I don't know," she answered; "I am rather poor, and couldn't give you so very much."

The man's face went suddenly white. He looked down at the gun still in his hand.

"You could give me what I want most in the world, Frances," he said slowly.

The girl did not turn, nor answer him.



*Tom woke suddenly. The girl was kneeling in front of him.*

For an instant Kent waited. Then, with a rather desolate little smile, he started to put the gun again by Tom's side.

But before he could reach the window, Francesca leaned toward him. With both hands holding his arm, she looked straight up into his face with eyes that reproached him as if he had been a child.

"You big, handsome boy," she said, "please don't make me say I love you—but don't go yet!"

As the gun fell upon the rug, Tom woke suddenly. The girl was kneeling in front of him, and had her face hidden against his scarlet tie.

For an instant he was puzzled. Then he pointed a small finger at her.

"Bang!—dead!" he shouted gleefully. And, looking up into Kent's face, he laughed.

# The Chorus Lady

A NOVELIZATION OF JAMES FORBES' PLAY

By Howard Fitzalan

*For two seasons "The Chorus Lady" has been playing to crowded houses. For our thousands of readers who have been unable to see the play itself we have secured this novelization of the drama, which is illustrated with photographs taken from the New York production.*

A GIRL descended from a coach of the New York express, and looked around the desolate railroad-station.

It would have been very difficult to mistake her for anything except just what she was—a chorus girl. The keynote of her entire make-up was her hair, on which peroxid had been used not wisely. It was gathered in a huge puff in the front, and perched upon it was an enormous hat of wire and black chiffon, somewhat resembling in shape an oyster-shell. A fluffy blouse, a black silk taffeta skirt held tightly about the form, and a trifle raised to show a green underskirt, green-clocked stockings, very pointed patent-leather oxfords down at the heel, and a very short, very tight tan jacket completed her attire. In one hand she held a suit-case—the other grasped belligerently an ornately handled umbrella.

But, although her hair had been treated to several baths of peroxid, the girl had never been a brunette—her blue eyes and fair skin indicated that. She was rather a pretty girl for all her eccentricity, with piquant, impudent features and merry eyes.

There were handkerchief-wavings from the other girls in the coaches, and a chorus of "Good-by, Pat." "By-by." "Hope you'll meet him."

One girl had accompanied her to the platform. Now that the engine was beginning to snort, she hastily climbed back on the steps again.

"Gee! I hope you don't miss your

Dan, Pat! Good-by. Say, I could jest hug you."

And she sprang back to the platform and demonstrated that she could; Pat suffering the embracing and osculatory evidences with kindly amusement.

"Get a move on, Rita!" she said, "or your train'll be leaving you! Give my regards to Broadway. So-long!"

Rita caught the rail, and was assisted up the steps by a good-natured brakeman just in time. The train, gathering momentum on the down-grade, swept out of the station; and Pat, picking up her suit-case, made her exit through the iron gates and ascended the steps that led to Charles Street.

Pat had "played" Baltimore, and knew it fairly well. She had also a former chum who had married a Baltimore man, and was now living there with her husband and their little boy. But it was neither for love of the town nor desire to see her ex-chum that she had taken stop-over privileges on her ticket to New York. In the Sunday paper which she had read at breakfast that morning, she had seen that Dan Mallory, to whom she was engaged, had several entries in the Pimlico race-meet outside Baltimore, and that he had taken one of the second purses. Much as she wanted to see her parents and her sister, Dan came first in Pat's mind; and, imagining he had not yet left the city with his string, she hoped to see him there, and return to the country with him.

Ascending to Charles Street, she was

greeted by a chorus of cabmen, to whom she paid no heed; but turned her face southward, lugging her heavy suitcase with a slightly one-sided effect. As she passed the Athletic Club, a man stared at her, and she returned the stare with cold lack of interest. The man passed on; and Pat, entering the chemist's shop at the corner of Mount Royal Avenue, put down her suit-case, took the telephone receiver from the hook, and, calling up a certain hotel on Calvert Street, asked for Mr. Mallory's room. The telephone-girl gave her "All right," and Pat suddenly glowed with very real happiness. Dan was still there, after all. A moment or so later a very sleepy voice answered her:

"Well, what is it?"

"G'wan, you lazy lie-a-bed," she responded genially. "Whatcher doing? Taking a holiday? Bet you jest got up—"

"Pat!"

"Sure it's Pat. Now don't ask me how I came here nor what I'm doing. I'll tell you that when I see you, an' some other things. I'm going to Mayme Schwartz's house—Mrs. Suggester's, that is. She lives at 252 South Stricker Street. You get a move on and come on down, and that'll be about all from you!"

"Pat, you—"

"That's enough. Got the number?"

Dan repeated it for her.

"All right; good-by!"

Pat hung up the receiver; and parted with a nickel to the clerk at the soda-fountain. After which she took a St. Paul Street car south and transferred to Pratt Street. She got off at Lombard and Stricker, and made her way toward Mrs. Suggester's house, which was one of three near the corner of McHenry Street; three newly built and very resplendent in yellow brick and with marble steps, two stories of grandeur. Pat ascended the three marble steps, scrupulously clean, and touched the push-button—for these houses had electric buttons and all the modern improvements.

Mayme Suggester, in water-stained apron and with sleeves rolled up to her

elbows, answered the ring; and enfolded Pat in a pair of moist arms, Pat letting fall the suit-case and umbrella for the purpose of returning the caress.

"Say! you ain't playin' Baltimore this week? 'Cause if you are, you've jest got to stop here with Ed and me. Oh, Ed! Here's Pat O'Brien, what I've told you about so often, come to pay me a visit. Now you jest step into the parlor and set right down, Patsy. Er, no! You come up to my room and take off your things first, and let me get the spare room ready for you. You darling old thing!"

Mr. Suggester, with the two-year-old baby tucked under one arm, came patterning into the hall in list-slippers, and gave her a sticky hand.

"Glad to see any lady fren' of Mayme's," he said heartily.

Pat thanked him and went up-stairs with the former chorus girl. She unpinned her hat and put it on the bed, while Mrs. Suggester helped her off with her tan jacket and hung it on the door. The room was newly papered in speaking likenesses of dogs' heads; there was a set of yellow furniture in it—which looked as good as birch—and a brand-new ingrain carpet was on the floor. Pat looked around her as she sat down in a rocking-chair.

"Are you happy, Mayme?" she asked, a trifle pathetically. It was the first time she had seen the girl since her marriage.

Mayme launched into a glowing description of the life matrimonial, of Ed and of little Ed.

"Like it better'n the stage—hey?"

Mayme's German nose expressed ineffable contempt for all that pertained to the footlights, and she supplemented her facial expression by a few well-chosen words on the subject.

"Well," said Pat slowly, "I'm thinkin' of doin' the same myself. My side partner in this little matrimonial sketch I've got doped out is my father's boss—Dan Mallory. He owns the stable, you know."

"What?" Mayme's eyes opened wide in surprise. "A gentleman, Pat?"

"Sure, he's a gentleman," answered

Pat angrily, then relented. "If you mean is he the kind that belongs to a Fift' Avenoo club and takes chorus girls out to supper, and has his name in the society column—no, he ain't that kind. He used to be a stable-boy for Davis, and then he was a jock for a while; but he saved money and bought a high-stepper and won money on her, and then he saved some more, and bought another and another—until now— Oh, Mayme! ain't that the bell?"

Mayme nodded. "That's all right, though," she assured Pat. "Ed'll answer it."

Pat blushed. "But I think it's my gentleman friend, Mayme," she said. "I telephoned him to come here and see me soon's I got in town. He's been showing some horses out to Pimlico this week."

The voice of Mr. Suggest resounded from the foot of the steps.

"Mayme!"

Mayme threw open the door and answered him.

"Is it a gentleman to see Miss O'Brien?" she called.

"That's what it is, honey."

"Tell him she'll be down in a minute."

She turned to the bureau, where the glass was reflecting the image of Miss O'Brien straightening her hair and putting some powder on her nose.

"It's him, Pat. You go right down to the parlor and see him. We won't butt in until you're all through."

She smiled knowingly, and nudged Pat in the ribs. Pat blushed again, and went down-stairs.

The parlor was resplendent in green Brussels carpet, a crayon-portrait of Ed, one of Mayme, and one of the baby; some chromos of forest scenes in gilt frames; some heavily gilded, rickety chairs; and some green plush ones. In one of these Dan Mallory, a tall, bronzed, weather-beaten man of thirty-five, sat.

He was talking aimlessly to Mr. Suggest when Pat entered. The latter gentleman took up his red-flanneled infant and fled from the room, leaving Dan Mallory and his affianced alone

and gazing at one another. But the gaze did not last long. Mallory took one bound forward and folded her in his long, lean, muscular arms, kissing her not once, but a score of times, little, frantic, happy expostulations escaping from Pat the while as he held her.

Presently she disengaged herself, and, feeling about her waist, found that the belt and skirt had parted company. She pulled them together again and replaced the safety-pin, smiling the while. Mallory caught her again; but Pat, still laughing, tried to push him away. He refused to be pushed, and kissed her. Pat turned her head away and heaved a deep sigh.

"Say, Dan," she said happily, "d'you know you're takin' my breath away?"

She loosed herself and retreated behind a big green plush chair. Mallory was smiling, too, as he followed her.

"Am I?"

"You sure are—oh, Dan!"

This time she put her head on his shoulder and rubbed her cheek against his. Again she sighed deeply.

"After eleven weeks of touring imitation towns, this is certainly peach-preserves!"

Dan held her off at arm's length from him.

"Pat! you—say, girl, you're the only one in the whole damned universe for me!"

Pat gave him back look for look. "When I think," she returned, "of the men I see other women stacked up against—you win *easy*!"

Her head resumed its place on his shoulder.

Mallory grinned. "I never saw anything that was in your class, Patsy. You look like a four-time winner yourself!"

He made another move toward her; but she sidled off in the direction of the mirror, where she held herself tightly in at the waist, and assumed the straight-front appearance upon which she prided herself.

"Honest?" she asked.

Dan looked over her shoulder into the mirror. "You're prettier than ever,

Pat! And that's the truest word I've ever said. Gee, but you're lookin' fine!"

Patricia gave her coiffure a little re-assuring pat, and arranged a few stray locks that were flowing loose about the ears. She turned.

"I do think this way of wearing my hair *is* becomin'," she said. "Yes"—and here she imitated a voice of false culture. "Yes—rather smart—rather smart."

"Smart!" echoed Mallory. "Becom-in'! Say, it's beautiful, that's what it is. Beautiful! You're beautiful! Everything about you's beautiful!"

Pat came toward him, her eyes softened and downcast. "Say, Dan," she said, the trace of a smile about her lips, "ain't you afraid a-gettin' pinched for peddlin' hot air without a license?"

"Oh, Pat! Pat—" But she warned him off with an outstretched hand.

This was a different Pat to the one the show people knew; a softer, more womanly Pat, with a hundred little feminine wiles and witcheries, which she kept for Dan, and for Dan alone. There was nothing hard about her now; even her slang seemed a caress to the ears of Mallory. She sat down in a chair by the window and looked at him.

"I'm going home with you, Dan," she said.

"To stay?" he inquired delightedly.

"For a day. I must hump it back to the real puddle on Tuesday."

He looked downcast. "Tuesday," he said; "why Tuesday? That's an awful short stay; why've you got to go back Tuesday?"

She stared out of the window for a moment, and her look was a trifle sad.

"I've got to connect, Dan. 'The Moonlight Maids' went into cold storage last night."

Dan nodded. "I had a hunch it was somethin' like that. This seems a bad season for shows."

Pat laughed ironically. "It's always a bad *season* for bad *shows*—with bum backin'!" Again her gaze reverted to the street. "Say, Dan, this everlastin' huntin' a job gets on my nerves!"

She stretched out a hand to him.

"I'm tired of missin' *you*, Dan; only seein' you once in a dog's age."

Immediately he took both her hands in his, and put them to his lips.

"Pat! I can't have you go again! And I'm not going to let you. Marry me now, here in Baltimore. We'll go home married, and we'll be so happy that we'll be bound to get along some way; I know we will, Patsy. Come on, won't you? Don't say you won't; there ain't no reason for sayin' no! Come on—it'll be all right!"

Pat released her hands. "No, no, Dan!" she said gently. "You don't see the girl that loves you puttin' no crimp in your prospects. I ain't such a weak-minded fool as that."

She crossed the room and passed her hands over her forehead, yawning slightly.

"I was a fool to let that rave out of me. I'm jest tired, Dan—that's all. Jest tired!"

Dan came behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. His voice had something of a choking sob in it.

"It breaks me all up, Pat. Come on—do what I want you to! I know we could make it a go—I *know* we could."

Pat shook her head. "Not by beginnin' wrong on the money proposition," she demurred; then turned and faced him with a businesslike eye. "Jest how do we stand, Danny? Mom's bin hintin' in her letters 'bout some sort of trouble you've had—but let's get down to cases—come on!"

It was Dan who sighed this time. "It jest amounts to this, Pat. I've got to either take in a partner or sell 'bout half the string—that's the way things stand. I've had a run of bad luck! I didn't write you because I knew you was having a tough enough time a-playin' those little one-night stand places before the theaters opened in the big cities. So I kept my mouth shut, and hoped to make a killin' somewhere that would land me square with the game. But nothin' doin'. It's the knife for me, and straight into the back. It began at Sheephead, and it's kept up ever since. Why, at Sheephead I was dead sure I had a string of good ones—"

"And they turned out to be skates?" interrupted Pat.

"They sure did, Patsy. Then come Morris Park—same luck! A lot of mud-horses pulled the money! Then Bennings, and I ranged in with a bunch of blue ribbons entire. Even at Latonia I got the double-cross; and at New Orleans! Gee! I hate to think of it. And now I came down here to Baltimore to play against mostly local favorites; and even here I don't take but one second prize. That's the way all along. I ain't pulled off a single purse that was more than chicken-feed!"

He sat down heavily in a chair, his head on his hand. Pat stroked his hair caressingly. "Don't lose your nerve," she advised. "And now—what's up? You ain't a-going to sell any of the string, I hope?"

"I'd rather take in a partner than do that. An' I've got a chance to get a partner—the right kind! One that puts up the money and keeps his mouth shut about what he don't understand. A gentleman who belongs to the big sporting-club over there in New York—the Knickerbocker, you know—put me next to him. I called to see him. He didn't seem so anxious then; jest said he'd come down and look over the string. Then Friday morning I gets a letter from him, addressed to the place and then down here, and he says he's looked over the string, and is willing to take a half-interest in it. His name's Crawford! Ain't nothing much more'n a kid, but has got money in bunches, and wants something to amuse himself with, I guess. Good thing he got hold of a straight one like me, and not some of the sharks that lay waitin' for that kind of an easy mark. I'll play the game fair with him, all right, though it don't look like I'll make more'n my board and keep out of it while he's in it—"

"You're goin' to take him in, then, Dan?"

"Take him in?" he echoed. "You bet! It's the one chance I've got left. He's a gentleman, and won't push me hard for money or results afore time. But we'll get results, all right. There's

some promisin' youngsters in the lot that ought to bring some fancy prices; and when we've realized on them I'll pay him up or sell out to him. But I'm goin' to quit this game, Patsy. There's nothin' in it unless you're lucky—"

"Quit the game! What are you goin' to do when you quit the game?"

"Me for a stock-farm—that's what!"

"A stock-farm?" said Pat, rising. "Oh, I say, Dan, where'd pop and mom an' the folks get off?"

"They'd come along with us," answered Dan.

"And we'd settle down like a couple of Reubens—us an' the cows!" she said, her eyes full of the vision of grassy meadows and lowing cattle.

Mallory laughed. "Not cows—same old animals I've been foolin' with all my life—horses."

"No more playin' dates at Sheepshead and New Orleans; hey, Dan?" she continued, her tone still contemplative of the future, her eyes soft with unrealized hopes.

Dan again crossed over to her and took her hands.

"No travel at all, Patsy," he said, in a low tone; "no travel at all—just stayin' home!"

"Just stayin' home!"

And then silence for a moment, which was broken by Pat's soft sobbing. Dan leaned over and put his arm about her; her head went to its accustomed place on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, dearie?"

"Dan!" She wiped away the tears and met his gaze. "Oh, Dan! D'you suppose it would last?"

"Why, sure, Patsy," said Mallory, patting her hands in a soothing, gentle way. "Why not? Why shouldn't it last?"

Pat shook her head. "I dunno, Dan!"

He eyed her in hurt surprise, and withdrew his hands.

"I didn't think—you'd doubt—our love for one another, Pat. I never thought *that*!"

She bent over, her gaze abstracted. "I can't help it, Dan," she said. "I've

met more'n one doll as has thrown a good man down hard jest to get back to the bright lights. They handed out a lot of junk about love for their art, but it wasn't nothin' but a hunch for the excitement."

"You ain't that kind, Pat!"

"I ain't no better than any one else. I—I'm—I'm—kinder—*afraid*, Dan!"

Mallory got up. "Well, I'm not afraid, Patsy. I know you love me."

"That's no idle dream!" she said suddenly, and put her arms about his neck. "Don't mind me, Dan. I'm a little up-stage to-day. Now, when you going back home?"

Mallory kissed her. "Sorry I can't go up with you, Patsy; but I'm afraid I've got to stop in Philly this afternoon to see some men there about dates. And then to-night I've got to go and see Mr. Crawford, and arrange this business with him. I'll try to get him to come down in the morning; and I'll very likely stay over in New York and come down with him. You stay here and take the midnight sleeper up to New York, and get down early in the morning. Take 'em by surprise, kinder. I'll see you then!"

He picked up his soft hat and moved toward the door.

"Kiss me once more before I go, Patsy," he said.

## II.

Mallory saw Crawford in town that Sunday night; and Crawford assented to the proposal that they should go down early the next morning to look over the horses and arrange some trials. After Mallory had gone he retired early, that he might be able to arise in time to keep his appointment. He gave orders to Rogers, his man, to awaken him at six; and to Raspard, the chauffeur, to be around at half-after.

Rogers with a reproachful look called him at six, and told him in a pained tone that his bath was ready. That a gentleman should arise at such an unholy hour was a new experience to the worthy Rogers, and his attitude throughout was one of regretful as-

tonishment. Crawford dressed, bathed, and breakfasted with amazing celerity, and was quite ready when Mallory called. They went down and got into the motor together.

When they arrived at the training-quarters, Crawford saw readily enough that he was making no mistake by going into partnership with Dan Mallory; but, after he had satisfied himself as to this, he took little interest in the trials and in the recountment of the past histories of the mounts. He thought the wiliest way to close the inspection was to ask if he might have a cup of coffee anywhere about on the grounds.

"Sure!" assented Dan Mallory. "Mrs. O'Brien makes the best there is; don't she, O'Brien?"

O'Brien confirmed his employer's opinion.

"I'll jist run over and tell the wife that yer comin', Mr. Crawford," he said. "That is, if ye'll do us the honor of havin' a seat at our table."

"If you'll do me the honor to invite me," replied Crawford gravely.

O'Brien, a trifle discomfited by such courtliness, mumbled something and went across the fields. He entered the cottage, and found the stable-boys still at breakfast. As a matter of fact, they had been discussing their new employer just before he entered, Nora having asked them what sort of man Mr. Crawford was.

"Fair-lookin', if you likes 'em big and mushy," the Duke had replied. "But"—and he straightened the handkerchief at his neck and threw out his chest a trifle—"most wimmen I've know'd 'as preferred 'em small and jaunty."

"Ye'd better be keepin' them complimentary remarks to yerself," was Mrs. O'Brien's contribution to the conversation; "unless ye want O'Brien to blush for ye."

It was O'Brien who entered just as this last remark had been passed, and, hanging up his cap behind the door, came forward to the table. He scowled as he saw the stable-boys still munching away.

"Still at it, are yer? It's time ye were

off. Ye've been here twenty minutes, and that's enough for the likes of yees."

The Duke, not heeding him, held out his plate to Mrs. O'Brien, and remarked with a courtierlike bow: "The 'ash is uncommon fine this morn'g. Can I trouble yer, Mrs. O'Brien?"

O'Brien, aghast at such impertinence, took the plate from the cockney and put it on the table. Then, with one comprehensive sweep of his arm, he indicated that he wished the boys to disappear.

"Oh, Patrick! L'ave the poor darlin's have their fill," complained Mrs. O'Brien.

"All right," responded O'Brien generously. "Put on my eggs, wife; and make some fresh coffee. Danny and Mr. Crawford'll be stoppin' by in a few minutes for a cup of it."

"It's a wonder ye wouldn't have said so before," gasped Mrs. O'Brien. Her solicitude for the stable-boys suddenly vanished. She opened the door and waved them toward it.

"Skedaddle, the lot of ye! Do ye want to be 'ating all the morn'g? Off with ye now, not a single wurrud!"

The boys took their caps and went off. They knew the voice of authority, and were seldom slow to respond to it. O'Brien, remembering the pained tone in which his wife had requested him to desist from troubling those same boys, opened his mouth and seemed about to say something. Mrs. O'Brien's wary eye noted this intention.

"Don't be talking, Patrick," she anticipated, when he had got as far as "Oh, wife!" Then hastily she took the soiled plates, cups, forks, and knives from the table and placed them in the sink. O'Brien, who was breaking his eggs into a glass, was peremptorily requested to remove his glass from the table. He obeyed meekly, and Mrs. O'Brien whisked off the red table-cloth, stuffed it into a drawer, and took out a clean white one, which she spread on the table.

As she worked she looked about for Nora, but, not finding her in sight, raised her voice: "No-ra! No-ra!" she called. "Come he-eare!"

"Primpin' agen," she informed her husband, in a bitter tone.

She shook out some coffee into the coffee-mill.

"L'ave her be," urged O'Brien. "Don't be naggin' her."

Mrs. O'Brien stared at him coldly. "When I need your advice about my own child," she remarked, "I'll ask for it. Will you be all morn'g 'ating those eggs?"

O'Brien finished the eggs hastily. His wife snatched the glass from him and shoved the coffee-mill into his hands.

"Give that a twist while ye're idlin'," she commanded.

Upon which O'Brien was also smitten with a desire to look upon Nora's face, and felt, with his wife, that it was not proper that a young girl should be in her bedroom powdering her nose and arranging her hair while her mother slaved in the kitchen. So he, too, raised his voice and bawled:

"Nora! Nora! Come here and help yer mother!"

Which had the effect of making Mrs. O'Brien's views antithetical to those she had expressed a few moments before.

"L'ave the poor child alone, Patrick. It's a queer girl she'd be not wantin' to spruce up a bit when a young man comes callin'."

O'Brien, reduced to silence, shut his eyes and turned the coffee-mill laboriously. He was a strong man, but he did not know how to grind coffee; more than that, he had no desire to learn, so that when Nora emerged to view again, her hair tied with a pink bow, and a fancy collar and pink ribbon of Pat's about her neck, he incontinently thrust the coffee-mill into her hands and crossed the room.

"Grind that coffee yourself, Patrick!" was his wife's dictum; but O'Brien only nodded to Nora, and filled a short cutty pipe. It was Nora who grew sulky now, and made some remark to the effect that a person was not even allowed time to dress under that particular roof.

"I'd have time to *dress*, anyway, if I went on the stage," she further remarked.

"Stage!" glowered Mrs. O'Brien; and, looking at the calm face of the smoking O'Brien, she remembered her grievance against him in this matter.

"It's you that spile her," she said wrathfully, "putting this nonsense in her head about going on the stage."

"Oh, the idea's not a bad one," returned O'Brien, folding his arms. "It's good money Pat's earnin'."

"I misdoubt Nora's knowin' how," said the wife, reduced from wrath to argument.

"What talk have ye!" was her husband's surprised comment. "Sure, actin's no trick at all. I've seen babies do it."

And now from argument Mrs. O'Brien went to a stronger weapon. She sniffled and put her apron to her eyes.

"Sure, it's glib ye are to have them l'ave me! No one thinks of a mother's heart—my baby's going away from me."

"Whisht, woman, whisht!" soothed the conquered O'Brien. "And wait till she goes. She ain't gone yit."

"No—but she—will!" And now the apron covered the face, and that part of it showed wet.

"Whisht!" said O'Brien again. "Sure, Mr. Crawford will be here any minute. I don't want him to think I've bin abusin' ye. L'ave off, woman, l'ave off!"

There was so much humility in O'Brien's attitude that his wife considered her purpose accomplished, and ceased to weep. Ostentatiously drying her eyes with her apron, she inquired into the personality of the new employer, Mr. Crawford.

"His manners is fine enough; and he's so p'lite ye can't think," said O'Brien. "He's a gentleman of the kind they have in the ould country. But, sure, I've taken a dislike to him, wife."

"Then God preserve us all!" invoked Mrs. O'Brien piously; "fer ye'll glory in showin' it."

The trainer assumed a jaunty air, and stuck his pipe in one side of his mouth. "I'm l'arnin' diplomacy," was his remark.

"It's high time," commented his wife. "Use a bit of it now and thin. Was it you invited him to come over?"

"It was not. He's comin' fer a cup of coffee to take the chill off. Kinder early fer him to be up, I'm thinkin'; an' he's blue about the lips of him."

"I suppose," said Mrs. O'Brien, in a tone which she strove to make careless, "that you wuz bragging about me coffee."

"I was *not*," corrected O'Brien instantly.

"An' *why* not, pray?" she demanded indignantly. "But I might a-knownn ye'd never say a good word fer a body."

"It was Mallory," said O'Brien.

"My boy Dan—bliss his heart!" prayed Mrs. O'Brien.

She started suddenly, for there were footsteps outside. Nora had heard them, too, and was gazing intently at the door. Mrs. O'Brien stepped to the window and peeped out. Nora cast her eyes toward the floor.

"It's them," said Mrs. O'Brien, in a hoarse whisper. "Dan and a man I never seen before."

"Is he fair?" inquired O'Brien. His wife nodded.

"Then it's him—Mr. Crawford," he said.

Mrs. O'Brien crossed to his chair and shook him by the shoulders.

"Get up. Now smile, though you could choke him."

In the silence that followed, Mallory held back the door for Crawford to enter.

### III.

"Mother," said Mallory, addressing Mrs. O'Brien, "this is Mr. Crawford, my new partner."

"'Tis an honor to know you, sir. Come right in and make yourself to home. 'Tis an honor you're doin' us, sir."

Crawford bowed his acknowledgments and said something pleasant. Mallory turned to him.

"I must be back to the stables, Mr. Crawford," he said. "I don't like the looks of Vigilant's leg. I'll be back in

a few minutes. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

Crawford said he would, and looked inquiringly at Nora, whose eyes were still downcast. O'Brien noted the glance, and came over and stood by Nora's side.

"This is my daughter, Nora," he said, as Mallory went out.

"She's the baby," supplemented Mrs. O'Brien, with the air of a great hen over a very little chick.

Nora blushed, and said: "Oh, mother!" quite prettily; at least so Crawford thought.

"Nora! Take Mr. Crawford's coat," said her mother.

"Oh, don't trouble, please," interposed Crawford hastily, as he slipped out of his gray frieze. "I——"

But Nora had already taken it, and was hanging it on the door. Crawford's glance was one of approval; and, as Nora retired, the pink in her cheeks was more pronounced than the color of the ribbon in her hair.

Dick Crawford, unshaven, unkempt, in badly fitting clothes and half-drunk, would have been yet unmistakably of the *beau monde*. People might remark that he was "down on his luck," but they would never doubt his previous affluence.

Besides this it appears as nothing that he had the ability to tie a scarf with just the proper thickness of knot, the proper wave of fold, the necessary touch of carelessness to redeem a well-dressed man from the accusation of stiffness. He wore his hat at the right angle; and his collars hugged his throat at just the proper place. Although he was careful of his appearance, he would have been as debonaire had he not been so.

Nora, perhaps, was not able to segregate his fascinations; but a woman, while she would be hard put to tell just how a man had achieved his appearance, is the infallible critic for the ensemble.

"I'm afraid you've been put to a lot of trouble, Mrs. O'Brien," said Crawford.

Mrs. O'Brien laughed. "Sure, I like to fuss for any man that appreciates it, Mr. Crawford."

She handed him a cup of coffee. Crawford passed it to O'Brien, who, hardly understanding, was about to take it. And this was another of Crawford's likable qualities. His politeness was never strained; his good manners were as unconscious as his way of wearing his clothes.

Mrs. O'Brien intercepted the cup that Crawford was handing to her husband with the injunction: "Keep that, sor. O'Brien's had *his* breakfast." And she flashed a look of scorn at the outstretched hand.

Crawford saw that it was necessary to make conversation. He went about it in the customary "small-talk" manner, hoping that a chance would come later for him to have a word with Nora alone.

"So you've breakfasted, O'Brien?"

"So *she* says," replied O'Brien sulkily.

There was a silence. Crawford drank some of his coffee, and again spoke:

"Is that all of your family, Mrs. O'Brien?"

"Oh, sure no, sor," replied Mrs. O'Brien, with an indulgent smile; "there's Pat."

"Oh!—a son?"

The O'Briens laughed. "It's me daughter, Patricia," explained O'Brien. "Nora! Run and get her photograph," added his wife.

Nora started for the door.

"Get the one in costume. It's in the lower drawer. Lift up the waist of my black silk. It's under the Paisley shawl."

Nora had disappeared when her father called her back.

"And look in me hat-box," said he. "You'll find a couple of them there."

"O'Brien, the gentleman'll think you're daft," remonstrated his wife. "Sure one of them's enough and to spare."

"Not at all," dissented Crawford. "I'm very much interested, and I hope you'll show me all the photographs of her you have."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled expansively on

him. "All right, Nora," she said, "if the gentleman wants t' see thim."

And when Nora had gone, she remembered that there was a large crayon-portrait of the beloved daughter in the parlor. This she bade O'Brien go and fetch. O'Brien, who was quite as fond of Pat as was her mother, and believed the crayon in question to bring out all the points of Patricia's beauty, went with alacrity to fetch it.

"Pat's a rather odd name for a girl," said Crawford.

"I named her fer Patrick," explained Mrs. O'Brien, beaming.

"I see," said Crawford, with a polite smile. "Sort of a substitute for a son—eh?"

"Substitute, is it? Sure I wouldn't take a half a dozen of the lovin' sons my frinds has for the likes of Pat! Jist look at her once!"

O'Brien had returned with one of the usual crayon-portraits. It was in a large gilt frame, with red plush around the borders; and gave Patricia the usual simpering smile of such pictures.

"She must be a very pretty girl," Crawford remarked, feeling instinctively that he would have no popularity in that house unless he made just this observation.

"I've seen homelier," replied O'Brien, with pride.

"Don't be squidgein' and bobbin' it," said Mrs. O'Brien sharply, referring to her husband's endeavors to get the picture in the best light. "Ye fair dazzle a body. It's a rale deceivin' thing, Mr. Crawford. Whin she's away from me I think it's the livin' image of her—but whin she's alongside——!"

Her tone was eloquent of the immense superiority of Pat to the picture in the latter instance.

"It's the difference in the coloring," explained Crawford truthfully, for he was sure that no human being could have coloring like the girl in the picture.

Nora, entering, remarked that Patricia had a habit of describing the effect on her feelings produced by looking at the crayon as "giving her the Willies."

"It's rale plush on the frame, Mr. Crawford," said Mrs. O'Brien, affecting to ignore the interruption.

O'Brien smoothed the "real plush."

"Don't be a-rumplin' it," said his wife sharply. "You'd better put it down before you break it. Have you got thim other pictures, Nora?"

Nora said she had, and transferred three cabinet photographs of Patricia to her mother's hands. Mrs. O'Brien carefully unwrapped the first one from its tissue-paper, and revealed to Crawford a very scantily attired young sylph sitting on a column, her betighted legs crossed, and her eyes thrown up to either the photographer's ceiling or heaven, as the gazer might be pleased to imagine.

"An actress, I suppose?" he said.

"Not at all," replied O'Brien. "She's a chorus lady. But she's got the makin's of a fine actress in her."

Crawford looked at the shapely figure, and observed that he would not be surprised if she had.

"She's with 'The Moonlight Maids,'" explained Mrs. O'Brien. "Pr'aps ye've heard of thim."

"Oh, yes!" replied Crawford, who had not; then added vaguely: "Very fine company; very clever people."

"They pays Pat twenty a week," said O'Brien, as though this assured his guest of the company's standing.

"An' her costumes," added the wife.

"Oh, *they* won't amount to much," said Crawford facetiously.

"I've seen few grand ladies with finer silks to their backs," was Mrs. O'Brien's dignified comment.

"An' the stockings," said O'Brien; "they're all *silk*."

He indicated with his two arms a length quite at variance with the laws of anatomy.

"And *that* long!"

To Mrs. O'Brien's respectable mind, this intimate discussion of the privacy of a woman's wardrobe was most immodest. Her demeanor grew dignified, and she rose from her seat at the table.

"Patrick, take the crayon into the parlor," she said. "See that ye put it back on th' aisel; and be sure ye put the

cloth over it." O'Brien, conscious of his faux pas, did as he was told, quite glad to escape the frigid atmosphere exhaled by his wife. As he went out, the kitchen-door was abruptly opened, and Jakey, the stable-boy, rushed in, breathless, with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Telegram, Mrs. O'Brien," he said; and stood and watched, open-mouthed, for her to open it.

But Mrs. O'Brien only stiffened into a statuelike pose, turned the envelope over in her hand mechanically, clasped it to her breast, and let loose a flood of tears.

"She's kilt, she's kilt!" she wailed.

Her apron went to her eyes. The telegram, unopened, dropped to the floor.

"Oh, wirra! Oh, the black day I let me Pat go trapesin' all over the counthry!"

Her tears fell fast and furiously, and her wails increased in volume. Nora, noting the slightly amused look on Crawford's face, looked deeply abashed. O'Brien, attracted by the noise, reentered the room.

"What ails ye, woman?"

"A tiligram! A tiligram!" came in grief-stricken tones. "She's kilt! It's kilt entoirely she is!"

"Wouldn't it be as well to open it?" suggested Crawford to the husband of the weeper. O'Brien said, quite savagely, that it would; and, espying the envelope on the floor, grabbed it. Mrs. O'Brien took her apron from her eyes; and, as he opened it, snatched it from him.

"How dare ye be openin' a tiligram addrist to me?" she demanded; and, as her eyes fell upon the written slip, the grief vanished, and a smile overspread her honest Celtic face.

"Is she alive?" asked Nora anxiously.

"Praise be! She is! It's signed 'Pat.'"

Nora came forward eagerly and tried to look over her mother's shoulder. Mrs. O'Brien, divining this, moved away.

"What does she say?" asked Nora eagerly.

## IV.

Mrs. O'Brien was not a scholar. She pursed up her lips, bit them, rubbed her topknot, and finally elucidated much in the manner of a telegraph-ticker.

"She sez: 'Show's on—the——'" She stopped and eyed Crawford. "What does 'P-a-z-az-' spell, sor?"

"Pazaz!" replied Crawford, smiling. "It's a slang term, and no doubt means something to the effect that the show has broken up, 'busted,' if you like. It corresponds to 'on the blink,'" he added informatively, and after the manner of an encyclopedia.

"Thank ye, sor. Well, that's what she sez: 'Show's on the pa-zaz. Coming home on the seven-six. Meet me!'"

She turned to the expectant O'Brien. "Seven-six. It's close to eight now, and you standin' there, Patrick O'Brien, an' our poor child in a cold daypo. Wake up! ninny thot ye are!"

But O'Brien, far from needing any injunctions to bestir himself, was in a wildly excited state. He grabbed his cap, and began to search feverishly for his overcoat. While he was in the midst of his preparations Mallory returned.

"Thank Hivin ye're there!" said Mrs. O'Brien. "Ye'll be glad of the chance t' meet Pat, Danny. She's comin' on the seven-six, and I guess she's bin at the station long since. The show's on the—pazaz, Danny."

Mallory was all alacrity.

"I'll go an' hitch up," he said. O'Brien followed him.

"Ye stop, O'Brien!" said his wife. "I've use fer ye here. Come on, my man!"

O'Brien did not seem enchanted with the prospect. It appeared to him that the gleam in his wife's eyes prophesied further work for him. He paused.

"Ain't Nora enough to help ye?" he growled.

"Nora'll be entertainin' Mr. Crawford," said his wife primly. "Come, O'Brien. It's a man's work I've got fer ye."

"What work?" inquired O'Brien savagely.

"If you must compel me to reveale the

secrets of my home," answered Mrs. O'Brien, in a pained voice, "it's the bed in the spare room thot wants puttin' up."

"I'm afraid I'm in the way," began Crawford, who, however, had no intention of leaving. "And I'll see you la——"

"Not at all, Mr. Crawford," interrupted Mrs. O'Brien. "Stay if ye like and have a bit of a chat with Nora. She'll have a chance to say a word for herself now that her mother's favin' the room. Come, O'Brien!"

O'Brien followed her sulkily. When both had gone, Crawford looked at Nora and smiled.

There was silence for several moments. Nora's heart was beating rapidly.

The pink bow, the lace collar, and the pink ribbon had escaped Crawford's attention; but the effect produced by them had not. He thought Nora very pretty, and he racked his brain for something to say which would instantly charm her. Had he not so striven, perhaps such phrasing might have come to him without effort; but men are ever at their worst in conversation with women to whom their affections have been given.

"You're looking very pretty to-day," he said, and cursed himself for an idiot.

"Very pretty," said he again, wondering at his own imbecility. The next and proper remark seemed to be "Very, very pretty"; but he snapped his teeth, and refused to show any more budding insanity. Instead, he changed the topic to a safer one.

"I think Mallory said that he was going to marry your sister?" he inquired.

Nora, seeing that the conversation had lost the personal tone, began to gather up the dishes and put them in the sink.

"Yes," said Nora. "Isn't Dan nice?"

"Fine chap," agreed Crawford. "And I'll have to congratulate him if your sister is anything like you." His eyes looked admiration, and Nora, with the same murmured expostulation she had used before, paused in the vague hope that he might continue along this

line. But he did not, simply giving the opinion that Mallory was a good chap for a girl to marry.

"Yes," agreed Nora. "He'll make a good husband, and mom—mother says that good husbands are awfully scarce."

She came back from the sink for more dishes, and Crawford leaned across the table looking at her.

"I wouldn't bother about *that* if I were you," he said, fixing her intently with his blue eyes.

"Bother about *what*?" asked Nora, with the innocence of a little white-and-pink cherub.

"Men being scarce," he explained.

Nora tried a little coquetry. "I'm not," she said. "I'm going on the stage."

"Well, that's not a bad place to get a husband these days," he said, with a smile. "Don't you think so?"

"I don't think about *that* at all," replied Nora, with a little toss of the head. "I'm not going on the stage to get a husband."

"Oh! I see—for fame!" was his amused rejoinder.

"Not at all," corrected Nora seriously. "For twenty dollars a week. Just think of all the pretty clothes you can buy with twenty dollars a week!"

"Can you?" laughed Crawford, a remembrance of the bills from modistes, lingerie-makers, corsetières, milliners, ribbon-shops, and the like, with which he had made intimate acquaintance in his own experience. "So you can buy a lot of pretty clothes on twenty dollars a week, can you? By George! I wish I'd known about that."

His own humor struck him as being very fetching, and he laughed heartily. She, however, misinterpreting the cause of his laughter, supposed him to be thinking of the bills of mother, sisters, or relatives, and exclaimed indignantly:

"Of course not the kind of clothes rich people wear! But I mean pretty clothes to a girl like me, who's been used to nothing but print-dresses and merino and cast-off clothes."

"I dare say you can get a lot of nice things on twenty dollars a week," soothed Crawford kindly. "I didn't

mean to make fun of you; indeed, I didn't."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Nora, whisking off the table-cloth and shaking it over the hearth. "I dare say it does seem funny to you."

"Not at all," interrupted Crawford hastily. "Let me help you to fold that cloth, won't you?"

He took one end of it and held it while Nora doubled it; and together they folded it neatly. Nora put it into the dresser drawer, and turned to him:

"Pat says I ought to stay at home. Says I don't know when I'm well off."

For the moment Crawford looked at her very gravely. She seemed so young and innocent to him that it struck him he was something of a cad to be advising her to learn the wickedness of the outside world.

There are lovers of flowers, wandering among woods and meadows, who often in moments of exalted feeling stop to pick some wild bloom of the forest for a lapel decoration, and who refrain from touching it because it looks so much more beautiful on its native heath than it would in a buttonhole. It is mere selfishness, perhaps—a gratification of the aesthetic side of one's nature. Crawford had the same sensation now. When he spoke again it was to address her in a serious tone.

"I fear I agree with Pat, Miss Nora," he said. "You're too young to go on the stage just now. Why don't you wait a while until you've finished school?"

He had quite forgotten he was not addressing a girl of his own class; but Nora's little sarcastic laugh brought him to a realization of it.

"School," she echoed bitterly. "I haven't been to school since I was in the eighth grade. That's the highest grade in the grammar-school. I graduated from that when I was fourteen; and then mom—mother said I had enough schooling. And since then I haven't been doing anything but helping with the house, and scrubbing floors and waiting on a lot of nasty little stable-boys. I don't see how anybody can tell me *not* to go on the stage. But people

like you think that nobody but themselves care for nice things. How'd you like to wear somebody else's"—strive as she might, Nora could not remember to refrain from the use of this solecism—"cast-off clothes?"

"I'm afraid I shouldn't like it," answered Crawford, his good resolutions flying.

"Now, you *see*!" cried Nora triumphantly. "You wouldn't like it—of course not! But me—anything's good enough for me. I don't care what anybody says. I'm going to New York—so there!"

"I suppose you've had a pretty hard time, little girl," sympathized Crawford, taking one of her hands and patting it in a fatherly way; "haven't you?"

"Hard time!" she echoed feelingly, anxious for more sympathy. "Well, I should say so. How'd you like to scrub this dirty old kitchen floor? I have to do it twice a week, and I'm tired of it. I can't help it if I'm different from the rest of my family. I want to go to New York."

Crawford possessed himself of the other hand, and folded his own over both of hers.

"You might not like it," he said.

"Not like it! The idea! Why, even Pat, who *loves* the country, says New York's the one best bet!"

Crawford laughed. "It's a pretty good little town," he said. "But I haven't enjoyed myself there so much in a long while as I have here this morning."

Nora ignored this because he did not follow it up. She appeared to believe that he was speaking of the pleasure he had obtained from looking over the horses.

"Did you see *all* the mounts?" she asked. "Which one did you like the best?"

"Oh, they're a fine string," he answered carelessly. "I liked them all. I can't say that I picked out any particular favorite."

"But how about Lady Belle?" queried Nora. "Don't you think she's a little beauty? I do."

"She about hits my eye, too," returned Crawford elegantly.

"Oh! she's such a dear"—then with a sudden transition to an affronted demeanor—"but she doesn't get any sugar from me *this* morning."

"Oh! if you've got her used to expecting it, 't isn't fair to make her do without it. Give it to her, by all means, Miss Nora."

"Indeed, I sha'n't," pouted Nora. "She lost me five dollars to 'The Duke' yesterday morning."

"Who—oh, that's what they call that little English stable-boy, isn't it? Well, I'm sorry. I didn't know that a youngster like you would bet."

"Oh! I love to bet," said Nora. "But I guess I shouldn't have told you about losing that money, and about betting on the trials. It might hurt father in your eyes."

"Oh, I don't see *that* at all," expostulated Crawford.

"Well, maybe you don't, but father does. He thinks it is dishonorable for any of us, he being a trainer, to put money on a horse. I don't know what he'd do if he found out that I'd disobeyed him again."

"I won't tell him," Crawford assured her.

Nora looked away from him. "No-o," she admitted, "I didn't suppose you would. But the Duke *will* if I don't pay him. I don't know what I'm going to do."

Crawford thrust his hand into his pocket. "Let me lend it to you," he suggested eagerly.

Nora looked at the floor. "Oh, Mr. Crawford, I wasn't hinting!" she said. "I couldn't think of taking money from you. What would father say if he found out?"

"He needn't know."

"But you're a stranger," objected Nora.

"Stranger!" he echoed, in a hurt tone.

"Why, I feel as though I had known you—for ever so long. And besides, I'm to be Mallory's partner, and that will surely make me a very good friend of the O'Brien family."

"Are you sure it would be all right—

for a girl to borrow money from a gentleman?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly," said Crawford promptly.

"Well—maybe! And I promised Pat not to bet—and I'd be ashamed to ask her. And I couldn't tell father. Oh, Mr. Crawford! I could pay you back, couldn't I?"

"You could if you wished," smiled Crawford; "but I wouldn't let that worry me if I were you. I sha'n't need the five dollars for ever so long. If I ever do I'll tell you about it—and that'll be years from now."

He reached in his pocket for his bill-roll, but had hardly taken it out before the voice of Mrs. O'Brien in close proximity warned him. He was across the room from Nora now, and she had a terrified look on her face.

"Put it back," she whispered; "don't let her see you. You can give it to me later."

Crawford hid the bill-roll just as the face of Mrs. O'Brien appeared in the doorway.

"Ye'll have to dust the parlor, Nora," she said, not noticing the presence of Crawford, whom she supposed to have taken himself off. Noting him a second after she spoke, she apologized.

"Oh! Mr. Crawford, I thought ye had—"

"You thought I was gone, of course," said Crawford, laughing as he reached for his cap and coat. "Well, to tell you the truth, I was just going."

"Sure, it's not meanin' to drive you away I was. Come back later, sor, if you have nothin' better to do. It's proud I'll be to introduce you to my other daughter, Pat."

"I'll be delighted to come back," Crawford assured her. The anxious look on Nora's face had not escaped him, and he was pleased to see it disappear when he gave notice of his intentions. "Well—good-by for the present."

Mrs. O'Brien followed Nora into the parlor, and watched her begin to dust the horsehair furniture in an absent-minded fashion.

"What was he sayin' to you?" she inquired.

"Who?" asked Nora innocently.

"Who?" replied her mother. "Why, Mr. Crawford!"

"Nothing much," replied Nora indifferently.

"Sure, he was a long time sayin' it. What were you talkin' about all that time? Come, now!"

"Pat and the horses," replied her daughter obediently.

"What about them?"

"Oh, nothing much!"

"Nora!" shouted the exasperated Mrs. O'Brien. "It's maddenin' ye are. Here I'm starvin' for a bit of news, and all ye have to say—is 'nothing much.'"

What dire things she might have had in store for her daughter is a matter for supposition; but whatever they were they were driven out of her head by a long shrill "Oooo-ho!" from the kitchen. It was repeated.

"'Tis Pat!" shrieked Mrs. O'Brien. "Hurry, Nora!"

## V.

Pat was standing in the kitchen, suitcase and umbrella in hand, when the two flung themselves on her with many cries of "Pat, me darlin'!" "Pat, dear, I'm so glad!" and more kisses than were countable. She returned kisses and hugs with interest; and, the first outburst of affection over, walked across to the mirror and arranged her hair.

She faced the two now with a little frown.

"That's all right, for both of you. But think of me havin' to beat it all the way from the daypo with that there heavy suit-case, an' not a soul to hand me the welcome mit. I used to think I was the big screech in this famby, but it looks like I'm the false alarm."

"Arrah, Pat, it's sorry we are——" began Mrs. O'Brien. "Where was Danny?"

"Don't speak his name," ordered Pat, with dignity, as she arose to remove her tan jacket. "Didn't you all get my wire sayin' I was due here on the seven-six?"

"Yes, Pat," answered Nora, "but it

wasn't delivered until quarter of eight. So, you see, it's not our fault, is it?"

"Quarter to eight! Wouldn't that scald you!" murmured the scandalized Pat, wondering. "Ain't them telegraph men the real Mercuries?"

"Danny rushed right away," said Mrs. O'Brien. "He must 'a' missed ye."

"Looks that way," returned Patricia, somewhat mollified. "I'm sorry I was so grouchy, but I'm so temperamental."

This was an expression she had heard some one use; she was rather inclined to fancy it, so she used it again, wondering if either of her listeners knew its meaning. Mrs. O'Brien took the phrase in good faith.

"Sure, Pat, I don't blame ye," she said, putting her arms around Pat's neck. "'Twas a cold welcome ye had from yer loved ones—and ye couldn't understand how it happened."

Pat crossed to the mirror above the sink for the second time. She removed her oyster-shell hat and put it down on the dresser, then came back to the table and sat down.

"I had it all framed up," she said mournfully. "Me descendin' from the caboose and fallin' on everybody's neck. And when I got off the train, the only neck in sight belonged to that village cut-up that propels the hack."

"'Twas a black shame!" said the sympathetic mother.

"The worst is yet to come," went on Pat. "I'd been handing it out all season to that bunch of frails in the company 'bout my fiancé ownin' a racin'-stable, an' they kinder looked up to me for it. But I come down on the train with two of 'em—sisters—that live at Good Ground down the way; and I told 'em that I wired my fiancé to meet me. An' when that rabbit-faced hackman comes up and hands out his mit to me!" Her expression was akin to that one so frequent in the illustration of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." "Well, never to my dyin' day will I forget how they hands me the merry ha-ha!"

"Ye poor lamb!" bewailed Mrs. O'Brien.

"Oh, never mind," said Pat. "Where's pop?"

"He's up-stairs," said her mother.

"Nora! go fetch your father."

Nora obeyed. A few minutes later there was a sound as of some one hurrying down-stairs, and O'Brien came into the room and took his daughter into his arms.

"Say, pop," said Pat, fondling him, "you're getting fat! Look, mom!"

She indicated the creases in O'Brien's chin.

"You're lookin' foine, girl," said the proud father.

"I feel immense," was Pat's confirmation. "And, gee! but I'm glad to be home; although I ain't so glad that it came so suddenlike."

"What happened to your show?" asked O'Brien.

"The financial party as was back of it got the chilblains," answered Pat.

"Poor creature! Where did he get them?" asked her mother.

"In the box-office," answered Pat, laughing.

O'Brien joined in the laugh, and remarked in an aside to his wife that she had "been sold." Mrs. O'Brien favored him with a cold stare.

"Wasn't the play comical?" she wished to know.

"I never noticed any one laff themselves to death," replied Pat. "The comedians was a couple of morgues. But the best joke in the company was the prima donna. She was in the original 'Black Crook' company, an' she had a daughter at school then. I called the turn on the show at rehearsal; but the manager was one of them bull-headed guys what knowed it all."

"Who else was in the company?" asked Nora.

"Oh! they run some specialties into the second act; and they was as bad as the book. A couple o' song-and-dance kikes, a troupe o' moth-eaten dogs; an' a chorus that looked like the chamber-maids' union."

"Wasn't the scenery nice?" Nora seemed determined to find some good points in the production.

"The scenery *was* nice," Pat con-

curred condescendingly; "and I made a great personal success. I had three lines in the first act."

"What are ye goin' to do now?" asked her father.

"I got to hump back to New York to-morrow," said Pat.

"Oh, Pat," protested Mrs. O'Brien; "I'avin' me so soon! Can't ye stop a bit?"

Pat replied with a very serious air that she could not keep men like Henry W. Savage and Klaw & Erlanger waiting to know what disposition she was going to make of her services.

"Will you play a part in a play?" asked Nora anxiously.

"That depends," replied Pat, with the manner of one considering a perplexing problem very seriously; "it depends on the part, Nora." Then with a sigh: "Like as not I'll go back in the chorus. What's the use o' bein' ambitious? Only makes you uncomfortable in your mind."

She put her hand to her chin, and looked out of the tail of her eye to see if they were properly impressed.

"I've thought some of goin' into vaw-de-veel," she continued. "I've got a friend that's close to B. F. Keith's stenographer, an' he thought he could book me some dates. Maybe I'll frame up a sister-act."

Nora clapped her hands. Her eyes shone. "Oh, Pat!" she breathed. "A sister-act! You're going to take me!"

Pat got up, her fun quite gone. She looked at Nora gravely; and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Why, honey-lamb!" she said. "You couldn't do a turn in vaw-de-veel. The stage is no place for you. Take you on the stage?—not much! It's the last place in the world for you, baby!"

Nora flushed with anger. She arose and pushed Pat away from her. Her tones when she spoke were choked with rage; and her attitude toward Pat was hardly a sisterly one.

"You needn't think you're the only person in this family that can do anything. I'll just *show* you. You're jealous because I'm better looking than you are. I'll go in the chorus, too—just to

spite you! You just watch and see if I don't!"

She flung out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Pat opened the door and called after her: "Why—honey-lamb," in a wondering voice; but Nora, half-way up the stairs, answered in the same heated accents:

"Let me alone!" And the door of her bedroom closing as Pat got to the head of the stairs, and the lock turning, warned her sister that further words at that moment would be worse than useless. She retraced her footsteps to the kitchen, and looked severely at her parents.

"Mom! You haven't been encouragin' her?"

Mrs. O'Brien, in high disdain, jerked her finger toward her husband. "Ask him!" she replied.

"Pop, you won't let her go?" entreated Pat.

O'Brien stuffed his pipe, lighted it, and threw the match on the floor, heedless of the glare of his wife. "Well, she's got to be thinkin' of earnin' her livin'," he replied calmly.

"Nix for the stage, pop," was Pat's firm negation. "She ain't wise to takin' care of herself."

"What d'ye mean, Pat?" asked Mrs. O'Brien, paling.

"I mean I don't want my little sister in the chorus," answered Pat, setting her teeth and looking back at her.

"If it ain't fit for Nora, it ain't fit fer you," he said; "an' it's here you'll stay."

Pat shook her head and smiled. "The chorus is all right, all right," she said indulgently, as one explains to a fractious child. "It's like everything else. Depends on the person that goes into it. And she's so sweet. It seems a shame she can't stay home till she marries some nice feller."

"Sure, you've done well," remarked O'Brien, whom this peroration had not moved in the slightest.

"That's different," responded Pat somberly. "I'm wise. I can tell the goods from the phony every time."

"Couldn't you teach her?" asked Mrs. O'Brien, dabbing at her eyes.

"I'd just as lief she wouldn't learn," returned Pat.

"Ah, Pat, my darlin'," said Mrs. O'Brien, putting her arms about the girl's neck, "you're forgettin'. It's a lesson a woman must learn, somehow, somewhere. Better you than some one else."

"I guess you're about right, mom," admitted Pat.

Their further discussion of the subject came to an abrupt termination, for the sound of Dan's voice outside, pulling up his horses, aroused Pat to action.

"I've got a hunch that's Dan," remarked Pat. "Skiddoo, pop. That goes for you, too, mom. I don't need no chaperony."

O'Brien went without further words; but Mrs. O'Brien put her arms again about Pat. "I'd trust you anywhere; sure I would," she sobbed. "Ain't you as good as gold?"

"Gee, mom," responded Pat, laughing, "but you're certainly there strong with the blarney!"

Mrs. O'Brien followed her husband; and Pat, again seeking the aid of the invaluable mirror over the sink, arranged her hair. Mallory came in, catching her at it, and put his arms about her.

"Well, I didn't let on I'd seen you," he said. "Did you stay in Baltimore all day yesterday?"

Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Come up on the sleeper last night?"

"Yes," said Pat.

Mallory looked at her solicitously. "Gee! you're stingy with your conversation to-day," he said. "What's the matter? You ain't sore because I didn't meet you at the station, are you? Because it wasn't my fault."

"I know, Dan," replied Pat, crossing the room and sitting down by the table. "I ain't sore about *that*."

"Well, what's gone wrong?" inquired Mallory.

"Nora's thrown a scare into me," she replied. "She's got a stage career all doped out, and mom and pop's been lettin' her dream. An' it's all dead wrong."

"What's wrong about it?" inquired Mallory.

Pat eyed him in speechless astonishment. "Don't tell me *you've* been encouragin' her? I suppose *you* thought it was all right, too. Well, you are a lot of yaps. That girl ain't to be trusted outside the front yard. Not that she ain't good and sweet; but she ain't got any head. I don't know where she gets it, but she's shy on knowin' the difference between right and wrong."

"But if she went with you, Pat——"  
began Mallory.

Patricia put her hands on his shoulders as he bent over her. "But I can't stay with her, Dan," she said. "I'm comin' to you. An' I've seen too many just her kind—sweet and pretty—begin well, and end—end bad."

Mallory caught the hands and held them by the wrists so tightly that they hurt. He glared fiercely at her. "If it's as bad as that, I'm not goin' to have you in it," he said.

The indignant Patricia gazed at him and wrenched herself free from his grip. "What d'you mean, Dan Mallory?" she demanded breathlessly. "Do you think I—— Oh, Dan, that hurts! I didn't say every girl was bad or wanted to be, and if you think that——"

"No, Patsy, nothin' of the sort," said the now humbled Dan contritely. "I'm sorry. You know I trust you. But I get so worried thinkin' that some rich fellow'll want to marry you that I can't think."

Pat smiled and put her hands in his again. "Well, none of 'em do," she said; "though I'm a chump to be puttin' you wise to the fact. You're the only man as wants me, an' you can't lose me, Mr. Mallory."

Mallory kissed her. "Guess we'll tandem pretty well," he said. "Come on, Pat, and look over the string. I came down a-purpose to show 'em off to you."

"All right," she said. "Wait till I put on my hat and jacket."

## VI.\*

Nora watched her go toward the stables as she sat at her bedroom window, tearful, awaiting the return of

Crawford. All the glad feelings which had come to her when she saw Patricia had now vanished. She felt that Pat was conspiring against her; jealousy of her was the cause ascribed by Nora; and she reflected with a certain satisfaction that Pat could not have ensnared the attentions of a man so attractive as Crawford. Every time she thought of her superiority to her sister her anger rose against the stronger vessel, and she shed more tears.

It was a long time—or seemed so to Nora—after Mallory and Pat went toward the stables before Crawford appeared. When he did, he came, to a certain degree, stealthily, looking about him to see that no one was watching him, and vaulted over the palings at the back to avoid opening the gate in full sight of the house.

Nora ran down-stairs, relieved to find that her mother was not in the kitchen, and answered his knock by opening the door for him.

He immediately thrust something into the pocket of her apron and turned to go. Nora, feeling in the pocket, discovered a bank-note, which she took out and found to be a twenty-dollar gold certificate.

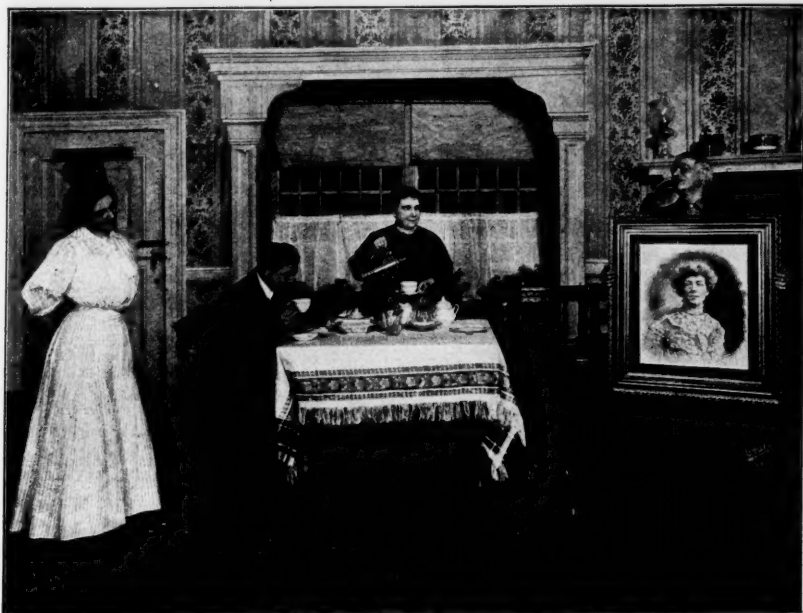
"Oh, I can't take this, Mr. Crawford," she said.

"Smallest I've got," he explained glibly. "And you can keep the extra, in case you lose again or incur any expenses coming up to town to lunch with me."

"Oh! but I can't take this money from you——" she began. This time it was not feigned. She felt fully the obligation under which she was being placed, and had an uneasy feeling as to the outcome of it.

"Well, I'll tell you what," proposed Crawford. "Let me lay a wager for you. They're running in San Francisco to-day, and I've got a sure thing. I'll put up ten dollars for you at four to one, and then you'll have what I've just loaned you to keep, and some more besides."

"But I mightn't win, and then I'd be worse off than ever." Nora was plainly agitated. As for Crawford, it must be



*"She must be a very pretty girl," Crawford remarked.*

confessed that when he proposed the scheme he had no intention of double-dealing. He really believed that the horse in question would win, and was placing a hundred dollars of his own money on it.

"But this is a sure thing," he persisted.

Nora opened her eyes wide. "You're sure I couldn't lose?" she asked.

"Positive," replied Crawford. Her attitude plainly showed weakening, and he followed it up by assuming that she had consented.

"It's a go, then, is it?" he half-asked, half-commanded. "All right. Then when I come down to-morrow, I'll give you the money, and you'll have a laugh in those eyes instead of a troubled look, you dear little girl!"

He took her hands in his and held them tightly. Nora's color heightened, and she began to be afraid of him.

"It's so good of you to take all that

trouble," she said, trying to regain her composure and her breath.

Crawford laughed. "I'd take more trouble than that for you, little girl," he said, and, releasing one of her hands, put his arm about her waist.

"You're awfully sweet about it," gasped Nora.

Pat, returning from the stable alone, passed the open window. She saw through it the picture of Crawford with his arm about Nora's waist, looking down at her, and heard him say:

"So are you—awfully sweet."

As he said it he bent lower. His lips went suddenly to hers, and his other arm about her neck. He held her closely, while Pat, hastily opening the door, slammed it after her to attract their attention.

Nora, with a little frightened shriek, ran to one corner of the room. Crawford faced Patricia with no trace of embarrassment on his face.

"And this is Miss Patricia O'Brien, is it?" he asked.

"Ye-es," agreed the frightened Nora.

"Pat, this is Mr. Crawford."

"Delighted to meet you," said Pat, with a snap of her teeth. "This your first visit?"

"Yes," answered Crawford; then, seeing the covert challenge in her look, added: "But not my last."

"That so?" replied Pat, barring the door so that he could not make his exit. "Nora, I've changed my mind about the stage. I'll take you with me. Go upstairs and pack your trunk!"

Nora, with a little delighted cry, ran out of the room; and Patricia, turning to Crawford, waved him to a chair.

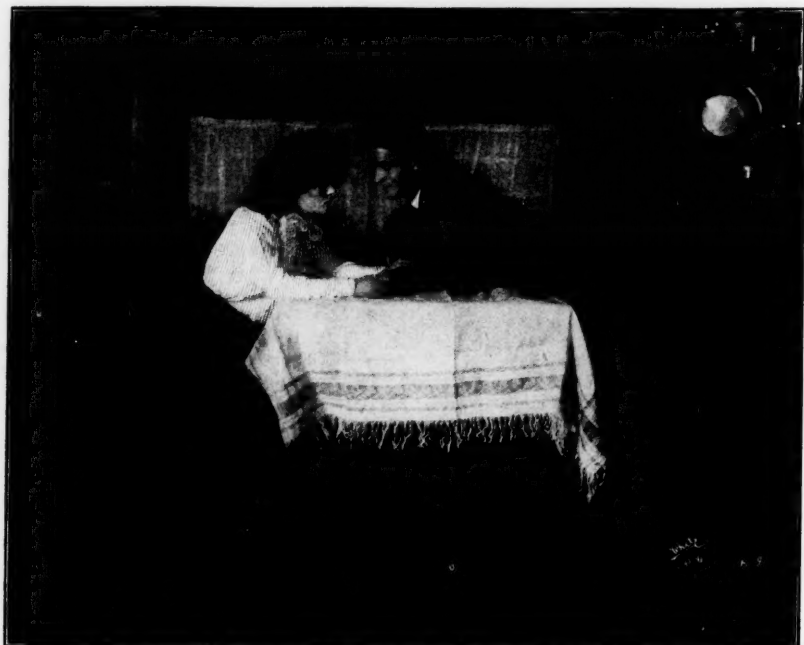
"Won't you sit down?" she asked ominously.

"No, thanks!" replied Crawford. "I must be going;" and now that she had vacated her place by the door hastily

made a retreat; nor did he relax his rapid pace until outside the O'Briens' gate.

## VII.

Patricia's idea in allowing Nora to accompany her to New York was due, as might be supposed, to a desire to remove her from Crawford's vicinity. Nora seemed to be properly sorry for her imprudence; and after a few days Patricia considered the incident a closed one. They went to New York on Tuesday, and Mrs. Browne, Patricia's dramatic agent, was able to place both of them almost immediately with the new production which the Longacre Theater people were putting on. In the hurry, bustle, and confusion attendant upon rehearsing for a new piece, and most especially in view of the fact that she had been designated to lead the chorus, Pat had little time to think of Nora.



*Pat eyed him in speechless astonishment. "Don't tell me YOU'VE been encouragin' her!"*

Very often, when Patricia was detained at the theater to rehearse some new step with the ballet-master, Nora was able to roam about without hindrance. And in these roamings she met Crawford again.

Her sister was not to know of the consequences which followed that chance meeting on Fifth Avenue until some three weeks after the production had been staged. And then it was only through enraging Sylvia Simpson, a show-girl, and one of those who dressed in the same room with the sisters. Miss Simpson was the sort that wears sables and diamonds, and sports a motor-car on twenty-five dollars a week. Patricia disliked her heartily, and seldom a night passed without an angry bout between the two of them.

It was about a quarter after seven on this particular night, and all of the girls were at their seats in the dressing-room, removing their street clothes for those of the stage. The dressing-room was a large one, and was shared by nine girls—Milly Sulzer, a very silly but very pretty blonde; Inez Blair and Mai Delaney, buxom brunettes; Lou Archer, Rita Nichols, and Evelyn la Rue, all auburn-haired and selected, particularly with reference to a song which the ingénue, also red-haired, sang in praise of that particular hirsute tint. With the two O'Briens and Sylvia Simpson, the dressing-room, in spite of its size, was crowded; and particularly so when Mrs. Georgie Adams Coote, one of the wardrobe-women, insinuated her very portly person through the door. Georgie had been a chorus girl in the old days, and was continually sighing for her lost form. The girls, gazing at her in her present condition, disbelieved the statement that she ever had any.

"Where's Simpson?" she asked as she came in.

Inez informed her that Sylvia was probably just returning from the wedding of Mazie Jones, a former companion of the show-girl rank, and known to most of the girls in the dressing-room. Georgie knew Mazie also; but the fact that she was to be married was news to her.

"For goodness sake, Inez!" she said. "That man ain't married Mazie?" \*

"Looks that way."

"Ain't them saucer-eyed blondes wonders!" commented the wardrobe-woman.

Lou Archer seemed to be of the opinion that it was Mazie's mother who was "the wonder."

"That's right, Lou!" agreed Evelyn. "I tell you what a mother can't do for you in *this* business— Anything from making you a star to a duchess!"

Milly Sulzer wanted to know Mazie's husband's financial condition.

"He's from Pittsburg," returned Lou laconically, and as though that settled the question. The girls, most of whom had either known girls who had been friends of Pittsburgers, or who had had personal experiences with men from the Smoky City, laughed.

"No use cryin' over spilt milk," said Georgie enviously, as she hooked Inez's dress; "but I wisht we'd 'a played Pittsburg when I was with 'Evangeline.' I useta make a real cute boy in 'Evangeline,' and——"

"You'd make about a dozen now," observed Evelyn.

Georgie weighed perhaps two hundred, and was aware of it, but she resented having attention called to the fact. "Serves me right for wastin' breath on a lot of chorus girls," she muttered venomously, as she pulled Inez to her with such unnecessary roughness that a hook came off. Inez suggested thread and needle, and Georgie went to get it.

"Pat's late," said Nora, crossing to her sister's dressing-table and noting a letter on it. It was in Dan Mallory's handwriting. "She's not at the wedding, too, is she?"

"You know she don't run with Mazie's push," Rita reminded her. "Who's the letter from?"

"Dan Mallory," replied Nora. "I guess she gets one from him every day of her life. She's lucky to have a man who writes to her as often as that. don't you think?"

The others agreed with her. "Here's some mail at Simpson's place, too," said



*Pat, hastily opening the door, slammed it after her to attract their attention.*

Milly. "I wonder what she wore at the wedding? I hope she comes straight back here."

"She won't lose any chance to make a gallery play to us," remarked Inez.

"Talk about havin' coin in bundles," said Evelyn; "Simpson's a-goin' to buy a dook!"

"She's awful aristocratic in her ideas," agreed Mai Delaney.

"Her mother used to wash for the best families," explained Georgie maliciously.

"She made *her* money in Wall Street," said the guileless Milly Sulzer. The others greeted this information with sarcastic smiles, and that expression generally written "Humph!"

"Milly, when it comes to a *stall*, you're a tapioca," reproved Lou Archer. But Milly, oblivious of the unbelief with which her statement had been received, continued:

"She's goin' to give me a tip in stocks

soon's I make a lot of money on the ponies." Then with a start: "Girls! Don't you wish you knew who was goin' to win to-morrow?"

"I wouldn't mind knowin' the name an' address of a horse that's goin' to win," was Evelyn's opinion.

"Say, Nora, you dunno of a hundred-to-one shot that's due to be uncorked to-morrow, do you?" laughed Inez.

Nora, who was dressed and made up, and was now looking over the sporting-sheet of the evening paper, looked across at her.

"No, wish I did," she said.

"Say," said Inez, with solicitude, "you look kinda all to the bad to-night, Nora. Can't you figure out the dope?"

Nora replied that she was only tired. "Brace up," advised Inez. "What's the one best bet for t'-morrow?"

"First race—Sis Lee straight. Fourth race—Little Wally to show. The Veiled Lady straight," read Nora.



"Won't you sit down?" she asked ominously.

"I don't like none 'a' them names," said Mai Delaney.

"Veiled Lady's kinda cunnin'," argued Milly.

Inez wished to know what the entry might be; and Milly requested Inez to give her information as to what "entry" might mean.

"I've told you a million times," answered Inez impatiently. "Go ahead, Nora."

"Sis Lee, Sailor Boy, Milady Love, King Leopold, Bensonhurst, Immortelle."

"That's a dead one," said Lou, referring to the last-named horse. "What's the dope on the race?"

"The opening of the two-year-old scurry at half a mile shows a well-set field of fair class," read Nora, "with Sis Lee the most probable winner, but scarcely the best horse in the race."

"How can it win if it ain't the best horse?" complained Milly.

"Somebody gag her," said Lou, in deep disgust.

"In March she was beaten by a nose at New Orleans by Merry Lassie," continued Nora; "while Sailor Boy is as good as the day he beat Follow On."

Georgie was moved to reminiscence by the name. "I used to make a real cute sailor boy in pale-blue tights an' a dark-blue blouse all trimmed with anchors. I remember—"

Inez put her arms akimbo and stared hard at the wardrobe-woman. "Forget 'Evangeline' for a minute—as a favor," she entreated.

Nora continued to read: "Milady Love beat King Leopold last summer, and raced as well as Bensonhurst. Hard thing to get anything of consequence in this division so early in the year."

"Well, I should say so," confirmed Lou. "To hear him tell it, there ain't a dog in the race."

"The more you read the less you

know about it," sighed Nora. "I don't think I'll go into it this time."

"I'll take Bensonhurst," said Milly, who had been in a state of rapt meditation. "I was there once, an' had a grand time. I wonder if it's a pretty horse."

Nora pulled a sheet of paper toward her and began to write. "Bensonhurst, to win?" she asked, looking up.

"Why, of course—to win. You ask the *silliciest* questions."

"I'm goin' to pick them out the old way," said Mai Delaney, withdrawing a pin from her hat and taking up the list of entries. "Now, you hold the program, Nora."

"Program," said Lou ironically. "You're a weird bunch of sports."

Mai closed her eyes and thrust at the sheet of paper haphazard. Then, opening them, she leaned over eagerly to inspect the result.

"Immortelle," Nora informed her. Mai looked disappointed; and Milly from her corner besought her not to take a "creepy" horse, or she would find cause to regret it.

"He wouldn't run one-two-six in a goat-race," said Lou. "Try again, Mai."

Mai tried, and chanced upon King Leopold. Evelyn, greatly excited, declared Mai to have gotten a fortunate "hunch." "He's the king that likes chorus girls," she said. "Me for the king."

"Me, too," said Rita Nichols, coming forward.

Nora took down the bets of Mai, Evelyn, and Rita. Georgie sidled up to the table. "Ain't any one goin' to make a pool?" she asked insinuatingly. "I'm a little short. I'll go in with some one."

"If you saved the money you blow in on beer every night after the show——" began Inez.

"It isn't that I *like* it, Miss Smarty," said the offended Georgie. "It's the doctor's orders. I have to take a quart or so for insomnia every night, an'——"

She glared in speechless indignation at the laughing girls; but, remember-

ing that she had a policy to pursue, dismissed the offense.

"Nora, couldn't you trust me for seventy-five cents?" she wished to know. "I'd like to bet a dollar, and split it three ways on Sailor Boy. I s'pose it's foolish to be superstitious, but I used to make a real cute sailor boy——"

"We know," interposed Evelyn. "All trimmed with anchors. From what this dope says, you might find some anchors on Sailor Boy at that."

This time Georgie made no effort to restrain her rage. "That's right," she stormed, "sneer at a poor woman with a husband that ain't working. You pikers!"

She flounced herself out of the dressing-room in great rage.

"Put me down for the usual, Nora," said Inez. "Sis Lee across the board."

"Nix with the racin' news," said Lou suddenly. "Here comes Pat and you'll catch it if she sees you, Nora."

Lou came away from the door, which she had opened, and picked up a book which lay on her dressing-table. Inez took her place and began to inspect her profile in a hand-glass. Milly tied a ribbon in her hair at a more becoming angle; and the others found something equally important to do. Nora having thrown the sheet of paper on the dressing-table. But a voice outside greeting some one as "Miss Simpson" put an end to their fears, and with a relieved sigh of "It's only Simpson," Nora picked up the racing news again.

"I fear I'm a trifle late," said Miss Simpson to some one outside.

"Don't worry. You needn't go on till the second act." It was the assistant stage-manager who had been informed of Miss Simpson's friendship with a certain Mr. Carlinsky, who was one of those financially interested in the production.

"So good of you!"

The girls inside looked at one another significantly. "Always knew she had money in this show," said Evelyn.

"Man with money back of it," corrected Lou.

"That's what I meant," said Evelyn. "It's a cinch."

Sylvia Simpson came in as she spoke. She was in a suit of old rose trimmed with lace and hand-embroidery, and she wore a Viennese hat to match. The attire was as simple as it was expensive—Sylvia gowned herself well. The girls greeted her with a certain cordiality, for, although she was affected in her mannerisms, she was not unkind in

"Ciel!" she repeated. "Weddings are *such* a bore!"

"I think they're lovely," said Nora, gazing admiringly at the clothes Sylvia wore.

"They're getting so frightfully common," said Miss Simpson. "Every chorus girl you know is getting married."

"Oh, that's such a love of a coat, Miss Simpson!" said Nora. Sylvia



"Oh, that's such a love of a coat, Miss Simpson!"

the matter of loaning money and in such offices that gave her little trouble.

"Have a good time?" asked Mai.

"Ciel!" protested Miss Simpson, with uplifted hands, as she sank into a chair by the table. She knew, perhaps, fourteen words of French, which she pronounced badly; and with these she interlarded her attempted Anglicized speech. Unfortunately, her rhetoric was very shaky, and did not harmonize with her enunciation.

turned a languid eye upon her, and said she was glad Nora liked it. She slipped out of it for Nora's benefit, and the girls gathered around Nora.

"What'd Mazie wear?" asked Inez.

"The tightest Princess you ever saw," answered Simpson.

"What else did she have on?" inquired Lou.

"Not much of anything. As for jewelry—well, she looked like a Tiffany show-case."

"Just like our prima donna in the last act?" suggested Milly.

"Yes, quite vulgar," concurred Simpson languidly. She lighted a cigarette; and Evelyn and Lou, not to be outdone, followed her example.

"Was her nibs there?" Inez wished to know.

"The prima donna? Oh, dear, no! *She's* not in *our* set," returned Simpson, fitting her cigarette into an amber holder, gold-banded and traced.

"Lots of people there?" This from Evelyn.

"Oh, crowds! But not a bit classy or smart! I'm sure to half of them Rector's is only a name."

"Meet many you knew?"

"No," admitted Simpson, "but lots I expect to. Loads of men came up and introduced themselves to me. But Mazie did a real mean thing; at least, she would have done it if she could. She tried to cut me out of my entrance."

"That's an old trick of hers," said Lou, with vindictive remembrance. "She was always tryin' to crowd a person on."

"Well," said Simpson, blowing rings, "I just told her that if she thought I blowed in five hundred dollars for this dress just to be a bridesmaid in, she was good and well mistaken. I was there to be looked at, and you bet I *was*."

Nora, who had helped Inez into the coat and was gazing at it admiringly, broke in.

"Did it cost *five hundred*?" she asked, in an awed whisper.

Simpson gave her an affirmative. "Rather a roast, wasn't it?" she said carelessly. "But it's a good investment. You've simply got to look well if you want to get any kind of salary in this business."

She sat up suddenly as she heard a protracted giggle.

"Did you see anything humorous in that remark, Lou Archer?"

"No! I was thinkin' of somethin' funny," returned Lou calmly. "Did you mean to be humorous?"

"If it's a good joke, put us all next," said Sylvia Simpson, raising her voice.

"If anybody has got anything to say about me, jest let 'em speak out right now."

Sylvia forgot her cherished drawl and her Britticisms when her temper was aroused, and spoke much in the same way as she had done when she rinsed out clothes for her mother in the old days.

The girls did not reply, and Simpson, looking about for something to vent her wrath upon, saw Inez attired in her coat. She crossed and eyed her.

"When you're through wearing out that coat, I'd like to have what's left of it," she said, with icy calm.

"Take your old coat!" said Inez, tearing it off and thrusting it into Simpson's hands. She went out slamming the door behind her; and Simpson, feeling that the victory had been won with one enemy retiring in disorder, became confidential again.

"Got anything good, Nora?" she asked, referring to the sporting newspaper at her feet.

Nora picked up the paper and pointed. "Here's the entry," she said.

"Oh, don't bother me with the entry," said Sylvia, tossing the paper away. "Hasn't that friend of yours tipped you off to anything?"

Nora replied in the negative.

"I met him to-day—Mr. Crawford," said Sylvia. "Surprised, ain't you? He's a friend of Mazie's husband; and as soon as he found out I was in this company, he asked right away if I knew you, and I told him you and me were great friends. He's asked us out to supper some night."

"I couldn't go," demurred Nora.

"Why not? You've been out to lunch with him. Say! he don't like Pat a little bit, does he?"

"Pat met him only once," said Nora coldly. She did not relish the turn the conversation had taken.

"I guess once was enough for him," seemed to be Sylvia's opinion. "And look here, Nora, don't you be foolish. This Crawford's a good thing if you work him right."

But Nora had not reached the mercenary stage. She liked Crawford be-

cause he was Crawford, not because of what he could give her. "I wouldn't think of such a thing, Miss Simpson," she said, in a hurt tone. She arose and went to her own dressing-table, but Sylvia followed and stood behind her.

"I don't see why you shouldn't work him," said Simpson. "You've already worked him for tips."

"That's not the same thing."

"I don't see much difference between tips and diamonds myself," said Sylvia, smiling. "You can get anything you like out o' him. He's in love with you. Maybe he'd just be fool enough to promise to marry you; and then his family might settle, if you bluffed 'em good and hard."

"Please don't talk like that!" said Nora. "I don't like it. It hurts me."

She wiped away some tears and moved to the door. As Simpson seemed to show signs of renewing the conversation, she opened the door and went out.

"Little fool!" said Sylvia, sneering.

She finished her cigarette, and tossed it away as she heard a voice outside reprimanding some one.

"You're late again, O'Brien," said the voice.

"Miss O'Brien to you, Mr. Stage-Manager," came the not too dulcet tones of Pat from somewhere down the passageway.

"Get a move on now."

"Say, I'm not your slave."

"That'll be about all from you."

"You can take my two weeks' notice now," shouted Pat. "If you can get any one to lead this chorus better'n me, get 'em, and get 'em quick."

"Do you mean that?" yelled the stage-manager.



"Three hundred!" said Pat, aghast. "Three hundred! How could it be that much—how could it?"

"Sure I mean it," answered Pat beligerently, as she opened the dressing-room door, and waited for a retort which she did not get. Evidently satisfied with her adequacy, she came in.

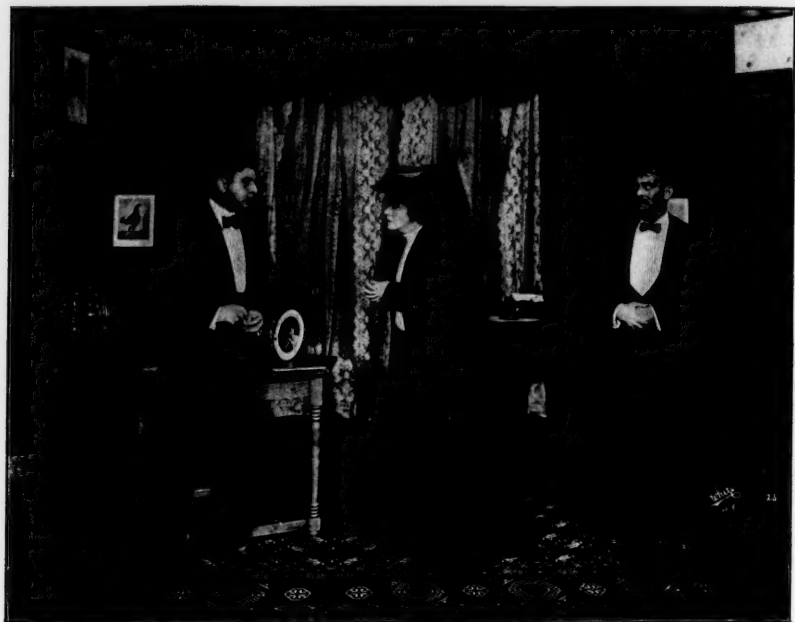
#### VIII.

"That's a good bluff," remarked Sylvia Simpson.

"You oughter be wise to bluffs, Simpson," returned Pat. "You throw a few. Good evenin', ladies!"

"Don't you jest look grand?" they chorused.

Pat had been shopping all day, and returned to the theater in her glory. She had a brown Eton jacket suit, a



*"Is my sister here?" demanded Pat.*

pink-and-brown hat, with masses of loose veiling, and a set of brown furs, not to mention a plaid underskirt and a pair of light tan oxfords. The girls, with whom she was very popular, vented their pleasure at seeing her so attired in sundry little approving shrieks.

"You mighta just stepped outer a suit-case," said Evelyn.

"Are you pipin' the veil, girls?" asked Pat. "Ain't it a Susie Smitherino? I don't think it's at all loud, do you?"

"Oh, no!"

"It's sweet!"

"It looks elegant!"

"It's a corker!"

"Come at me light, girls," said Pat, who was, however, well pleased by these demonstrations of similar taste. "But, say, honest now, do I look all right?"

"I never seen you look sweller!" Inez assured her warmly. "Have you, Simpson?"

"Oh!" said Sylvia, in her most tolerant tone: "O'Brien's a most tremendously smart dresser, of course."

"Don't be petulant, sweetheart," advised Pat. "You're not the only Daily Hint from Paris."

"I won't exchange words with you," said Miss Simpson loftily, after a slight pause, during which she had endeavored vainly to discover some words worth exchanging.

"Oh, Pat, them's new furs!" exclaimed Milly.

"Sure!" smiled Pat. "I struck a clearing-sale of furs to-day at Macy's. Cravat and cushion muff—four ninety-six. Best Adirondack sable, that is."

Sylvia laughed maliciously, and Patricia eyed her steadily for a second. "Hope you ain't passin' me the giggle, Simpson. 'Cause if you are, I might tell you that it was *my* money that bought them furs, not any one else's—see? Talkin' of sales, say, girls, ain't

that a peach coat?" She slipped out of the garment. "Seven sixty-eight, silk-lined. Feel that linin'? Ain't it immense?"

She held out the coat to Sylvia. "Try it on, Simpson, you might look good in it."

"I cawn't wear ready-made clothing," replied Simpson, pushing away the offending garment.

"You can't wear ready-made clothing?" echoed Pat commiseratingly. "Girls, ain't that a shame?" She hung her furs and her coat on a hook. "Well," she added, in a contented tone, "a perfect figure certainly does save you money, don't it, girls?"

She unhooked her skirt and let it drop to her feet, disclosing a near-silk underskirt in the brightest of tartans, a color scheme undreamed of by the Gaelic race. The girls, however, seemed disposed to like it, and remarked upon its newness.

"Three forty-three," quoted Pat from the shop-ticket. "One of them invisible plaids. Maybe it wouldn't put Fifth Avenue on the blink? Hey?"

"Make smoked spectacles the proper caper, I should say," commented Simpson.

But Pat was listening to Mai Delaney, who was remarking that her hat was "sweet."

"Ain't it?" agreed Pat. "I blew myself there. Two ninety-eight—imported model. They wanted to put a bunch of peacock's feathers on the side—but I'm *that* superstitious!"

"So'm I," agreed Milly. "I remember once——"

Her reminiscence was interrupted by Pat's continuation: "An' what's the use of trimmin' when I've got the veil?" She dropped outside the plaid skirt and hung it on a hook. "Girls, I seen some waists to-day at Siegel-Cooper's—beauts! Allover lace—three dollars! I had to pass 'em up, 'cause after I bought these yellow kicks"—she thrust out her tan oxfords for inspection—"my pocketbook looked like a disaster. Say, Simpson," she added, as she looked about her with a speculative eye, "you been wearin' my kimono?"

"You certainly was good to yourself to-day," remarked Inez, cleansing her hands at the faucet before putting on the pearl powder. "You've got the whole kiddy, ain't you?"

"Yeh," returned Pat, discovering the lost kimono under the shelf and arraying herself in it. "I've been savin' on car fare and lunches; I jest said it was up to me to refurnish from cellar to dome. Girls! how d'yeh like me Fritzi Scheffs, hey?"

She extended a number of false curls which she had been wearing much in the manner of a tiara.

"Take it from me, Silas," she continued, glancing at the hirsute adornments admiringly, "them puffs is goin' to be the dead swell thing—an' such a bargain! When I tell you the price, you'll simply pass away!"

"Real hair?" asked Inez, fingering it.

"Sure, it's real hair," replied Pat hotly. "Feel it. I got the puffs and the bunch of curls and the bayrette"—she held out a celluloid affair which had ornamented the back of her neck—"the bunch fer one seventy-five. Got 'em from a lady friend at the Casino. She's lettin' her hair go back to brown this season."

But the girls had turned away from her at the entrance of Simpson's maid, who carried several letters in her hand. Simpson extended her much-jeweled fingers in tired fashion.

"Letters for me, Blawnche?" she inquired.

The maid, who rejoiced in the double-barreled argent cognomen of *Blanche White*, and whose complexion was as ebon as the lead-stick Pat was using, handed her mistress half a dozen envelopes.

"People writing for autographs," said Sylvia, in a wearied tone. "*Mon Dieu*, what a bore!"

The maid passed over to Patricia and gave her a letter. She tossed it on her dressing-table with much the same air that Sylvia had used; and, shrugging her shoulders and pretending to flick the ash from an imaginary cigarette, imitated the show-girl's tones.

"Guys writin' fer autygraphs. *Mon doo*—what a bore!"

"Are you mimickin' me, Miss O'Brien?" asked Sylvia, in a dangerously ominous voice.

"Mimickin' you, Miss Simpson?" replied Pat, in profound astonishment. "You ain't got the French language copyrighted, have you?"

The others laughed.

"Maybe it's some newspaper guy wants my picture," said Pat, turning the letter over in her hands. This time it was Sylvia who laughed.

"Well," said Pat, firing up, "I've been in the *Sunday Telegraph* twice this season."

"Oh, didn't you love it?" asked Milly.

"Oh, dear, no!" returned Pat, with a mincing air. "I hate publicity, you know, but"—and she shrugged her shoulders—"anything to help the manager along!"

"Who's your letter from?" asked curious Milly. "Your gentleman friend—Dan?"

Pat shook her head. "It's from Mrs. Browne. 'Chance on the road with a burlesque company goin' to 'Frisco at twenty-two per. Not for mine. That letter that was lyin' there when I come in was from Dan. He's got a great surprise for Nora an' me. He's goin' to be out front to-night, and pop and mom's comin' up from Shelbyville with him. Ain't that glorious! Gee, I must tell Nora!"

Outside, the call-boy was solemnly chanting, "Fifteen minutes, fifteen minutes," for the benefit of those who were not ready.

"Gee, I must get a move on!" said Pat, as she stripped off her shoes and stockings and began to pull on the pink silk hose and slippers that went with her costume. "Evelyn, braid my hair so I can put on my wig. Girls, who d'you think I saw in Macy's to-day? Mrs. Leslie Carter. Milly, you know I'm just cut out to be one o' them emotional, all-over-the-place actresses, an' wear spangled dresses an' smoke cigarettes."

"Wouldn't it be sweet?" cried Milly rapturously.

"I wouldn't care what it was, so long

as I could wear pale-blue tights," commented Evelyn. "I'm just wasted in skirts."

"Nix for mine on the tights gag," said Pat.

Sylvia Simpson coughed irritably.

"Not that I couldn't wear 'em?" Pat continued, looking hard at Sylvia. "I hate to talk about my figger, but I could make the Venus de Milo look like May Irwin."

She looked for further signs from Miss Simpson; none were forthcoming.

"I'm only in musical comedy to be graceful," she went on, taking up the mincing tones of Sylvia again. "I could easy get a backer to star me if I could get the play; but gee! it's hard to get a good play."

"You wouldn't know what to do with it if you did get it," said the maddened Sylvia.

"Girls," said Pat solemnly, "I ain't no knocker, and you don't hear me lead-in' no anvil chorus, *but*—if some parties wuz where they belonged, they'd be making beds."

Simpson got up, choked out something, and grew red behind the ears. Pat noted these signs of discomfort with unabashed joy.

"Overture!" shouted the call-boy.

"Gee! I'll never get made up," said Pat.

The other girls adjured Pat to hurry and went out, leaving Pat with Simpson, who lighted another cigarette and glowered balefully at her enemy. Pat was tying her hair preparatory to putting on the wig-band; this adjusted, she pulled on a huge wig of red-gold curls, and arranged it before the mirror. A scream from some one outside caused her to relinquish her labors and listen. Yes, it was unmistakably Nora's voice beseeching some one to refrain from something that appeared to be unpleasant to her.

"Stop! Please stop!" urged Nora.

Pat rushed to the door just as Nora came flying in.

"Honey-lamb," crooned Pat, catching her in her arms. "What's the matter?"

"That old tenor—" sobbed Nora. "He tried to kiss me."



*"Don't quarrel, Dan," begged the girl, holding him back.*

Pat opened the door. "Say you, Fresh Ike! Yes, you, Mr. Tenor. You leave my sister alone, do you hear? You beast!"

She shut the door and came back to her dressing-table. Sylvia Simpson, an unpleasant light in her eye, came over and looked down at her.

"You're talking about a friend of mine," she said coldly.

"Well," said Pat, after due reflection, while she rubbed in her rouge, "if you want to associate with him, that's your own affair; but he can't get busy around my sister!"

"How dare you?" screamed Sylvia raspingly. "How——"

"Oh, fade away, Simpson," said Pat, in deep disgust. "Do a disappearing specialty, and do it quick!"

"I suppose," said Sylvia, in a voice husky with emotion, "that you mean to insinuate that your sister's better'n me, is that it?"

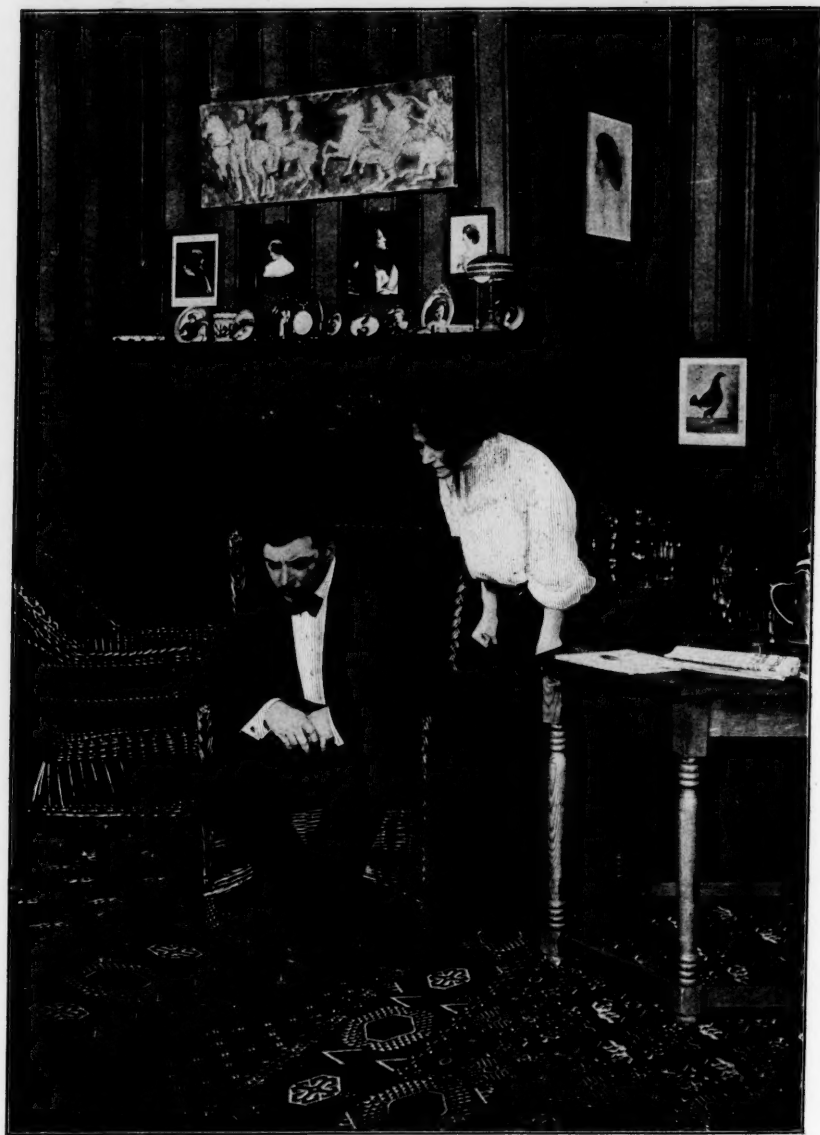
"Well, I should hope so," returned Pat coolly.

Sylvia tried to laugh, but so angry was she that she produced only a hoarse cackle. "Your sister better'n me?" she breathed heavily. "Say, that's the best laugh I've had this season!"

Nora, who had by this time gathered the state of affairs and the revenge which Sylvia was preparing to take, rushed forward and caught her by the arm. She was white under her rouge, and her hands trembled. If Patricia got wind of her association with Crawford, it was good-by to her ambitions for a long-deferred period.

"Miss Simpson," she begged, "don't! I——"

"Let go my arm!" shouted the furious show-girl. "I'm sick of your puttin' on airs about bein' so good and virtuous. Do you think I'm goin' to stand your sister's impudence? Not when I know what I do about you, you little sneak!"



*"I've paid with my good name," she said slowly, her voice tensely quiet.*

"Look here, Simpson" — Pat was thoroughly aroused now, and she faced the show-girl with a meed of wrath fully as great as her own—"what d'you mean by talkin' to my sister like that, hey? You better look out, or——"

"You ask her about her friend, Mr. Crawford!" screamed Simpson. "Your sweet little sister, who's too good to associate with me, is carryin' on with Dick Crawford; goin' to lunch with him, makin' dates for after the show, and playin' his tips. We're all playin' his tips."

Patricia rushed at the show-girl. "It's a lie!" she said shrilly.

"You ask *her* if it's a lie. Look at her! Then ask *me* if it's a lie!" retorted Sylvia.

Nora had sunk into the chair by the table with her face hidden in her hands. Pat turned to her imploringly.

"Say it's a lie, Nora. Honey-lamb, say it's a lie," she entreated; but Nora only sobbed unintelligibly.

"You'd better look at home, Miss Pat O'Brien, before you go to slurring other people's characters," said Sylvia Simpson, gloating over the horror depicted on the face of Patricia. "You'd better look at home!"

## IX.

When Pat awoke from the trance of misery into which she had fallen Sylvia had gone. She crossed the room mechanically and looked down at the weeping Nora. Slowly she pulled her sister to a sitting posture, and held her by the shoulders, looking into her tear-dimmed eyes. For some time she stood in silence, then in a dull tone asked:

"Have you gone to the bad, Nora?"

The full fruit of her sister's suspicions stung Nora to a sense of her virtue; but she was too abashed and afraid to be angry, so only a little "Why, Pat!" escaped her. Patricia forced Nora's eyes to meet hers; and the glance which the younger girl gave her told Pat that the worst of her imaginings had not come to pass. With a little choked cry she caught Nora into her arms and kissed her again and

again, regardless of rouge and grease-paint.

"Thank God, thank God!" she wept. "Tell me—what is it about this Crawford and you? I thought I was bringing you away from him. You ain't seen him since you've been here, have you?"

Nora hung her head and nodded. "Yes, Pat—a lot of times. He did give me tips on the races, and he's been awful kind to me."

"Kind!" said Pat, with an angry sneer. "Do you call that kind—gettin' you talked about—compromisin' you? The dog! I wisht——"

"He's not," wept Nora indignantly. "He's been very kind to me. He helped me to get all those pretty clothes with tips, and he showed me the shop, and the woman was kind to me."

"Yes," said Pat grimly, realizing the nature of the kindness. "Kind to you because he offered to foot the bills. What else in the way of 'kindness' has he done for you?"

Nora did not answer.

"You're keepin' somethin' back from me," said Pat fiercely, shaking her. "Out with it now, or I'll go to mom and pop with the story, and then how'll you stand? Out with it!"

"He helped me out of a debt," sobbed Nora, now thoroughly frightened and the spirit quite gone out of her.

"Who'd you owe money to—hey?"

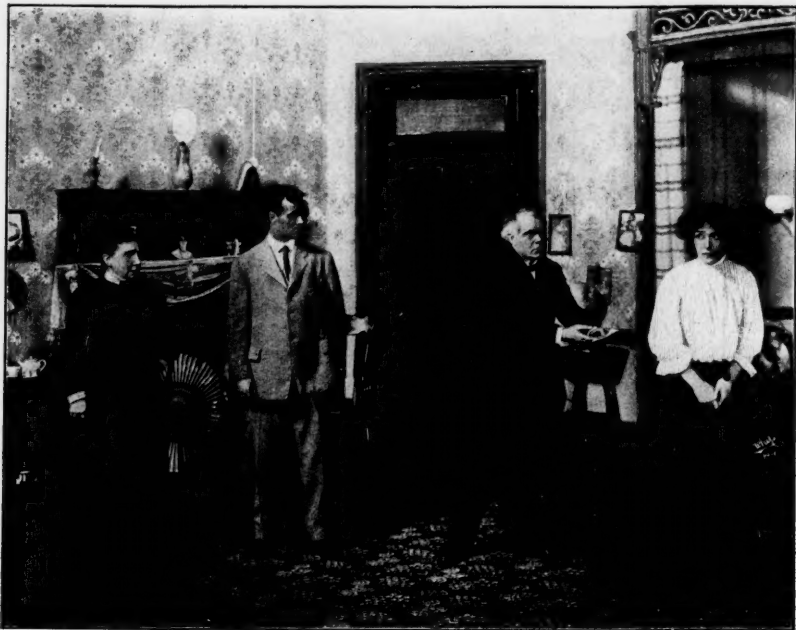
"The girls. I placed their bets on the Montgomery Handicap. Mr. Crawford gave me the tip, and we won. I took their winnings, and I——"

"I won't believe it!" shouted Pat. "You took their money and spent it? No—no—I——"

"I didn't spend all of it!" wailed Nora. "Only a hundred and fifty dollars. I got that chinchilla muff with it. He said it looked so pretty, and everything, and I——"

"You little fool! Where's the rest of the money?"

"I told Mr. Crawford about getting the muff, and that I didn't have enough money to pay them all, and asked him for another tip. He said he didn't have anything sure, but he gave me Laöcoon on the Latonia track."



"If it's gossip, how comes he to have a note for money I never had, an' signed by me?" demanded O'Brien.

"Laöcoon—Billy James' old horse? It couldn't win anything but a mud-race. So you lost, hey?" Nora nodded. "I see it plain enough. A trap, and you fell into it like the little fool you are!"

"Lost every cent," moaned Nora. "And the girls kept asking for their winnings, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I asked Mr. Crawford to lend me the money, and he said he'd be glad to *give* it to me. But I said 'No,' I just wanted him to *lend* it to me, and I'd pay it back as soon as I could. So he gave me a check for three hundred dollars, and had it cashed for me."

"Three hundred!" said Pat, aghast. "Three hundred! How *could* it be that much—how could it?"

"Some of the girls bet fifteen dollars, and some ten, and at nine to four it soon mounts up. Oh, Pat, how it mounted up!"

"What's Crawford to you that he'd give you that much money?"

"He didn't *give* it to me," insisted Nora. "He wanted to, and said he'd be glad to, but I said 'No,' I wanted him to *lend* it to me. So it was just business. I signed a paper. Mr. Crawford told me to sign father's name, and——"

Pat sank on her stool by the dressing-table and put her head on her hands. "You forged pop's name?" she groaned. "My little sister a forger!"

Nora got up and put her arm around Pat's neck. "Forged?" she questioned wildly. "I didn't *forge* anything. I just signed the paper and wrote pop's name. Mr. Crawford said it was business, and—oh, Pat, I didn't forge! I wouldn't *forge* anything."

She, as a reader of daily newspapers and sensational fiction, was familiar with the fact that forgery was a penal offense, to be classed along with manslaughter, burglary, and the like. But she had never before speculated as to what forgery might be. Now a dark

shadow of something horribly wrong was across her mind, and she shrank and cried in terror, clutching Pat's neck.

"Pat! I didn't *forge*. Oh, no, I didn't *forge*!"

Pat faced her helplessly. "It *was* forgery, I tell you; jest that. He can make pop pay that money, and pop ain't got it; you know he ain't. An' I ain't got it, an' Dan ain't got it, unless he sells one of the horses. It was a dirty trick of his. You don't owe him that money. He knew Laöcoon wouldn't win when he gave you the tip. He don't deserve to get his money back, an' he won't. We've got to get that note."

"I can get it," cried Nora eagerly. "I'm sure he'll give it to me if I ask him. He's been asking me to take supper at his apartments after the show. I'll go to-night after the show, and I'm sure he'll give it to me if I beg for it. He likes me, and I'm sure he'll give it to me. He said he'd be glad to give me anything I liked once, and—"

"Yes, I guess so," returned Pat bitterly. "He likes you too well for your own good. Go to his rooms? You ain't got the sense you were born with. D'you think you could get that note without payin' for it, and payin' dear, too? No, you leave it to me. I'll fix him—I'll get it!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Nora, breaking into another fit of sobbing at the alarming prospect of losing Crawford's good-will and the futility of her sister's contemplated efforts. "He won't give it to you. He don't like you. You'll just make him angry, and then he'll go and tell father—"

"If he makes a move like that, you'll tell pop first," said Patricia sternly.

"Pop'd never forgive me," cried Nora, her sobbing becoming more intense. "Oh, I'm so miserable and unhappy. I'm so unhappy I wish I was dead. What did you bring me here for?"

"What did I bring you here for?" Pat repeated, her eyes blazing. "'Cause I seen him kiss you that day, and you let him, the first time you ever seen him. And I felt in my bones that he'd come snoopin' around after I was gone—and

I bring you here, right to him, makin' it easy and convenient for him to play his little game. He knew I was next. Gee, how he must be givin' me the laugh! And I swore to mom I'd look after you and see no harm come to you—and this it what happens. If this gets home, it seems to me I couldn't look mom in the face again. An' she's out in front to-night, she and pop and Dan, all waitin' to see us—an' we're to have mom home to the rooms to-night an' talk to her—I—"

Nora caught her sister's arm. "Out front to-night!" she cried, her breath coming painfully. "You don't mean it, Pat! Oh, I can't face them—I can't face them!"

She collapsed in her chair. Pat bent over her, her acrimony gone, her tones tender.

"Brace up, honey-lamb, brace up!" she entreated. "The curtain'll be goin' up in a minute. Brace up!"

"I can't face them! I can't!" wailed the prostrate girl. "It's no use, I can't dance to-night. Pat, I can't."

"But you got to dance," said Pat desperately. "The curtain's goin' up. Wait here a minute. I'll get something from Georgie to brace you up. Stay here!"

She flew out of the room. Nora raised herself on one arm and gazed despairingly about the room. The prospect of meeting her mother that night with the crime of forgery upon her had broken down her reasoning powers. There was but one imperative thing now—to get that note she had signed. She forgot the theater, forgot Pat; forgot everything except the necessity of procuring the note.

She got to her feet. The call-boy opened the door.

"Act on!" he said acidly. "Hurry up there, Miss O'Brien. You'll catch it if you don't."

"I don't care," cried Nora, rushing toward him. "I'm ill—I'm sick—I can't dance. I've got to see a doctor at once. Boy, get me a cab quick!"

The call-boy, thoroughly alarmed, ran down the passageway, Nora following him. He opened the stage-door and

rushed out, whistling for a cab. A stray hansom paused at the alley, then drove down. Nora, who had thrown a long tan coat over her costume, climbed in, regardless of the fact that the mud on the wheels was spoiling the coat.

"Where to, miss?" asked the cabman.

"Central Park West and Eighty-sixth Street," she answered weakly. The cab wheeled about and drove off, leaving the call-boy staring after it. He turned presently and went in to face the flaming Pat, who stood by the door of the dressing-room.

"Have you seen my sister, boy?" she asked, catching his arm.

"She's gone—in a cab," stuttered the boy. "She was sick—she had to go."

"What was the address?" asked Pat tensely.

The boy gave it. Patricia, who remembered Crawford's location from a conversation of Dan's, staggered against the dressing-room door and nearly fell. The next moment she began pulling off costume, shoes, and stockings and putting on her own. Inez and Milly came rushing into the dressing-room.

"Hurry, Pat; oh, please hurry!" adjured Milly. "They're holdin' the curtain."

"Let 'em hold it!" replied Pat savagely. "Somebody else'll have to lead the chorus to-night."

## X.

There was a dinner on at Crawford's club, at which a man who had achieved considerable success as a guerrilla leader of American volunteers in the Philippines was the guest of honor. The diners were just discussing the salad, when a club servant came into the private dining-room and informed Crawford he was "wanted on the telephone."

"Tell 'em to call up later," bade Crawford, out of respect to host and guest of honor.

"They are very pressing, sir," said the servant.

Crawford rose and excused himself to the rest of the company. He found

that it was his man Rogers who had telephoned him, and asked impatiently what might be wanted.

"There's a young lady 'ere to see you, sir," Rogers replied. "And she says she must see you right aw'y, sir, no error. I told 'er maybe I could get you at the club, sir, but if you'd rather not see 'er, sir—"

"Who is she?"

"I don't know, sir. Wouldn't give 'er nyme. Very 'andsome she is, sir, if I might be allowed the liberty of s'y'in' so, sir."

"Tell her to come to the phone."

After a brief interval the voice of Rogers again greeted him: "She won't come, sir. Says there ain't no use in telephonin'; says she must see you immediate, sir."

"Tell her I won't come unless she tells me her name," was Crawford's ultimatum.

Another brief interval, then: "She won't give 'er nyme, sir, but she says 'er initials is 'N. O'B.'"

Crawford meditated over the initials; and suddenly remembered. "Tell her I'll be there in quarter of an hour, Rogers," he said, his demeanor changing as he put down the telephone receiver and stepped into the hall. He crossed to the cloak-room, and got his coat, hat, and stick, then scribbled a note of apology to host and guests, which he charged a club servant to deliver.

He dived into the subway station near-by, presently emerging from the Eighty-sixth Street exit, and but a moment later entered his library, where Nora paced up and down before the fireplace.

"Oh, it's you?" he said, as though surprised. "Say, this is a pleasant surprise, Nora. I'm sorry I wasn't here to welcome you, but you've said 'No' so many times I'd given up hope. Won't you sit down?"

Nora seated herself, nervously playing with her handkerchief. Crawford crossed the room to the table behind her, and poured himself out a stiff drink of Scotch, which he swallowed with a dry face.

He came up behind her and pulled at the sleeves of her coat. "Come, take it off. That's right!" And as she stood revealed to him in the pink stage-frock: "Why, how pretty you look, little girl! It's the dress you wear in the show, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Nora; "it's my stage-dress. I didn't go on to-night. I wanted to see you."

Crawford smiled tenderly and leaned across the table. "Not as much as I wanted to see you. We'll have a good talk, and something to eat and drink, and a jolly, happy little time."

Nora shrank away at his touch. "I can't, Mr. Crawford," she said. "I've got to get back to the theater right away."

"That's all right," said Crawford, with a reassuring air. "I stand pretty well with the people at the Longacre, and I'll square it for you. You won't get called down for being away."

"It isn't the theater," said Nora, shaking her head. "I'm in great trouble."

Crawford looked at her solicitously.

"Father and mother are in front to-night. I must have that note I signed and gave you. That note I *forged*. I can't look them in the face if I haven't got that note. Oh, give it to me, please, and let me go back as quickly as I can."

"Does your father know about the note?" asked Crawford sternly. She shook her head, and Crawford looked relieved. He had no wish for O'Brien to take Nora in hand and spoil his chances.

"That's all right, then," he said. "Don't let the note worry you. I'm not going to let your father know I have it, unless—"

He paused, aghast at his own baseness. He had procured that note with the full intention of using it, but now that the subject came to be broached he shrank from his own rascality.

"We'll talk it over presently," he finished weakly. "There's loads of time. We've got the whole evening."

"No, no," dissented Nora, in tears. "I must go back to the theater right away. But I can't face them without the note."

I'm a *forger*! I didn't know I was a forger. Why did you make me a forger? Oh, I'm so much afraid—horribly afraid!"

She covered her face with her hands. Crawford gently disengaged the hands and kissed them; then looked into her tearful little face, and kissed her full upon the lips. She drew away from him.

"Afraid? Of what?" he asked.

She rose and pushed him away from her. "I'm afraid of father," she said, breathing hard. "I'm afraid—of *you*! Oh, Mr. Crawford! you'll give it to me, won't you? I'll pay you the money, somehow. Honestly I will. I've been a silly, foolish girl, but I'll be better after this. I'll pay you the money, honestly I will."

"I don't want the money," said Crawford, catching her hands again. "I want *you—you—you*!" He caught her to him, and his lips met hers.

"Oh, please, Mr. Crawford," she said, as she loosened his grasp on her; "don't do that—it isn't right—it—"

"Don't you care for me at all?" pleaded Crawford from the other side of the table.

"Why—yes—very much," she said haltingly. "But please give me the note now and let me go. I'll come some other time and have supper with you; indeed, I will."

"There's no time like the present. Why, you're shivering, little girl. Here!" He led her back to the fireplace and seated her. "Wait here and I'll get you a glass of something."

He looked up at the sound of a knock on the door, and called "Come in" irritably.

"It's Mr. Mallory, sir," said Rogers.

"Can't see him," answered Crawford, turning. "Tell him I'm not in."

"Beg your pardon, sir. He called up before and asked if you were in, and said it was important business. I didn't think the young lady was going to stay, sir—"

"Rogers, you're an ass!" exploded Crawford. He looked at Nora. "I'll fix it all right," he assured her. "You wait in here," and he led the way to

the adjoining dressing-room. "It won't be hard to get rid of him."

Lounging on the divan, he picked up the evening paper.

"Show him in, Rogers," he directed.

"Hello, Mallory!" he said a moment later, when Rogers had announced his guest. "Rogers, take Mr. Mallory's coat and hat."

"I can't stay very long," demurred Mallory. "I left O'Brien and his wife at the theater, but I promised to run back after the first act. Haven't been in town for an age. Surprised you, eh?"

"Rather," agreed Crawford dryly.

"Thought I'd run up and see you about that McGovern matter, Mr. Crawford. The old folks got to worryin' about their girls, so I brought 'em along. Mrs. O'Brien's got it in her head that somethin's wrong."

"Has she heard anything?" asked Crawford, starting slightly.

"No," returned Mallory, with kindly scorn. "Dreamed she had, or somethin'. You know what mothers are."

He sat down near Crawford and made preparations for a prolonged stay, stretching his arms out and yawning.

"Have a cigar," urged Crawford hastily. "I guess O'Brien's girls are all right," he added, when Mallory had also accepted a light.

"Sure," agreed Mallory. "Seen 'em lately?"

"I've seen them on the street once or twice," replied Crawford, watching him narrowly and wondering if Mallory knew anything, "and, of course, I saw them in the new piece."

"Great show, ain't it?" vociferated Dan, slapping his thigh. "I came up for the opening. Nora did pretty well for a new beginner, but—say!—ain't Pat great? When she comes on in that second act, leading that bunch of girls in that white dress, and with all those shiny flumidoodles and that sassy hat perched on her little blond head—say, she's the hit of the show—ain't she?"

"She looks pretty nice," agreed Crawford, with nervous geniality, his eyes wandering to the door of the library.

"She ought to be playin' a part," con-

tinued Mallory, riding his hobby at breakneck speed. "But maybe it's jest as well. She wouldn't be so willin' to give the stage up for me if she had a part. I—I—haven't said anything about it to you before, Mr. Crawford; but if the stable keeps up the run of luck it's had since you put your money in it, you'll be gettin' a weddin'-invitation one o' these days."

Crawford rose and put a hand on his shoulder. "Congratulations, old man," he said, extending the other hand, which Mallory took and shook heartily. "We ought to have a drink on that."

The thoughtful Rogers had brought the whisky in from the library before quitting the room, and Crawford pushed the silver tray which held decanter and siphon toward the other.

When each had poured a drink, Crawford toasted Patricia and held his glass toward Mallory's. They tinkled as Mallory said wistfully: "To Pat," and both drank.

"Here's hoping you are happy," added Crawford.

"Happy—it's a cinch!" returned Mallory, putting down his glass. "Well," he continued, reverting to the subject of the stable, "I think I've landed McGovern!"

"Good work!" approved Crawford, who had never heard of any McGovern save the pugilist, and wished he had paid more attention to Mallory's letters.

"Yes, it means a big thing for the stable," chuckled Mallory. "When the wise ones find out that old McGovern, the wisest boy of them all, pays a stiff figure for Lady Belle—well, it'll give the string a good boost, and we ought to get fancy prices."

"What are you holding Lady Belle at?" queried Crawford.

"Five thousand. We've done a tall stunt of hagglin', but he was around to-night to see me before dinner. I told him to call you up. He's the sort of guy that'll run up a telephone-bill of five dollars tryin' to get you to take four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. He's a gabby old guy, but don't let him wear you out. He'll pay the figure."

Rogers entered, after a discreet knock, and informed Crawford that some one had telephoned him.

"I'll bet that's McGovern, now," said Mallory.

Crawford laughed, and went out, slamming the door behind him. Nora, in the dressing-room, hearing the door slam and thinking Mallory had taken his leave, opened the door cautiously. Mallory had risen and struck a match to relight his cigar, when he saw a woman's hand and part of a bare arm protrude from the dressing-room. He dropped the lighted match and coughed slightly. Nora, who had gotten a glimpse of him, gave a little exclamation of fright, and closed the door.

But Mallory had not seen her face, and had no idea as to her identity. But he did know that the hand and arm belonged to a woman, and rightly surmised that he had better make his visit a short one.

"Guess I'm buttin' in on something," he laughed softly as he trod the burning match underfoot and struck another one. When Crawford came back, he was smoking calmly.

"Somebody for you, Mallory," said Crawford.

"Now, see here, Mr. Crawford," complained Dan, "that ain't fair. I've had more'n my share of McGovern."

"It isn't McGovern," smiled Crawford. "It's somebody at the Longacre Theater."

"Theater!" ejaculated Mallory apprehensively. "I wonder what's up?"

He went out, but Crawford did not dare to open the door to the dressing-room lest Mallory return before he could quiet the scared little girl in there. As a matter of fact, Mallory was hardly gone a moment before he returned, laughing.

"It was O'Brien," he said. "He says they can't find their girls on the stage, an' Mrs. O'Brien's in the lobby declarin' that some one has stolen their darlin's. Ain't it rich? They don't recognize 'em in their stage get-up. I'll get a move on. I'll bet O'Brien has his hands full. I'll call you up in the mornin' before I leave."

Crawford assisted him with his coat and handed him his hat. "What's the quickest way down-town?" Mallory wished to know.

"Subway, at Eighty-sixth Street. Get off at Forty-second."

They shook hands and said good night. Rogers showed him out, and came back, to find his master in an abstracted state.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" asked Rogers, cocking his eye suggestively toward the dressing-room.

"I'll want a bite of supper later," replied Crawford.

"Yes, sir; when?"

"In about an hour. What would you suggest for a little supper for two? Birds?"

"Ardly, sir," returned Rogers, shaking his head. "You 'ave to be eddicated up to birds. I should s'y a chicken salad and ice-cream—and a sweet champyne."

"I couldn't swallow that truck," demurred Crawford, then broke off impatiently. "There's that door-bell again. Go see who it is, Rogers, and tell 'em I'm not in, and then come back. We'll have to figure out something better than that stuff of yours."

He took a cigarette from the box on the table and lighted it over a candle. He heard Rogers open the door outside and a woman's voice raised. There followed a jumbled mass of conversation, Rogers expostulating, the woman insisting. Crawford started angrily down the passage, only to hear a heavy fall, and to be cannoned into by a flying figure. He fell backward, and gripped the door. As he straightened himself he looked into the eyes of Patricia O'Brien. She was followed by the indignant Rogers, who was brushing his neat black clothes and explaining volubly his inability to prevent the woman's entrance.

"Is my sister here?" demanded Pat, following Crawford into his library. Crawford stared at her steadily, wondering what tack were best to take. If she knew that Nora was there, he had better try to find out what she intended doing. If she had no knowledge he

could soon wear out her patience and get rid of her.

"Miss Nora, you mean?" he asked surprisedly. "Why, I don't think so. I've just come in. My man might know. Rogers, has a young lady called to see me this evening?"

"No, sir," replied Rogers, eying the intruder viciously and giving a perfunctory dab at a soiled knee. Crawford nodded to him, and the injured domestic went out, swearing under his breath.

"Now," said Crawford to Patricia, "what can I do for you?"

"It's kinda funny Nora ain't here," meditated Pat. "She ain't at the show-shop. I made sure she didn't go anywhere else but here."

Crawford shrugged his shoulders and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"She had a date with you, didn't she?" Pat went on, eying him intently. She was quite sure that Nora was either in those rooms or else on her way. At all events, Pat did not propose leaving until she had seen her sister. "Didn't she have a date with you? Didn't you ask her out to supper?"

"I've asked her several times," acknowledged Crawford frankly, "but we haven't had supper together yet."

"Maybe I got here ahead of her," said Pat. "Maybe she's coming later."

"I haven't had any word of it," demurred the annoyed Crawford.

"Well, anyhow," said Patricia, with an air of finality, "I got to see her important. So I'll wait a few minutes, if you don't mind—do you?"

"Certainly not." Crawford's cold politeness indicated that the antithesis of his statement was true.

Pat was not deceived by his attitude. "You ain't awful affable," she criticized. "I could use a chair, if it was offered to me."

Crawford, with studied care, craved her pardon, and placed a chair for her. She sat down, unpinning hat and veil.

"Gee, I'm tired!" she exclaimed. "I done an awful chase here, and the cabman had the nerve to try to get two plunks out of me for the ride. And thirsty! Oh, my! Would it be takin' a liberty if I asked for a drink?"

Crawford had certain ethics which forbade him to be rude to a guest, even though uninvited. He asked her, with assumed cordiality, what her pleasure in beverages might be, and suggested champagne.

"Nix with the wealthy water," she replied.

"Beer?"

"No suds in mine. Just plain Croton."

Crawford rang for Rogers and a pitcher of water.

"Thanks!" said Pat. "Here's lookin' at you." She drank and Crawford took a sip from his own glass. "Gee, this place is awful cute and cozy. How many rooms you got?"

"I don't remember," replied Crawford, yawning. "Aren't you dancing to-night?"

"Got the pip in my ankle," returned Pat. "Got too gay at rehoisal yesterday."

"Dancing must be very hard work," said Crawford, in a very polite but very bored tone. "It looks so—er—acrobatic."

"The smile's the hard part of dancin'," explained Pat. "It's no cinch standin' on one toe with the other pointin' to quarter to six and then look like the cat that's jest eat the canary. I don't care much for the stage. I wisht I'd gone into business; I've got a great head for it. Now, Nora's jest the opposite— Say, Mr. Crawford, I want you to let my little sister alone. She's new to the game, an' she's a good kid, an'—"

Crawford yawned again. "If she's good, I fancy she can take care of herself, Miss O'Brien. When a girl's good—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Pat. "When she's good she's good anywhere. I know all about that, an' the other one about the 'wages of sin bein' death.' But, say! when you're skimpin' along on twenty per, an' the next girl to you in the dressin'-room comes down to the show-shop every night in a benzine buzz waggin an' has ermine capes an' di'mon's as big as oysters—say! It ain't religion so much as a firm grip on home

and mother that keeps you handin' out the icy eye to the man behind the bank-roll."

Crawford covered his mouth with his hand. He was not really yawning, but he thought it persuasive to appear so.

"Nora's an awful ninny," stated Pat, with apparent irrelevance. "Honest, she is. Why, she even thinks that note of hers that you've got is good. Honest, when she told me I nearly laffed myself to death."

"I don't know what you mean," said Crawford, staring.

Patricia continued to talk concerning the note, and Crawford maintained successfully his air of bewilderment. It was Pat who finally succumbed to irritation.

"Quit your kiddin', Crawford," she said, "an' pony up the note, if you want to save yourself trouble."

"Miss O'Brien," returned Crawford stiffly, "so far as the note you speak of goes, even if such a piece of paper existed, it would be an affair entirely between me and your sister."

"You mean it's none of my business?"

Crawford shrugged his shoulders and lighted a cigarette.

"Well, I'm goin' to *make* it my business," said Pat determinedly. "That note with the phony signature brings pop and all the rest of us into the muss. You hand it over to me, or I'll go spiel the whole thing to Dan Mallory. I'll show you up. Dan wouldn't do a *thing* to you."

Crawford was awakened out of his placidity. "See here, Miss O'Brien," he said, "I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. I'm not to be frightened by any threats, mind that! And, now—if you don't mind—I think you'd better go. I don't like to quarrel with women."

"Pass over the note, then," said Patricia, "an' I'll go!"

"I shouldn't think you'd care to stay with a man so obnoxious to you as I appear to be," sulked Crawford.

They sat in silence for some time, a silence broken by the entrance of Rogers.

"Mrs. O'Brien's outside," he said, forgetting even his customary "sir," so agitated was he.

"Mom!" exclaimed Pat, horror-stricken. "What'll I do? Where shall I go?"

She paced the room wildly, realizing that explanations such as she had to give would clear her only at the expense of Nora; and to face her mother in a man's rooms—

"Tell Mrs. O'Brien I can't see her," muttered Crawford.

"She won't go without seeing you, sir."

Pat had twisted open the door of the dressing-room. Crawford sprang toward her, but not in time. She entered the room with Crawford at her heels, and caught sight of the cowering form of her sister.

Crawford shut the door and nodded wearily to Rogers to show in Mrs. O'Brien.

## XI.

Mrs. O'Brien was agitated when she came into Crawford's library. Her bugled bonnet, which she had taken off during the performance at the theater, had been replaced in rakish fashion so that it inclined toward the right ear, and the strings were carelessly tied; the folds of her shawl had not been arranged to show the proper amount of fringe; and she dangled her black lisle-thread gloves in her hand.

Crawford gave her good evening, and she very agitatedly returned the greeting. He stood awkwardly for a moment, then placed a chair for her with the request that she be seated. She accepted the invitation, her fingers twisting the black gloves, her eyes avoiding Crawford's.

"I hope you'll pardon the intrusion, sir," she said, after some little time had elapsed. Crawford assured her that far from being an intrusion, her visit was an unexpected honor; and then watched her expectantly.

"I'm in great distress, Mr. Crawford," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I've had a

terrible fright. I can't find trace of me girls."

"So sorry," Crawford assured her. "Can I be of any assistance to you, Mrs. O'Brien? Glad to, I'm sure."

He was groaning inwardly over the horrible scandal that was liable to precipitate itself upon him at any moment. In this same apartment-house lived any number of people whose names figured in the New York social register, and who would not be slow to edify mutual friends with such a choice bit of gossip as an affair between Dickie Crawford and a chorus girl. He knew that there was liable to be violence, hysterics, complaints from other apartment people, horrible publicity. He began to wish that he had never seen Nora, rather than have an imbroglio of this sort.

"I've somethin' to ask ye, Mr. Crawford." Mrs. O'Brien was evidently much embarrassed and somewhat aghast at her own temerity. "Promise me ye won't take offense at an old woman."

"Certainly not."

"D'you know aught of my Nora?" asked Mrs. O'Brien desperately.

"I don't understand."

"Dan Mallory was here, wasn't he?"

Crawford nodded.

"You were here when O'Brien telephoned?"

"Yes," replied Crawford, glad to get on safe ground again. "He said you didn't recognize your daughters on the stage."

"Good reason," confirmed Mrs. O'Brien agitatedly. "They weren't there. And then I couldn't wait for Danny to come, so me and O'Brien found our way to the back door of the theater, thinkin' they might be in their dressin'-rooms. But they wasn't, an' a young lady, a Miss Simpson, she says to me that they didn't know where Pat was, but that I might find Nora at your rooms. O'Brien was for comin' here himself; but he's hasty, an' I thought he might offend you, so I got him to promise to wait for me."

Crawford rose. "I'm very sorry not to be able to give you any assistance, Mrs. O'Brien," he said.

Mrs. O'Brien also left her seat and came closer to him.

"How comes my Nora's name to be linked with yer own?" she asked suspiciously.

"That's chorus-girl gossip," replied Crawford. "I've tried to be nice to the girls because of my friendship for you and O'Brien—that's all."

"'Twas meant kindly," said Mrs. O'Brien, her suspicions melting, "but it has done harm, for what that young woman intimated made me sore ashamed for me darlin'. But 'tis relieved I am to find she's not here, anyhow. She and Pat's off somewhere together, likely."

"Quite likely," agreed Crawford, who now saw his chance to be rid of her, and was amiable once more. "Did they expect you?"

Mrs. O'Brien shook her head. "'Twas my idea to surprise 'em. Mallory left word, but I misdoubt they got it. I'll jest be goin' along. Thank ye kindly, sor, for your kindness."

But she had only reached the door, which Crawford was holding open for her, when Rogers rushed in again, much perturbed.

"Mr. Mal——" he began, but before he had finished it Mallory brushed by him and entered the room, closing the door in the face of the astounded Rogers.

Mallory turned a fierce glare upon Crawford, muttering something disconnected and profane. He turned to Mrs. O'Brien after a second's inspection of his partner.

"O'Brien said you had come here for Nora."

"Yes, but she's not here, Danny boy!" said Mrs. O'Brien. "So we'd better leave Mr. Crawford——"

"Leave him—not much!" said Mallory, in an ominously quiet voice. "It's my belief that Nora *is* here." He turned to Crawford. "Who was that woman in that room when I was here before?" He pointed to the library door.

"Mallory," said Crawford, driven quite desperate by the turn affairs had

taken, "I've had enough of this. What woman?"

"The woman you hid in there when I was announced. The woman who stole out of that room while you were at the telephone, thinkin' I was gone. She saw me, an' sneaked back. I saw her hand closin' the door," returned Mallory.

"For the love of God, don't tell me my Nora's there!" gasped Mrs. O'Brien, clasping her hands.

"I have already told you, Mrs. O'Brien, that I know nothing about your daughter—that Nora's not here. Mr. Mallory's talking nonsense," said Crawford, moving toward the dressing-room door.

"Sure, Dan. Mr. Crawford's given you his word. Come away, boy," entreated Mrs. O'Brien.

"I'll come when I've had a look through that other room," said Dan Mallory, going toward the door.

The two men faced each other. Crawford, attempting to intercept Mallory, was pushed aside, and Mallory sprang to the door.

"Now we'll see who——"

He paused, aghast. Patricia had opened the door, closed it behind her, and faced the two angry men. Crawford, breathing heavily, had risen and would have thrown himself against Mallory; but Mrs. O'Brien caught his arm and staggered, almost a dead weight, against him.

"Pat!" she wailed. "You that I thought was good as gold!"

Patricia had heard the quarrel from behind the closed door. With the instinct strong within her for protecting her little sister, she had opened the door when the inevitable happened, knowing that one might as well take the blame as both. And, somehow, she felt that they would believe in her.

"What brings you here?" choked Mallory. "What——"

"I came to see Mr. Crawford on a matter of business," answered Pat, trying to speak calmly.

Mrs. O'Brien caught her arm. "Come away, Pat. Come away." The instinct of motherhood strong in her feared for

her daughter, in view of the menacing attitude of Mallory.

"I can't come yet," answered Pat.

"Come, Pat," wailed Mrs. O'Brien. "Your father may come at any moment——"

"I should advise you to go," said Crawford. "I don't want a scene with O'Brien."

"O'Brien was right," said Mallory, shaking a clenched fist in Crawford's face. "He never trusted you. You blackguard! Deceivin' them that made you welcome in their home, deceivin' me that believed in you—deceivin' her—bringing shame on her—— By God! I'll——"

"Don't quarrel, Dan," begged the girl, holding him back. "I've had enough to bear. I don't want to separate you two. Think what you'll lose."

"Lose? Lose? I've lost everything losin' you." He turned and faced Crawford. "We're down an' out from now, Crawford."

"As you like," returned Crawford coldly. "And now that our affairs are in a measure settled——"

"Settled! We've just begun!"

Patricia tightened her grasp on Dan's arm. "Come on, Dan. I can explain everything satisfactory, I swear I can. I know everything's dead against me—but you don't know—you don't know the——"

Mallory tried to disengage her grip. "I know you've brought disgrace on your old mother and father and on your little sister. I know that much."

"Nora!" burst out Mrs. O'Brien. "Where's my Nora? You that was to watch over her!"

"I've taken care of her, all right," said Pat bitterly.

"How?" demanded Mallory. "By passin' her off to them girls at the theatre as this man's sweetheart?"

"Who said that?"

"That Simpson woman. Didn't you lead them to think it was Nora that was comin' to his rooms when it was yourself?"

Pat denied the charge hotly.

"Then where is she?"

"I don't know—we've quarreled."

"About this man?" asked Mallory, pointing to Crawford.

Pat nodded. "Now, come along, Dan. It'll do no earthly good to stay here."

"She's right," said Crawford. "Mallory, I advise you to go. I've had a few hard things said to me to-night, and I'm in no humor for more of them."

"You'll have a few hard things done to you before I'm through," said Mallory, stepping toward him. Crawford smiled easily, confident in his own ability to take care of himself.

"Come along, Dan," urged Pat. "I can explain, all right, but not now—come along. Take mom away. I'll be there in a few minutes. Can't you trust me?"

"I *did* trust you. I trusted Crawford, too, and you've both made a fool of me."

"No, Dan. That's a lie. I can make it all right with you, I swear I can."

"It's good you think so," said Dan fiercely. "I suppose you thought when you got through with him and he'd cast you off you'd come to me, knowin' I wasn't wise to the kind of woman you was. He's one of the rich men you was willin' to give up for me. Well, you *needn't*. If money counts for more than love, you're welcome to it and to him."

Pat had been holding herself well in control; but now the flood-gates of her anger burst, and her voice grew shrill.

"Love—a lot you know about it, Dan Mallory! Love is trust, an' you're the man I banked on—an' the first minute I puts you to the test, you fall down hard. If you think I'm bad you go on thinkin' so. I'm through with you!"

"Have you no shame—to stand there and brazen it out before the man that loved you? Let her father settle with this man," entreated Mrs. O'Brien.

"No!" shouted Mallory. "Do you think he's goin' to wreck her life an' wreck all my hopes an' go scot-free? No, he's goin' to answer to me—here—now!"

Crawford glared at him, but spoke with an assumed calmness. "I'm not going to fight with you. I'm not going to have my name mixed up in a dirty scandal with a lot of race-track hangers-

on and chorus girls. I've had enough of this. I've had enough of the lot of you. You'll leave my house—all of you—every last one of you!" And he turned toward the door of the dressing-room.

Pat was before him, however, and stopped him with her hands on his arm.

"No, no, not that! Not after all I've done! There won't be any scandal—there won't be any fight! I'll get rid of them." Turning toward her mother and Dan, she begged: "Why don't you leave us? What do you want me to do? What more do you want me to say? I love this man! He's everything to me—you're nothing to me! Don't stand looking at me like that. Go! Go!"

Dazed and trembling, Mrs. O'Brien walked slowly out. Dan followed her.

It was here that Crawford showed his view-point on the lives of people of another class. Somehow he did not seem to understand that there were hearts to break and lives to be ruined in any station of life but his own. The quarrel between Dan and Patricia appeared of but small moment to him. He fancied that it was easily made up, that it did not much matter whether a woman like Pat were virtuous or not. He was only sorry she had been exposed to calumny, and he admired her for the plucky way in which she had shielded her sister.

He approached Pat, who with stony, set face stared at the door through which her mother and Dan had gone, and said: "You needn't mind about that money. You needn't pay."

His callous presumption touched her as neither the grief of her mother nor the anger of her lover had done.

"I needn't *pay*," she echoed, and laughed mirthlessly. The laugh jarred on Crawford. He shivered slightly and went nearer the fire. She came across the room and stood on the far side of the table, holding him with her set gaze.

"I *have* paid," she said.

He moved uneasily in his chair. Her look sent vague unquiet through him.

"I've paid with my good name," she said slowly, her voice tensely quiet,

"paid with my mother's trust, paid with the love of the man I've loved all my life—that's what I've paid to save my sister from you, you beast!"

Crawford would have liked to avoid her gaze, but somehow she held him with her intensity.

"I suppose you and your kind think when you take some poor devil of a girl, starvin' for a little comfort, and give her a minute or two of happiness, an' then make her a thing that good women won't look at, I suppose your measly money pays. I suppose you think it pays for the homes you ruin, the mothers' hearts you break, the girls you send to hell—*You pays?*" She brought her fist heavily down on the table. "No! It's the woman that pays, and pays, and pays!"

Crawford's head sank on his hands. Presently he looked up. She was not speaking. He glanced about the room. She was not there. Mechanically he walked to the dressing-room door, opened it, looked in. Nora was gone.

## XII.

Patricia did not remember how she had managed to get Nora out. She had a dim recollection that she had accompanied her sister to a subway station and had ridden with her as far as Forty-second Street, where Nora got out to return to their flat, hoping to reach it before Dan and Mrs. O'Brien should arrive. When would Pat be home? She couldn't tell. She had business down-town. Never mind what it was; she would come back later; it was all right. No need to thank her. If Nora didn't hurry she'd be carried on to Grand Central.

When a subway guard touched Pat on the shoulder it seemed only a moment later. But they had arrived at the bridge, and Pat dragged herself out and into the night air. She had no care as to her way, and presently she found herself halting by the railing of the bridge and looking back at the city, white and cruel and magnificent in the moonlight, a great, towering mass of stone that seemed upraised only to topple and

crush beneath it all the soul that might be within those who abode in it. Down below, the waters rushed under the bows of tugs and ferry-boats, their green and red lights snapping, the hoot of their sirens mournful, oppressive. Great, flaring electric letters desecrated the beauty of the night in the profane handwriting of trade, keeping alive in the night's quietude the thought of mundane things, the voice of trade, of money.

Money!

Lack of it had made Nora Crawford's tool, had sent Pat a wanderer from her home, made her an alien to the man she loved. She groaned, looking down at the waters that rippled so invitingly beneath the bridge.

Cars passed her, crawling back to Brooklyn, whizzing to New York. A motor-car's horn honked, some people chattered as they passed her. Once a man came up to her and spoke familiarly, but her cold, white face turned to him frightened him, and he went away with a muttered apology. Later, a woman came and stood beside her. She was a woman of the streets, bedraggled, her rouge and powder only more pitifully betraying the marks of age and dissipation. But she had a heart for suffering, and she spoke to Pat kindly. Perhaps *she* had suffered in her time; few women fall to her estate without suffering.

"I can stand you a drink, honey?" she said.

But Pat only thanked her, and said she did not want it. Her hopeless tones stirred the woman to more kindness; but Pat answered her impatiently, and she went her way, knowing that any help she might offer would be only hindrance.

And Pat watched the ferry-boats come and go, and fought it all out in her soul. She must not lose her grip and be like the woman who had spoken to her. There was no end to that save miserable melodrama; for the death of such a woman could not be tragedy. She must hold her grip, get away from New York, go on a road tour again. She remembered the offer from Mrs.

Browne. Twenty-two dollars in a burlesque company that was going clear through to the Golden Gate and then perhaps to Australia. That would take her away from those who hated her.

When she came out of her reverie a cold rain was beating in her face. She looked out and saw no moon; only a murky sky. She walked slowly down toward the entrance and would have entered the elevated station and taken a car home; but when the ticket man called a request for money in exchange for a ticket, she found that she had not even a nickel left; the cab-money had taken what was left of her little store, and her last ten cents had gone for her fare and Nora's on the subway.

She crossed City Hall Park and came out on Broadway. Slowly she plodded up-town through the drizzling rain. Her new clothes, hat, and veil were being spoiled, but she did not remember she had new clothes. The rain put new spirit in her. She walked rapidly, with a long, swinging stride.

### XIII.

Nora had heard the angry talking in Crawford's library, for she had her ear to the key-hole, and had listened intently. She would have made her escape, so frightened was she, but there was no way of exit except by the door that led into the library. But after the conversation had endured for a short space, she began to realize that Patricia, not she, was under suspicion; and she grew relieved.

"It serves her right, for coming up here and talking the way she did to Mr. Crawford," Nora had said sulkily.

She was not in good humor with Pat, her selfish little mind failing to realize the sacrifice which her elder sister had made. She said very little to her on the way down to Forty-second Street, and was privately relieved that Pat was not coming home with her.

Upon reaching the rooms, she found her mother and Dan had not yet arrived, so, tearing off her clothes, she got into her dressing-gown quickly and went into her own bedroom. It was some

time before Dan and her mother came in, for they had been at the little hotel where Dan and O'Brien had taken rooms for the night. O'Brien was not there, so, leaving word for him to follow, they started for the girls' rooms. Nora told her mother that she had been taken ill before the show, and had come directly home. There was no cause to doubt this statement, particularly as Nora exhibited a talent for facial contortions which even she herself had not known she possessed.

When Mrs. O'Brien left the room, Nora turned to Dan.

"What's all this I heard you and mom talking about in the other room before you came in here—about me going home?"

"She thinks it best," said Dan moodily.

"I don't want to go home," said Nora, in her rage forgetting her prudence and also her simulation of suffering. "I can't live down on that farm now, and I won't. I've had enough to stand without being dragged down into the country. Besides, I'm not going to run away and have these girls gossiping about me."

Dan started.

"I'll get even with Sylvia Simpson for getting me into this mess. The jealous cat!"

The man sat suddenly erect and an expression of wonderment came over his face. What mess was Nora in? Why had she not asked the reason she was to be taken into the country? How did she know that Sylvia Simpson had said anything if she was at home and in bed? He looked at her curiously.

"What's she jealous of?" he asked slowly.

"Jealous of everything," returned Nora, raging. "'Cause I'm younger and prettier than she is. 'Cause I'm going to have the part that she thought *she* was going to have."

"She said you were at Crawford's rooms to-night," said Dan, baiting his trap.

"I know—sent mom chasing after me. And it spoiled everything, and we're still in awful trouble and——"

As Mallory listened, his suspicions grew.

"Come, make a clean breast of it," he said harshly. "I'll help you out."

"Well," said Nora, hesitating, "I'll tell you, Dan, because I know you'll stand by us for mom's sake."

"I promise," said Dan, wiping his forehead.

"Well, I—that is, we——" Dan noted the slip of the tongue and the correction, "we owe money and we've got to raise it somehow. Pat promised she'd get it from you, but now that you've quarreled——"

Quarreled? How was she to know that if she had been in bed since eight o'clock? Dan's suspicions grew almost to conviction; and he felt sick at heart when he remembered what he had said to Patricia.

"But now that you've quarreled," continued Nora, "she won't ask you, of course. She wouldn't have, anyhow, because she said we could save it out of our salaries; but how are we ever going to save three hundred dollars?"

Dan started at the mention of the sum. "How did you ever manage——"

"Well, not quite three hundred," corrected Nora, remembering the amount left over after she had paid the winnings. "But if you can spare that much you'd better let me have it."

"Let you have it? No, I'll—— But if I give it to you, how can you explain it to Pat?"

"She can't say anything if the note is paid——"

"The note!" interrupted Dan.

"Well—we had to raise money somehow," Nora stammered.

"All right—I'll give it to you."

"Oh, Dan, you are good! You don't know what you've saved us from."

Patricia had opened the door to her bedroom and entered. Her mother sat there, the tears dropping on her folded hands. She blinked them away as Pat entered.

"So you've come home, have you?" she asked.

Patricia sat down wearily. "Is pop here?" she questioned.

Mrs. O'Brien eyed the dejected, rain-soaked creature, and her mother's heart went out to her. But the thought of what she believed Pat to be hardened her, and she only shook her head.

"Promise me you won't say nothin' to him 'bout what happened to-night. Say me and Nora went home, 'cause Nora was sick. What that Simpson woman said we can tell him was lies. Promise me!"

"What? Leave you and that man to your carryings-on?"

Pat shook her head. "You keep quiet and I'll promise you in return never to see Crawford again. Don't you see I'm doin' this for pop's sake? No need for him to know——"

"The kind of a girl you are," blazed her mother.

Pat did not contradict her. "Promise!" she urged, on the verge of tears. "It's the last thing I'll ever ask you, mom. Promise, for the sake of me that was dear to you once."

Mrs. O'Brien bent her head.

"Won't you promise?" asked Pat wildly. "Are you goin' to tell?"

"Tell? Do you think I want to break your father's heart as you've broken mine? No! If you'll promise never to see Crawford again, I'll promise."

"That's fixed, then," said Pat, with a choking sob of relief.

"But what lie are you goin' to frame up for your father? He'll want some good reason when I take Nora home with me."

The suddenness of the blow left Pat speechless. She had not counted on Nora's being taken from her, and her sobs, long pent up, broke loose.

"Then I ain't to have no one. You don't think I'm fit to have my honey-lamb around. You think I'd—m-make—m-my—sister b-bad. Oh, my God! My God!"

She burst into the next room, where Dan sat, his brows wrinkled in meditation, his eyes wet. He started up at her entrance and looked at her, his attitude humble.

"Pat!" he said.

"Go away," she sobbed. "Go away. Please go away."

But he did not go away, and for some time stood there before the sobbing Patricia. Presently he leaned over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Please let me speak to you, Pat," he begged.

"What—right—have you?" she choked.

"No right," he answered, his head downcast. "But I want your help in this. It's for your mother."

"I guess she don't want nothin' from me—not love, even."

"She's been hard on you."

"She thinks I gave her cause," answered Pat defiantly.

"And what do you think?"

"I ain't thinkin'," she answered, with a gesture of dismissal. "I don't care—now."

"She wants you to come home," he said.

"No, she don't," returned Pat. "I've been talkin' to her. She don't want me home, an' even if she said she did I wouldn't come. What do you think I am? Think I'd go down home an' have you and mom overlookin' things, bein' sorry for me, kind to me? Not for mine, thanks!"

"No, I promise you we'll forget," said Dan earnestly.

"An' forgive? Wait till I ask it, will you?"

"Give me a reason why you won't do what your mother asks," persisted Dan. "Is it because you love Crawford?"

"Love *him*?" The words came without thought, and were charged with bitter scorn. "Love *him*?"

"Is it the money?" he asked. She stared at him. "Yes, the money," he added. "Nora's told me. I'm going to pay the note."

Pat looked at him incredulously. "You're goin' to pay Crawford?" she whispered.

"Crawford? Then it is Crawford!" Dan ran toward her. "I knew it. I knew it the minute she began to show she knew what happened at his place. Oh, Pat!"

She ran to the door. "You'll not tell mom?" she begged. "No—no—"

But he pushed her out of the way. "Mrs. O'Brien, come here!"

Before Pat could resist, he threw open the door and dragged her after him into the room.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Pat.

"Do! I'm going to show you up, that's what. I'm goin' to tell your mother the kind of girl you are; tell her I know all about you and Crawford; tell her you didn't stop at any lengths to save your sister; that it was Nora who owed money to Crawford—Nora who was in that room, and Pat who came out to save her sister's reputation. An' I'm the biggest fool in the world and the lowest dog alive to doubt for one minute the girl I love and who's too good for me—too good for any of us."

He sat down, with a choking sob, and Mrs. O'Brien enfolded her daughter in her arms. "Pat! Oh, my girl!" she sobbed. And Patricia wept, too.

For some time there was silence, Mrs. O'Brien petting and soothing her daughter. Presently, at the sound of the bell, Pat laughed tearfully and wiped her eyes.

O'Brien entered, with the statement that he had just come from Crawford's.

"Why, the girls are here," explained his wife eagerly. "Nora came home from the theater—sick—before her turn began." Then added, with nervous haste: "That talk of Nora and Crawford was the gossip—the clatter of an idle tongue."

"Was it?" demanded O'Brien. "Then what's this?" And he held out a slip of paper which had been crumpled in his hand. "What's this? If it's idle talk, why won't Crawford see me? If it's gossip, how comes he to have a note for money I never had, an' signed by me?"

Pat took the paper and slowly smoothed it out, while O'Brien went on angrily:

"Tell him I can't see him—that was his message by his man—but that I send him a souvenir of my acquaintance with his daughter, an' that I'll thank him for the money."

Pat, completely nonplused, continued

to stare at the note in trembling silence.

"Well, girl, haven't you a tongue in your head? Who signed 'P. O'Brien' to that paper? You dared to use my name?"

"It's her own name," said Dan Malory quietly, coming forward and laying his hand on O'Brien's shoulder. "It's signed 'P. O'Brien.' Why shouldn't she sign it? Why shouldn't she get money from Crawford? It's owing to me, and what's mine's hers."

"Oh, Dan!" gasped Pat.

"Crawford an' me's had a run-in," continued Dan. "I've quit him, an' he's sore, tryin' to make trouble."

"But what—" began O'Brien, who was promptly interrupted by Mrs. O'Brien's ready wit: "Mind your own business, Patrick. It's the excitable man ye are, careerin' all over the town, an' us waitin' supper for ye."

"Forgive me, girl. 'Twas all a mistake," said O'Brien, going toward Pat.

She rushed to meet him, exclaiming joyously: "Forget it, pop."

"God love you, for the good girl you are, and may He forgive your old mother!" said Mrs. O'Brien, as she led her husband from the room.

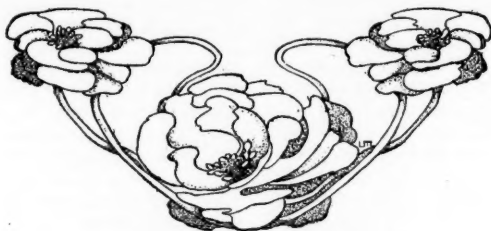
"I'd like to say amen to that," cried Dan Mallory.

He caught Patricia in his arms and crushed her to him. "You mean—you forgive me. Pat! you mean it? You'll forgive me, an' come home with me—an'—"

"I love you, Dan," she said. "I'll come."

The old spark of humor glinted in her eyes. She looked at him, half-laughing, half-crying.

"An'—Dan—we'll—we'll settle down like a couple of Reubens—us an' the cows."



### The River at Nightfall

**A**LREADY black the shadows lie  
 Along the margin, velvet-clad,  
 But in mid-stream the painted sky  
 Meets its own saffron and is glad.  
 About the boat-house all is still,  
 Except for lispin' tides that thrill  
 With "lip" and "lap" the rotting wharf,  
 And one tall poplar's flutter shrill.

'Tis good to idle here and feel  
 One's old boat swinging cradle-wise;  
 While, stealing soft as shadows steal,  
 The broken dreams of boyhood rise.  
 A tiny shipmate comes again,  
 And, laughing, tugs the rusty chain—  
 O silken laugh, O little hand,  
 How long the years, how quick the pain!

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.

# Art in Child-Portraiture\*

By Sidney Allan

AN overproduction is at present noticeable in all branches of human endeavor, and at no time have the various art professions suffered from overcrowding as at present. Photography, apparently accessible to every one who can press the button, and reminding one, even with the crudest handling, somewhat of pictorial art, has taken hold of the public taste to such an extent that the kodak-fiend has been made into a typical figure and has had to play his ridiculous part on the stage and in the comic papers for years.

Since amateur photographers are even more plentiful than automobile enthusiasts—if such a thing can be imagined—the more astonishing it seems that those men and women who really produce something artistic are still *rara avis*, as some Latin philosopher would have expressed himself. To them photography is a pastime. The opportunity to show that they are “clever fellows” and “can also do it” seems to be the height of their ambition. They are satisfied with showing their efforts at photographing their dog or their grandmother or some uninteresting place they have visited, to everybody they can seize upon unawares.

If they want a really good picture, may it be for the purpose of presentation to some relatives or friends or for their own gratification, they after all have to apply to the professional who knows his business by long experience, and who has all the facilities at his command to secure a likeness under the most favorable conditions.

In these higher stages photography can reflect all the subtleties of a man's mind; but then it is no longer a pas-

time, but the strenuous study of a lifetime.

An anecdote will illustrate better what I mean than all didactic theories. The philosopher Herbert Spencer, whose only exercise was playing billiards, strolled one afternoon into a public billiard-room, and promptly challenged a man he found lounging there to a game of billiards. They banked for the first shot. Mr. Spencer won and led off. When his opponent came to play, he put the chalk in his pocket and went at it in professional fashion, running out the game before he missed. Mr. Spencer walked to where his coat was hanging, and as he passed the stranger he said to him: “Sir, I have always considered the game of billiards an innocent amusement, and a game well adapted to the recreation of a student. But, sir, when a man plays as you play it bespeaks a life of incessant study and labor. Good afternoon, sir!”

Expert photographers are as scarce as expert billiard-players. Not everybody can gain a reputation as a “great artistic photographer.” The fierce business competition of to-day prevents it. But there are now in every town photographers who can reproduce a human face or figure with a certain degree of originality and taste, who take their profession seriously and believe that a photographic print can convey some beauty and esthetic satisfaction to the beholder.

A good picture must possess qualities that will please the eye and appeal to the appreciation of those familiar with pictures and capable of understanding them. Without such qualities they will come very near to being bad

\*See Special Art Insert in this number.

pictures. Generally speaking, these qualities would probably be composition, feeling, and expression. The composition should show a construction similar to that we are used to see in paintings; the feeling, the degree of personal interest felt by the worker when he made the picture; the expression, shown by the clearness with which the maker communicates his impression of what was before him.

Although comparatively few people are, at present, willing to recognize in a photograph those qualities and responsibilities which may ultimately bring it within the pale of the other fine arts, we think that the majority of thoughtful, educated people require little persuasion to accept such work, even if offered to them in the ordinary commercial way.

Recently, while sitting in the studio of some artistic photographer, a client called, and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been dusting out his drawers, and had come across some portraits that had been taken in the studio some five years ago. The sitting had been invited, and though not at all inclining toward the eccentric, the portraits were not of the ordinary type. "I didn't like them then," the client remarked, "but when I saw them yesterday I was very pleased with them."

It is strange that it should have taken so long to realize that the camera is one of the most favorable mediums of pictorial expression. The power to produce mechanically objects of the outer world being given, there is need only of a manipulator with artistic temperament in order to produce pictorial results. And although the science of exposure, the developing and printing processes demand as strenuous apprenticeship as any other craft, they are, after all, secondary to the work which the camera performs by itself.

Yet it is only within the last fifteen years that a class of enthusiastic workers has succeeded in showing distinct evidences of individual artistic feeling and execution in the photographic print. In the early nineties portrait-photography had no other aim but to please the

public, and the latter accepted the work of those days as representative of the process at its best. In looking over the contents of old-fashioned albums, we will see quaint examples of humanity posed in awkward attitudes amid papier-mâché surroundings, potted palms, and scenic backgrounds, the faces deprived of every characteristic and changed into smooth and lifelike surfaces.

The movement started simultaneously in America and several European countries, notably in Germany, France, and England. At the beginning it was merely the outcome of a revolt from the conventional photographic rendering of sharp detail and harsh contrasts, but gradually a finer conception of pictorial qualities became felt.

Some of the leading representatives of what has been called the "New School" of photography, like Gertrude Kasebier, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Clarence H. White, and H. H. Pierce, are men and women of cultivated taste in matters artistic, who, if they had begun the training of eye and hand at an early enough stage of their artistic development, would undoubtedly have made places for themselves as real artists. They are sensitive to the beauty of tone and values, though more rarely to that of line, and conscientiously endeavor to produce in their photographs those subtle effects of atmosphere and mystery of light and shade which stimulate the imagination of the beholder of nature in certain of her phases.

They were all true searchers in quest of beauty. They wended along the untrodden path courageously, and were not intimidated by obstacles. Each successive experience but added to their science of interpretation until their efforts were crowned with that success which instead of satisfying the artist spurs him on to loftier purposes.

Their work was conducted in comparative obscurity; this did not betoken stagnation on their part, but rather the knowledge that the general public was not interested in the details of their achievements and successes.

Things always run in grooves until some one has the wit to resist the prevailing trend and starts a new path. The contented ones, deep down in rut of conversation, laugh at the eccentricities of the departure, until they themselves become isolated as all others get used to the innovation and find that the new way answers so much better to their requirements.

New talents have come up on all sides, each with a new message and some new triumph to add to the store of former achievements. All their work is imbued with a rare elegance and a vague poetical feeling which lend a peculiar charm to every print.

Nowhere has this been more noticeable than in child-portraiture. Child-life has always been one of the most popular subjects of photography. Every child will at one time or another be submitted to this record of facts. It has become the fashion. Many parents are not satisfied unless they have an annual record of their little ones.

In every large city hundreds of children daily wend their way to the photographic studios. Infants in perambulators or their nurses' arms, boys and girls led by the hand by their elders, masters and young misses in their best array, help to form an endless procession. It is a large but happy family, all on their best behavior, seated in large chairs in every imaginable pose, with flowers in their arms, occupied with toys, or studying a book with pensive grace, happy little beings gazing at you with smiling simplicity, with roguish mischievousness or innocent gaiety—embodying as it were the coming generation.

Children have always been considered a sort of stumbling-block for photographers. Every human face has a variety of expression, but in a child it is endless. The slightest disturbance changes the entire cast of their features. And then they are so restless, they have to be wooed into confidence, attracted by something that holds their interest, and as soon as this is accomplished they have lost their greatest charm—the fragrance of unconsciousness.

The up-to-date photographer has realized this difficulty. He has made special preparations for his little visitors, he has in some corner of his studio a little toy-shop on hand that arouses their curiosity and sets them to amusing themselves. They feel at home in such a studio, they feel at ease, and forget that they are in a strange place, and before they are aware of it they have been caught in all their unsophisticated naturalness.

The problem is often not as difficult as it was made out to be. It is largely a difference of view-point, a change in the manner of approaching the subject. In a recent conversation one of these photographers even claimed that children were easier to take than grown people. "Because they are unaffected," he exclaimed; "if one lets a child have its own way, it is apt to act naturally. Children fall unconsciously into a pose and have taught me many charming effects."

But there is something else to take into consideration. We all know that the mobility of features and ripple of animation over a face constitute in most cases its real charm in life, but in a portrait one wants something more typical, not a fugitive expression that even the parents might not recognize, but a likeness that will cause them to feel that it is an accurate representation of their sons and daughters at a certain age.

And the only idealization that is permissible is to reveal the likeness under more picturesque and artistic conditions. This the modern photographers have realized, and as they have as sound a knowledge of the principles of picture-making as the painters have, and can control the various stages of the photographic process so perfectly that they are able to put personal expression into their pictures, they have succeeded in giving us pictures of genuine pictorial quality.

No better evidence of these photographers' genius and human sympathy can be offered than the glimpses they reveal in these studies of the unconsciousness and happy innocence of childhood. Women particularly have been success-

ful in this branch of photography. Lady photographers like Gertrude Kasebier, Jeanne E. Bennett, Adelaide Hanscom, Eva Watson Schutze—only to mention a few—have the peculiar faculty of giving us a typical artistic interpretation of a child's character and at the same time of realizing the poetry and sunshine of its individuality.

There is something about this kind of child-portraiture that gives it a peculiar value of its own. There is a sentimental side to it. These portraits have a relation to common humanity. They seem to present such a vivid realization of the outward appearance of these little men and women, of all the vital facts which constitute a separate human existence, that we look at the faces as if we were acquainted with them.

And these portraits will still stand the test of time. The picturesque way in which they are handled, their artistic appearance and finish will give them a permanent value. And even when the children, represented in this fascinating way, have grown up and left the fields of Arcady and the nursery for the less peaceful and more entangled roads of

life, they will still gaze with pleasure at these mementos of their early life and regard them as keepsakes they are proud to possess.

There seems to be a great future for this higher kind of photography. The public has slowly awakened to the fact that it can get for its money something better than a bald record. Fashions in photography are said to change rapidly. The public is inclined to have itself photographed by the newest men in the newest style, but if a really fashionable and successful photographer has once become known for a certain quality or faculty that is intrinsically his own, his reputation will cling to him from generation to generation despite all fads and fancies.

How far the general advance in matters of art and matters of taste may be responsible for the present change of opinion, we must leave for the more speculative of our readers to decide, but the fact itself cannot but be encouraging to all who are interested in this new movement, and in particular to the workers themselves, who sow good seed in hope of reaping the harvest.



### From the Mountain

A LITTLE gray-brown sparrow  
Here on this mighty crest,  
Where torrents dash and thunders crash,  
Has built her fragile nest.

A splendid scarlet lily  
Just here has dared to grow,  
Close to the edge of this dark ledge—  
A chasm yawns below.

A bird, a flower—each taking  
Of danger no account—  
In their sweet way, still preach to-day  
A Sermon on the Mount.

ALICE E. ALLEN.



# THE CRUSOES OF COD LEAD

## BY HOLMAN F. DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

CAP'N AARON SPROUL had forgotten his troubles for a time. He had been dozing. The shrewish night wind of autumn whistled over the ledges of Cod Lead Nubble and scattered upon his gray beard the black ashes from the bonfire that the shivering men of Scotaze still plied with fuel. The cap'n sat upright, his arms clasping his doubled knees, his head bent forward.

Hiram Look, faithful friend that he was, had curled himself at his back and was snoring peacefully. He had the appearance of a corsair, with his head wrapped in the huge handkerchief that had replaced the plug hat lost in the stress and storm that had destroyed the *Aurilla P. Dobson*. The elephant, Imogene, was bulke'd dimly in the first gray of a soppy dawn.

"If this is goin' to sea," said Jackson Denslow, continuing the sour mut-

terings of the night, "I'm glad I never saw salt water before I got pulled into this trip."

"It ain't goin' to sea," remarked another of the Scotaze amateur mariners. "It's goin' ashore!" He waved a disconsolate gesture toward the cove where the remains of the *Dobson* swashed in the breakers.

"If ever any one ever gets me navigatin' again onto anything desp'ritter than a stone-bo't, on Scotaze bog," Denslow suggested, "I hope my relatives will have me put into a insane horsepittle."

"Look at that!" barked Ludolphus Murray. "This is a thunderation nice kind of a night to have a celebration on!"

This yelp, sounding above the soniferous monotone of grumbling, stirred Cap'n Sproul from his dozing. He snapped his head up from his knees. A

rocket was streaking across the sky and popped with a sprinkling of colored fires. Another and another followed with desperate haste, and a Greek fire shed baleful light across the waters.

"Yassir," repeated Murray indignantly sarcastic, "it's a nice night and a nice time of night to be celebratin' when other folks is cold and sufferin' and hungry."

"What's the matter?" asked Hiram, stirring in his turn.

The cap'n was prompt with biting reply.

"One of your Scotaze 'cyclopedys of things that ain't so," he snapped, "is open, at the page headed 'idjit,' with a chaw of tobacker for a book-mark. If the United States Government don't scoop in the whole of us for maintainin' false beacons on a dangerous coast in a storm, then I miss my callations, that's all!"

"That shows the right spirit out there," vouchsafed Hiram, his eyes kindling as another rocket slashed the sky. "Fireworks as soon as they've located us is the right spirit, I say! The least we can do is to give 'em three cheers."

But at this Cap'n Sproul staggered up, groaning as his old enemy, rheumatism, dug its claws into his flesh. He made for the shore, his disgust too deep for words.

"Me—me," he grunted, "in with a gang that can't tell the difference between a vessel goin' to pieces and a fireworks celebration! I don't wonder that the Atlantic Ocean tasted of us and spit us ashore. She couldn't stand it to drown us!"

When the others straggled down and gabbled questions at him he refused to reply, but stood peering into the lifting dawn. He got a glimpse of her rig before her masts went over. She was an hermaphrodite brig, and old-fashioned, at that. She was old-fashioned enough to have a figurehead. It came ashore at Cap'n Sproul's feet as avant-courier of the rest of the wreckage. It led the procession because it was the first to suffer when the brig butted her

nose against the Blue Cow Reef. It came ashore intact, a full-sized woman carved from pine and painted white. The cap'n recognized the fatuous smile as the figure rolled its face up at him from the brine.

"The old *Polyhymnia!*" he muttered.

Far out there was a flutter of sail, and under his palm he descried a big yawl making off the coast. She rode lightly, and he could see only two heads above her gunwale.

"That's Cap Hart Tate, all right," mused the cap'n; "Cap Hart Tate gallantly engaged in winnin' a medal by savin' his own life. But knowin' Cap Hart Tate as well as I do, I don't see how he ever so far forgot himself as to take along any one else. It must be the first mate, and the first mate must have had a gun as a letter of recommendation!"

It may be said in passing that this was a shrewd guess, and the cap'n promptly found something on the seas that clinched his belief. Bobbing toward Cod Lead came an overloaded dingey. There were six men in it, and they were making what shift they could to guide it into the cove between the outer rocks. They came riding through safely on a roller, splattered across the cove with wildly waving oars, and landed on the sand with a bump that sent them tumbling heels over head out of the little boat.

"Four Portygee sailors, the cook and the second mate," elucidated Cap'n Sproul oracularly, for his own information.

The second mate, a squat and burly sea-dog, was first up on his feet in the white water, but stumbled over a struggling sailor who was kicking his heels in an attempt to rise. When the irate mate was up for the second time he knocked down this sailor and then strode ashore, his meek followers coming after on their hands and knees.

"Ahoy, there, Dunk Butts!" called Cap'n Sproul heartily.

But Dunk Butts did not appear to warm to greetings nor to rejoice over his salvation from the sea. He squinted sourly at the cap'n, then at the men of

Scotaze, and then his eyes fell upon the figurehead and its fatuous smile.

With a snarl, he leaped on it, smashed his knuckles against its face, swore horribly while he danced with pain, kicked it with his heavy sea-boots, was more horribly profane as he hopped about with an aching toe in the clutch of both hands, and at last picked up a good-sized hunk of ledge and went at the smiling face with Berserker rage.

Cap'n Sproul had begun to frown at Butts' scornful slighting of his amiable greeting. Now he ran forward, placed his broad boot against the second mate, and vigorously pushed him away from the prostrate figure. When Butts came up at him with the fragment of rock in his grasp, Cap'n Sproul faced him with alacrity, also with a piece of rock.

"You've knowed me thutty years and sailed with me five, Dunk Butts," he gritted, "and ye're shinnin' into the wrong riggin' when ye come at me with a rock. I ain't in no very gentle spirits to-day, neither."

"I wasn't doin' northin' to you," squealed Butts, his anger becoming mere querulous reproach, for the cap'n's eye was fiery and Butts' memory was good.

"You was strikin' a female," said Cap'n Sproul, with severity, and when the astonished Butts blazed indignant remonstrance, he insisted on his point with a stubbornness that allowed no compromise. "It don't make any difference even if it is only a painted figger. It's showin' disrespect to the sex, and sence I've settled on shore, Butts, and am married to the best woman that ever lived I'm standin' up fer the sex to the extent that I ain't seein' no insults handed to a woman—even if it ain't anything but an Injun maiden in front of a cigar-store."

Butts dropped his rock.

"I never hurt a woman, and I would never hurt one," he protested, "and you that's sailed with me knows it. But that blasted, grinnin' effijiggy, there, stands for that rotten old punk-heap that's jest gone to pieces out yender, and it's the only thing I've got to get back on. Three months from Turk's

Island, Cap'n Sproul, with a salt cargo and grub that would gag a dogfish! Lay down half a biskit and it would walk off. All I've et for six weeks has been doughboys lolloped in Porty Reek. He kicked me when I complained." Butts shook wavering finger at the shred of sail in the distance. "He kept us off with the gun to-day and sailed away in the yawl, and he never cared whuther we ever got ashore or not. And the grin he give me when he done it was jest like the grin on that thing there." Again the perturbed Butts showed signs of a desire to assault the wooden incarnation of the spirit of the *Polyhymnia*.

"A man who has been abused as much as you have been abused at sea has good reason to stand up for your rights when you are abused the moment you reach shore," barked a harsh voice. Colonel Gideon Ward, backed by the faithful Eleazar Bodge, stood safely aloof on a huge boulder, his gaunt frame outlined against the morning sky. "Are you the commander of those men?" he inquired.

"I'm second mate," answered Mr. Butts.

"You and your men are down there associatin' with the most pestilent set of robbers and land pirates that ever disgraced a civilized country," announced the colonel. "They robbed me of fifteen thousand dollars and left me marooned here on this desert island, but the wind of Providence blew 'em back, and the devil wouldn't have 'em in Tophet, and here they are. They'll have your wallets and your gizzards if you don't get away from 'em. I invite you over there to my fire, gentlemen. Mr.—"

"Butts," said the second mate, staring with some concern at the group about him and at the cap'n, who still held his fragment of rock.

"Mr. Butts, you and your men come with me and I'll tell you a story that will—"

Hiram Look thrust forward at this moment. The ex-showman was not a reassuring personality to meet shipwrecked mariners. His big handkerchief was knotted about his head in

true buccaneer style. The horns of his huge mustache stuck out fiercely. Mr. Butts and his timid Portuguese shrank.

"He's a whack-fired, jog-jiggered old sanup of a liar," bellowed this startling apparition, who might have been Black-beard himself. "We only have got back the fifteen thousand that he stole from us."

These amazing figures dizzied Mr. Butts, and his face revealed his feelings. He blinked from one party to the other with swiftly calculating gaze. Looking at the angry Hiram, he backed away two steps. After staring at the unkempt members of the Scotaze fire department, ranged behind their foreman, he backed three steps more. And then reflecting that the man of the piratical countenance had unblushingly confessed to the present possession of the disputed fortune, he clasped his hands to his own money-belt and hurried over to Colonel Ward's rock, his men scuttling behind him.

"Don't you believe their lies," bellowed the colonel, breaking in on Hiram's eager explanations of the timberland deal and the quest of the treasure they had come to Cod Lead to unearth. "I'll take you right to the hole they sold to me, I'll show you the plank cover they made believe was the lid of a treasure-chest, I'll prove to you they are pirates. We've got to stand together." He hastened to Mr. Butts and linked his arm in the seaman's, drawing him away. "There's only two of us. We can't hurt you. We don't want to hurt you. But if you stay among that bunch they'll have your liver, lights, and your heart's blood."

Five minutes later the Ward camp was posted on a distant pinnacle of the island. Cap'n Sproul had watched their retreat without a word, his brows knitted, his fists clutched at his side, and his whole attitude representing earnest consideration of a problem. He shook his head at Hiram's advice to pursue Mr. Butts and drag him and his men away from the enemy. It occurred to him that the friendliest chase would look like an attack. He reflected that he had not adopted exactly the tactics that were

likely to warm over the buried embers of friendship in Mr. Butts' bosom. He remembered through the mists of the years that something like a kick or a belaying-pin had been connected with Mr. Butts' retirement from the *Benn*.

And until he could straighten out in his mind just what that parting difficulty had been, and how much his temper had triumphed over his justice to Butts, and until he had figured out a little something in the line of diplomatic conciliation, he decided to squat for a time beside his own fire and ruminate.

For an hour he sat, his brow gloomy, and looked across to where Colonel Ward was talking to Butts, his arms revolving like the fans of a crazy windmill.

"Lord! Cap'n Aaron," blurted Hiram at last, "he's pumpin' lies into that friend of your'n till even from this distance I can see him swellin' like a hop-toad under a mullein leaf. I tell you, you've got to do something. What if it should come calm and you ain't got him talked over and they should take the boat and row over to the mainland? Where'd you and your check be if he gets to the bank first? You listen to my advice and grab in there or we might just as well never have got up that complicated plot to get even with the old son of a seco."

"Hiram," said the cap'n, after a moment's deliberation, the last hours of the *Aurilla P. Dobson* rankling still, "sence you and your gang mutinied on me and made me let a chartered schooner go to smash I ain't had no especial confidence in your advice in crises. I've seen you hold your head level in crises on shore—away from salt water, but you don't fit in 'board ship. And this, here, comes near enough to bein' 'board ship to cut you out. I don't take any more chances with you and the Scotaze fire department till I get inland at least fifty miles from tide-water."

Hiram bent injured gaze on him.

"You're turnin' down a friend in a tight place," he complained. "I've talked it over with the boys and they stand ready to lick those dagos and take the boat, there, and row you ashore."

But his wistful gaze quailed under the stare the cap'n bent on him. The mariner flapped discrediting hand at the pathetic half-dozen castaways poking among the rocks for mussels with which to stay their hunger.

"Me get in a boat again with that outfit? Why, I wouldn't ride acrost a duck-pond in an ocean liner with 'em unless

they were crated and battened below hatches."

He smacked his hard fist into his palm.

"There they straddle, like crows on new-plowed land, huntin' for something to eat, and no thought above it—and there ain't one of 'em come to a reelizin' sense yet that they committed a State's prison offense last night when they mutinied and locked me into my own cabin like a cat in a coop. Now, I don't want to have any more trouble over it with you, Hiram,

for we've been too good friends, and will try to continner so after this thing is over and done with, but if you or that gang of up-country sparrer-hawks stick your fingers or your noses into this business that I'm in now, I'll give the lobsters and cunners round this island just six good hearty meals. Now, that's the business-end, and it's whittled pickid, and you want to let alone of it!"

He struggled up and stumped away across the little valley between the stronghold of Colonel Ward and his own hillock.

Colonel Ward stood up when he saw him approaching, and Butts, after getting busy with something on the ground, stood up, also. When the cap'n got nearer he noted that Butts had his arms

full of rocks.

"Dunk," called Cap'n Sproul placatingly, pausing at a hostile movement, "you've had quite a long yarn with that critter there, who's been fillin' you up with lies about me, and now it's only fair that as an old shipmate you should listen to my side. I——"

"You bear off!" blustered Mr. Butts. "You hold your own course, 'cause the minute you get under my bows I'll give you a broadside that will put your col-

ors down. You've kicked me the last time you're ever goin' to."

"I was thinkin' it was a belayin'-pin that time aboard the *Benn*," muttered the cap'n. "I guess I must have forgot and kicked him." Then once again he raised his voice in appeal. "You're the first seafarin' man I know of that left your own kind to take sides with a land pirut."

"You ain't seafarin' no more," re-



*Cap'n Sproul in the stern roaring abuse at them.*

torted Mr. Butts insolently. "Talk to me of bein' seafarin' with that crowd of jays you've got round you! You ain't nothin' but mossbacks and bunco-men." Cap'n Sproul glanced over his shoulder at the men of Scotaze and groaned under his breath. "I never knowed a seafarin' man to grow to any good after he settled ashore. Havin' it in ye all the time, you've turned out a little worse than the others, that's all."

Mr. Butts continued on in this strain of insult, having the advantage of position and ammunition and the mind to square old scores. And after a time Cap'n Sproul turned and trudged back across the valley.

There was such ferocity on his face when he sat down by his fire that Hiram Look gulped back the questions that were in his throat. He recognized that it was a crisis, realized that Cap'n Sproul was autocrat and forbore from irritating speech.

By noon the sun shone on Cod Lead wanly between ragged clouds. But its smile did not warm Cap'n Sproul's feelings. Weariness, rheumatism, resentment that became bitterer the more he pondered on the loss of the *Dobson*, and gnawing hunger combined to make a single sentiment of sullen fury; the spectacle of Colonel Ward busy with his scheme of vengeance on the neighboring pinnacle sharpened his anger into something like ferocity.

The wind had died into fitful breaths. The sea still beat furiously on the outer ledges of the island, but in the reach between the island and the distant main there was living chance for a small boat. It was not a chance that unskilful rowers would want to venture upon, but given the right crew, the cap'n reflected that he would be willing to try it.

Evidently Mr. Butts, being an able seaman, was reflecting upon something of the same sort. The Portuguese sailors, the last one of the departing four dodging a kick launched at him by Mr. Butts, went down to the shore, pulled the abandoned dingey upon the sand, and emptied the water out of it. They fished the oars out of the flotsam in the

cove. Then they sat down on the up-turned boat, manifestly under orders and awaiting further commands.

"Then ye're goin' to let 'em do it, be ye?" huskily asked Hiram. "Goin' to let him get to the bank and stop payment on that check? I tell you the boys can get that boat away from 'em! It better be smashed than used to carry Gid Ward off'n this island."

But Cap'n Sproul did not interrupt his bitter ruminations to reply. He merely shot disdainful glance at the Scotaze men, still busy among the muskels.

It was apparent that Mr. Butts had decided that he would feel more at ease upon his pinnacle until the hour arrived for embarkation. In the game of stone-throwing, should Cap'n Sproul accept that gage of battle, the beach was too vulnerable a fortress, and, like a prudent commander, Mr. Butts had sent a forlorn hope onto the firing-line to test conditions. This was all clear to Cap'n Sproul. As to Mr. Butts' exact intentions relative to the process of getting safely away, the cap'n was not so clear.

"Portygees!" he muttered over and over. "There's men that knows winds, tides, rocks, shoals, currents, compass, and riggin' that don't know Portygees. It takes a master mariner to know Portygees. It takes Portygees to know a master mariner. They know the language. They know the style. They get the idee by the way he looks at 'em. It's what he says and the way he says it. Second mates ain' got it. P'raps I ain't got it, after bein' on shore among clodhoppers for two years. But, by Judas Iscarrot, I'm goin' to start in and find out! Portygees! There's Portygees! Here's me that has handled 'em—batted brains into 'em as they've come over the side, one by one, and started 'em goin' like I'd wind up a watch! And a belayin'-pin is the key!"

He arose with great decision, buttoned his jacket, cocked his cap to an angle of authority on his gray hair, and started down the hill toward the boat.

"He's goin' to call in his bunco-men and take that boat," bleated Mr. Butts to Colonel Ward.

"Wild hosses couldn't drag him into a boat again with those human toadstools, and I've heard him swear round here enough to know it," scoffed the colonel. "He's just goin' down to try to wheedle your sailors like he tried to wheedle you, and they're your men and he can't do it."

And in the face of this authority and confidence in the situation Mr. Butts subsided, thankful for an excuse to keep at a respectful distance from Cap'n Aaron Sproul.

That doughty expert on "Portygees" strode past the awed crew with an air that they instinctively recognized as belonging to the quarter-deck. Their meek eyes followed him as he stumped into the swash and kicked up two belaying-pins floating in the debris. He took one in each hand and came back at them on the trot, opening the floodgates of his language. And they instinctively recognized that as quarter-deck, too. They knew that no mere mate could possess that quality of utterance and redundancy of speech.

He had a name for each one as he hit him. It was a game of "Tag, you're it!" that made him master, in that moment of amazement, from the mere suddenness of it. A man with less assurance and slighter knowledge of sailor-man character might have been less abrupt—might have given them a moment in which to reflect. Cap'n Aaron Sproul kept them going—did their thinking for them, dizzied their brains by thwacks of the pins, deafened their ears by his terrific language.

In fifteen seconds they had run the dingey into the surf, had shipped oars, and were lustily pulling away—Cap'n Sproul in the stern roaring abuse at them in a way that drowned the howls of Mr. Butts, who came pelting down the hill.

But Hiram Look was even more nimble than that protesting seaman. Before the little craft was fairly under way he plunged into the surf waist-deep and scrambled over the stern, nearly upsetting the cap'n as he rolled in.

And Imogene, the elephant, a faith-

ful and adoring pachyderm, pursued her lord and master into the sea.

Cap'n Sproul, recovering his balance and resuming his interrupted invective, was startled by the waving of her trunk above his head, and his rowers quit work, squealing with terror, for the huge beast was making evident and desperate attempts to climb on board and join her fleeing owner. It was a rather complicated crisis even for a seaman, accustomed to splitting seconds in his battling with emergencies. An elephant, unusual element in marine considerations, lent the complication.

But the old sea-dog who had so instantly made himself master of men, now made himself master of the situation, before the anxious Imogene had got so much as one big foot over the gunwale. He picked up the late-arriving Jonah, and, in spite of Hiram's kicks and curses, jettisoned him with a splash that shot spray over the pursuing elephant and blinded her eyes.

"Row—row, you blue-faced sons of Gehenna, or she'll eat all four of you!" shrieked the cap'n, and in that moment of stress they rowed! Rowed now not because Cap'n Sproul commanded—nor ceased from rowing because Mr. Butts countermanded. They rowed for their own lives to escape the ravening beast that had chased them into the sea.

Cap'n Sproul, watching his chance, took a small wave after the seventh big roller, let it cuff his bow to starboard, and made for the lee of Cod Lead, rounding the island into the reach. He was safely away, and, gazing into the faces of the Portuguese, he grimly reflected that for impressed men they seemed fully as glad to be away as he. They rowed now without further motion, clucking, each to himself, little prayers for their safe deliverance from the beast.

It was not possible, with safety, to cut across the reach straight for the main, so the cap'n quartered his course before the wind and went swinging down the seas with little chance of coming soon to shore, but confident of his seamanship.

But that seamanship was not suffi-



*Having the two of them before him, with a deck-hand restraining each.*

cient to embolden him into an attempt to dodge a steamer with two masts and a dun funnel that came rolling out from behind Eggmoggin and bore toward him up the reach. He was too old a sailor not to know that she was the patrol cutter of the revenue service; wind and sea forced him to keep on across her bows.

She slowed her engines and swung to give him a lee. Cap'n Sproul swore under his breath, cursed aloud at his patient rowers, and told them to keep on. And when these astonishing tactics of a lonely dingey in a raging sea were observed from the bridge of the cutter, a red-nosed and profane man, who wore

a faded blue cap with peak over one ear, gave orders to lower away a sponson boat, and came himself as coxswain, as though unwilling to defer the time of reckoning with such recalcitrants.

"What billy-be-doozen and thunderation do you mean, you weevil chawers, by not coming alongside when signaled—and us with a dozen wrecks to chase 'longshore?" he demanded, laying officious hand on the tossing gunwale of the dingey.

"We're attendin' strictly to our own business, and the United States Govvment better take pattern and go along and mind its own," retorted Cap'n Sproul, with so little of the spirit of

gratitude that a shipwrecked mariner ought to display that the cutter officer glared at him with deep suspicion.

"What were you mixed up in—mutiny or barratry?" he growled. "We'll find out later. Get in here!"

"This suits me!" said Cap'n Sproul stubbornly.

The next moment he and his Portuguese were yanked over the side of the boat into the life-craft—a dozen sturdy chaps assisting the transfer.

"Let the peapod go afloat," directed the gruff officer. "It's off the *Polyhymnia*—name on the stern-sheets—evidence enough—notice, men!"

"I'm not off the *Polyhymnia*," protested Cap'n Sproul indignantly. "I was goin' along 'tendin' to my own business, and you can't—"

"Business?" sneered the man of the faded blue cap. "I thought you were out for a pleasure sail! You shut up!" he snapped, checking further complaints from the cap'n. "If you've got a story that will fit in with your crazyman actions, then you can wait and tell it to the court. As for me, I believe you're a gang of mutineers!" And after that bit of insolence the cap'n was indignantly silent.

The cutter jingled her full-speed bell while the tackle was still lifting the sponson boat.

"Ask those men if they know anything about the beacon-fires on Cod Lead Nubble," shouted a man from the bridge.

"They're ugly, and are hiding something," called the man of the faded cap, swinging up the bridge-ladder. "No good to pump more lies out of them. We'll go there, and we'll get there before we can ask questions and get straight replies."

Cap'n Sproul, left alone on the cutter's deck, took out his big wallet, abstracted that fifteen-thousand-dollar check signed by Gideon Ward, and seemed about to fling it into the sea.

"Talk about your hoodoos!" he gritted. "Talk about your banana skins of Tophet! Twice I've slipped up on it and struck that infernal island. Even

his name written on a piece of paper is a cuss to the man that lugs it!"

But after half second thought, he put the check back into his wallet and the wallet into his breast pocket, and buttoned his coat securely. And the set of his jaws and the wrinkling of his forehead showed that the duel between him and Colonel Ward was not yet over.

As the steamer with the dun smoke-stack approached Cod Lead he noted sourly the frantic signalings of the marooned. He leaned on the rail and watched the departure of the officer of the faded blue cap with his crew of the sponson boat. He observed the details of the animated meeting of the rescuers and the rescued. Without great astonishment he saw that Hiram, of all the others, remained on shore, leaning disconsolately against the protecting bulk of Imogene.

"It's most a wonder he didn't try to load that infernal elephant onto that life-boat," he muttered. "If I couldn't travel through life without bein' tagged by an old gob of meat of that size, I'd hire a museum and settle down in it."

Cap'n Sproul, still leaning on the rail, paid no attention to the snort that Colonel Ward emitted as he passed on his way to the security of the steamer's deck. He resolutely avoided the reproachful starings of the members of the Scotaze fire department as they struggled on board. Mr. Butts came last and attempted to say something, but retreated promptly before the cap'n's fiendish snarl and clicking teeth.

"That man, there, with the elephant says he can't leave her," reported Faded Cap to the wondering group on the bridge.

"A United States cutter ain't set out to collect menageries accompanied by dry-nurses," stated the commander. "What is this job-lot, anyway, a circus in distress?"

"Says the elephant can swim out if we'll rig a tackle and hoist her on board. Says elephant is used to it."

Something in the loneliness of the deserted two on Cod Lead must have appealed to the commander. He was profane about it, and talked about ele-

phants and men who owned them in a way that struck an answering chord in the cap'n's breast. But he finally gave orders for the embarkation of Imogene, and after much more profanity and more slurs which Hiram was obliged to stand on deck and listen to meekly, the task was accomplished, and the cutter proceeded on her way along coast or further errands of mercy.

And then the cap'n turned and gazed on Hiram, and the showman gazed on the cap'n. The latter spoke first.

"Hiram," he said, "it ain't best for you and me to talk this thing over, just as it stands now—not till we get jack to Scotaze and set down on my front piazza. Pr'aps things won't look so skeow-wowed then to us as they do now. We won't talk till then."

But the captain of the cutter was not as liberal-minded. In the process of preparing his report he attempted to interview both the cap'n and Colonel Ward at the same time in his cabin, and at the height of the riot of recriminations that ensued was obliged to call in some deck-hands and have both ejected. Then he listened to them separately with increasing interest.

"When you brought this family fight down here to sprinkle salt water on it," he said at last, having the two of them before him, with a deck-hand restraining each, "you didn't get it preserved well enough to keep it from smelling. I don't reckon I'll stir it. It don't seem to be a marine disaster. The United States Government has got other things to attend to just now besides settling it. Listen!"

He held up a gnarled forefinger.

"Scotaze isn't so far away from the seashore but what I've had plenty of chances to hear of Colonel Gideon Ward and his general dealings with his neighbors. For myself, I'd rather have less money and a reputation that didn't spread quite so far over the edges. As for you, Cap'n Sproul, as a seaman I can sympathize with you about getting cheated by land pirates in that timberland deal and in other things. But as a representative of the government I'm not going to help you make good to the

extent of fifteen thousand dollars on a hole and a Cap Kidd treasure fake. Hands off for me, seeing that it's a matter strictly in the family! This cutter is due to round to in Portland harbor to-morrow morning a little after nine o'clock. I'll send the two of you in my gig to Commercial Wharf, see that both are landed at the same time, and then—well"—the captain turned quizzical gaze from one to the other with full appreciation of the situation—"it then depends on what you do, each of you, and how quick you do it."

The cap'n walked out of the room, his hand on his breast pocket. Colonel Ward followed, closing and unclosing his long fingers as if his hands itched to get at that pocket.

At the first peep of dawn Cap'n Aaron Sproul was posted at the cutter's fore windlass, eyes straight ahead on the nick in the low, blue line of coast that marked the harbor's entrance. His air and attitude were that of a man whose anxiety could not tolerate any post except the forepeak. And to him there came Hiram Look with tremulous eagerness in his voice and the weight of a secret in his soul.

"I heard him and Butts talkin' last night, Cap'n Aaron," he announced. "It was Butts that thought of it first."

"Thought of what first?" demanded the cap'n apprehensively.

"The telefoam. 'Run into the first place and grab a telefoam,' says Butts. 'Telefoam 'em at the bank to stop payment. It will take him ten minutes to run up from the wharf. Let him think you're right behind him. He's got to go to the bank,' says Butts. 'He can't telefoam 'em to pay the check.'"

The cap'n's hand dropped dispiritedly from his clutch at his pocket.

"I knowed something would stop me," he mourned. "The whole plot is a hoodoo. There I was, fired back twice onto Cod Lead! Here he is, landin' the same time as I do! And when he stops that check it throws it into law—and I've got the laborin'-oar."

"It ain't throwed into law yet, and you ain't got no laborin'-oar," cried Hiram, with a chuckle that astonished

the despondent cap'n. "He can't tele-foam!"

"Can't what?"

"Why, stayin' out in that rain-storm has give him the most jeeroosly cold there's been sence Aunt Jerushy recommended thoroughwort tea! It's right in his thro't, and he ain't got so much voice left as wind blowing acrost a bottle. Can't make a sound! The bank folks ain't goin' to take any one's say-so for him. Not against a man like you that's got thutty thousand dollars in the same bank, and that they know. By the time he got it explained to any one so that they'd mix in, you can be at the bank and have it all done."

"Well, he ain't got cold in his legs, has he?" demanded the cap'n, failing to warm to Hiram's enthusiasm. "It stands jest where it has been standin'.

There ain't no reason why he can't get to that bank as quick as I can. Yes, quicker! I ain't built up like an ostrich, the way he is."

"Well," remarked Hiram, after a time, "a fair show and an even start is more'n most folks get in this life—and you've got that. The boss of this boat is goin' to give you that much. And he's too much of an old pine knot to let either you or Gid Ward change his mind. So all you can do is to take

what's given you and do the best you can. And all I can do is stay back here and sweat blood and say the only prayer that I know, which is 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

And after this bit of consolation he went back amidships to comfort the hungry Imogene, who had been unable to find much in the cuisine of a revenue cutter that would satisfy the appetite of elephants.

At half-past nine in the forenoon the cutter swept past Bug Light and into the inner harbor. Hardly had the steamer swung with the tide at her anchorage before the captain's gig was proceeding briskly toward Commercial Wharf, two men rowing and the man of the faded blue cap at the helm. The antagonists in the strange duello sat back to back, astraddle a seat. At this hateful con-



*By an entirely natural order of events he ran into a policeman.*

tact their hair seemed fairly to bristle.

"Now, gents," said Faded Cap, as they approached the wharf, "the skipper said he wanted fair play. No scrougin' to get out onto the ladder first. I'm goin' to land at the double ladder at the end of the wharf, and there's room for both of you. I'll say 'Now!' and then you start."

"You fellers are gettin' a good deal of fun out this thing," barked Cap'n Sproul angrily, "but don't you think I

don't know it and resent it. Now, don't you talk to me like you were startin' a foot-race!"

"What is it, if it ain't a foot-race?" inquired Faded Cap calmly. "They don't have hacks or trolley-cars on that wharf, and you'll either have to run or fly, and I don't see any signs of wings on you."

Colonel Ward did not join in this remonstrance. He only worked his jaws and uttered a few croaks.

When the gig surged to the foot of the ladder, Colonel Ward attempted a desperate play, and an unfair one. He was on the outside, and leaped up, stepped on Cap'n Sproul, and sprang for the ladder. The cap'n was quick enough to grab his legs, yank him back into the boat, and mount over him in his turn. The man of the faded cap was nearly stunned by Ward falling on him, and the rowers lost their oars.

When the colonel had untangled himself from the indignant seamen and had escaped up the ladder, Cap'n Sproul was pelting up the wharf at a most amazing clip, considering his short legs. Before Ward had fairly gathered himself for the chase his check and the man bearing it had disappeared around a corner into the street.

But the squat and stubby old sailor stood little show in a foot-race with his gaunt and sinewy adversary. It was undoubtedly Colonel Ward's knowledge of this that led him to make the race the test of victory instead of depending on an interpreter over the telephone. A little more than a block from the wharf lane he came up with and passed his adversary. Men running for trolley-cars and steamboats were common enough on the busy thoroughfare, and people merely made way for the sprinters.

But when Colonel Ward was a few lengths ahead of the cap'n, the latter made use of an expedient that the voiceless colonel could not have employed, even if he had thought of it.

With all the force of his seaman's lungs he bellowed: "Stop thief!" and pounded on behind, reiterating the cry vociferously. At first he had the pur-

suit all to himself, for bystanders merely ducked to one side. But earnest repetition compels attention, and attention arouses interest, and interest provokes zeal. In a little while a dozen men were chasing the colonel, and when that gentleman went lashing around the corner into Congress Street he—by an entirely natural order of events—ran into a policeman, for the policeman was running in the opposite direction to discover what all that approaching hullabaloo was about.

Cap'n Sproul, prudently on the outskirts of the gathering crowd, noted with rising hope that the policeman and the colonel were rolling over each other on the ground, and that even when officious hands had separated them the facial contortions of the voiceless tyrant of Scotaze were not making any favorable impression on the offended blue-coat.

Cap'n Sproul started away for the bank at a trot. But he began to walk when he heard the policeman shout: "Aw, there's enough of ye'r moonkey faces at me. Yez will coome along to th' station and talk it on yer fingers to th' marshal!"

At the bank door the cap'n halted, wiped his face, composed his features, set on his cap at an entirely self-possessed angle, and then marched in to the wicket.

"Will you have this transferred to your account, Captain Sproul?" inquired the teller, with the deference due to a good customer.

The cap'n anxiously bent a stubbed finger around a bar of the grating. Sudden anxiety as to leaving the money there beset him. After his perils and his toils he wanted to feel that cash—to realize that he had actually cashed in that hateful check.

"I'll take the real plasters," he said huskily; "big ones as you've got. I—I want to pay for some vessel property!" he reflected that the few hundreds that the loss of the ancient *Dobson* called for lifted this statement out of the cheap level of prevarication.

When he hurried out of the bank with various thick packets stowed about

his person, he headed a straight course for the police-station.

In the marshal's office he found Colonel Gideon Ward, voiceless, frantic, trembling—licking at the point of a stubby lead-pencil that had been shoved into his grasp, and trying to compose himself enough to write out some of the information about himself, with which he was bursting.

"There ain't no call for this man to write out the story of his life," declared Cap'n Sproul, with an authority in his tones and positiveness in his manner that did not fail to impress the marshal. "He is my brother-in-law, he is Colonel Gideon Ward, of Scotaze, a man wuth more'n a hundred thousand dollars, and any one that accuses him of bein' a thief is a liar, and I stand here to prove it." And to think there was no one present except the colonel to appreciate the cryptic humor of that remark!

The cap'n avoided the demoniac gaze that Ward bent on him, and disregarded the workings of that speechless mouth. Sproul shoved his hand deep into his trousers pocket and pulled out a roll of bills on which the teller's tape had not been broken. At this sight the colonel staggered to his feet.

"Here!" cried the cap'n, shoving money into the hand of the officer who had made the arrest. "There's something to pay for your muddy clothes: Now you'd better go out and find the man that started all this touse about a leadin' citizen. I'll sue this city as a

relative of his if you don't let him go this minute."

And they let him go, with an apology that Colonel Ward treated with perfectly insulting contempt.

Cap'n Sproul faced him on the street outside the prison, standing prudently at guard, for he perfectly realized that just at that moment Colonel Gideon Ward had all the attributes of a lunatic.

"You can see it bulgin' all over me," said the cap'n, "all tied up in bundles. I don't say my way was the best way to get it. But I've got it. I suppose I might have gone to law to get it, but that ain't my way. Of course you can go to law to get it back, but for reasons that you know just as well as I I'd advise you not to—and that advice don't cost you a cent."

For a full minute Colonel Ward stood before him and writhed his gaunt form and twisted his blue lips and wagged his bony jaws. But not a sound could he utter. Then he whirled and signale a trolley-car and climbed on board. With intense satisfaction the cap'n noted that the car was marked "Union Station."

"Well, home is the best place for him," muttered the cap'n; "home and a flaxseed poultice on his chist and complete rest of mind and body. Now I'll settle for that schooner, hunt up Hime Look and that pertickler and admirin' friend of his, that infernal elephant, and then I reckon I'll—eraow-w-w!" he yawned. "I'll go home and rest up a little, too."



### Stoicism

THE Lady Stoic was almost satisfied with her handiwork. She had labored all summer with her band of reluctant pupils, and now she could say, with some degree of truth, a few of them fathomed the depths of her teachings.

One morning she spied Rastus on the wood-pile, whittling. Grimly adjusting her gold-rimmed spectacles, she bore down upon her prey.

There was a quick movement on his part, and the lady's stoical heart warmed to note a stifled cry—then an expression of resignation on the black face of her disciple.

She conversed learnedly for some time, wringing replies from the child, then in a lighter tone she asked: "And what have you in that rag, my boy?"

"Hit's mah thumb," answered the Young Idea. "I was trying to run when I seen you comin', an' I jumped so I cut hit off!"



# THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. COOPER

WHAT surprised the out-of-town girl most, when she visited New York in November, was the special attention given to horses. Not the ordinary ones, to be sure, but the blue-ribbon horses that were looking forward to receiving more honors in a short while. Everything seemed to point to the horse and the Horse Show so soon to take place. The shops, with one accord, were exhibiting whole windows full of horse-show novelties and articles of wearing-apparel designed especially for the week at Madison Square Garden. Not one item seemed to be neglected. There was everything that a woman could wish or hope to wear, morning, afternoon, and evening, and such wonderful displays they were. Jewelers and silversmiths seemed to vie with the large shops in creating novelties to be used and worn at the show; indeed, the great metropolis appeared to have gone "horse mad."

The very newest of new designs in gowns and hats are always shown first at the Horse Show. Frequently foreign ideas used there by the most fashionable women are in advance of anything sold in New York, and it is for this reason that dressmakers and milliners from far and near come to New York's Horse Show. They see the most beautifully gowned women in the world at such close range that the minute details in each costume may be noted.

The out-of-town girl, being on the lookout for something new, had many

opportunities for gratifying her desires. One thing she learned was that the New York girl no longer called her fall cheviot and flannel blouses "shirt-waists." At present they are known as "women's flannel shirts." Not a very pleasing name, when one considers the smartness of these garments; but flannel shirts they are, nevertheless.

The loveliest French woollens and soft chevots imaginable were used for these very plain shirts. Not a particle of fulness was seen at the neck in front and only the slightest suggestion of gathers in the back at the belt. The mannish pockets had pointed laps that buttoned over, and the straight cuffs on the shirt-sleeve were fastened with link-buttons. The collars were of self-fabric and jaunty little bow-ties were used instead of cravats. The shirts did not blouse at all, but were drawn down quite closely in front. With them were worn "Fluffy Ruffles" belts, severe bands of heavy corded ribbon and leather, with several slides of dull gilt or silver and plain buckles in front. There was nothing fluffy about the belts, although they were named after that most popular Herald Square maiden.

Horse Show hats were divided into three distinct classes to be worn morning, afternoon, and evening. The New York girl who dresses well never makes such a mistake as to wear an afternoon hat in the morning, or long, sweeping plumes on a hat to accompany a tailored gown.



One of the new flannel shirts and a "Fluffy Ruffles" belt.

One feature of the plain hats was the yards and yards of silk used for trimming. The silk was cut in strips from four to seven inches wide and narrow hems stitched on each edge. Very heavy taffeta was used, because these strips were manipulated like ribbon and tied in stiff-looking bows and rosettes. One large bow with ends that passed around the crown and crossed at the back or side was sufficient trimming for a tailored hat. The edge of the hat was bound with silk, and huge hat-pins of colored jade, carved ivory, bronze, or dull silver were used to hold it securely in place. These pins were so very large that tiny gold chains with safety-pins to match anchored them to the hats.

One thing that the out-of-town girl noticed particularly in the afternoon hats was the manner in which all the trimming was massed at one point, the rest of the hat remaining absolutely bare. This was true of a dark-blue felt, having a huge gouras aigrette in peacock colorings directly in front. At the center of the aigrette, which looked like an enormous bird, was a blue silk rose, fully five inches in diameter. Black satin hats for evening were trimmed with long black, blue, or white uncurled ostrich-plumes, which often hung well over the shoulders at the back and were delightfully picturesque.

One of the most remarkable creations which rather startled the out-of-town girl was worn by a woman whose hair was almost white. At the back were long coils of gray chiffon that hung over the hair and matched it in color. It looked just as if her coiffure had become disarranged and was tumbling down. Although this was an entirely new under-

brim effect, the out-of-town girl decided not to copy it.

A green hat was trimmed with ribbon and quills having clever little wheels of soft blue taffeta applied in the center, looking somewhat like the eyes in peacock-feathers.

A Horse Show novelty worthy of her

chains were the New York girl's scent-bottle, pencil, memorandum, tablet, book of powdered tissue, change-case, and a queer-looking filigree gold eye-glass case. Unusual taste she thought to carry all of these articles hanging from one's thumb-ring, but an expensive fad, nevertheless.



*Some of the new winter hats.*

special attention was the thumb chatelaine. The out-of-town girl thought it was being carried because the belt-catch was broken, but discovered her mistake when she came to examine it more closely. Quite a large and heavy gold ring worn over the thumb (on the outside of the glove) had little rings on the side half-way around. From each ring fell a fine gold chain. Attached to these

An exquisite evening cloak, in kimono style, was made of Copenhagen blue chiffon velvet and lined with white brocade flowered in silver roses. The cloak was edged with braiding in broad bands. Of course, this was far beyond the reach of the out-of-town girl; in fact, the price of the garment even surprised her New York friend.

The amiable modiste who imported it, however, suggested that the girls try to make cloaks in the same style; for, she said, they were the easiest thing in the world to do.

"Just take a strip of broadcloth three yards long and dash it half-way up the center for the front opening. Cut out a circle for the neck, size about sixteen inches in circumference, and line the whole cloak with inexpensive satin or silk. The edges may be finished with lace, ruchings of chiffon, or bands of fur. If you do not care to have the side seams open all the way up, it is an excellent plan to close them with silk loops over crochet buttons at the hips and about ten inches below."

And that was the simple way this elaborate wrap could be copied at slight cost.

The distinctive touch of black was shown in many of the gowns. One waist of chiffon cloth, in such a deep shade of cream that it resembled canary-color, was trimmed with bands of tucked filet net dyed to match. The net was slashed at regular intervals under the tucks, and broad black velvet ribbon run through the slashes. It was tied in flat bows back and front, and the long ends, which reached almost to the knee, gave a suggestion of the Empire effect. Bows on the sleeves were made to correspond with the larger ones.

It took just three-quarters of a yard of black velvet ribbon an inch wide to make a smart-looking neck-trimming to wear in place of the conventional tie. A band of the ribbon four inches long had a bow tied at each end. The bows looked somewhat like rosettes, each having three loops and a mitered end. It was held in place by a huge rhinestone horse-shoe at the center and two tiny stick-pins at the ends of the bows.

A distinctive little touch was given to several blouses, in different colors, by wearing a strip of half-inch wide black velvet ribbon around the base of the collar and crossing it in front, the ends being about two inches long. This gave a good background for a handsome pendant or brooch.



*A group of Horse Show novelties.*

In some cases the conventional fan-chain was substituted by three strands of black velvet baby-ribbon caught at intervals by large pink silk roses. The fan was of pink silk and the edges frilled to look like a rose when the fan was closed. In one remarkable chain the strands of velvet were caught with six hand-painted porcelain butterflies in exquisite and natural colorings.

Fashion-writers and professional hu-

morists are to a large extent responsible for the general impression that women pay exorbitant prices for their hats. Be that as it may, a New York

girl has taught her sisters at home and out of town, too, that one season's wear does not rob a white leg-horn hat of its usefulness. At a tea given for the out-of-town girl the centerpiece was a leg-horn hat which had done service all summer as a head-covering. It was painted a delicate shade of green and placed on the table with a crown as a base. A round, flat dish inside the crown was filled with grapes which were shaded from deep purple to white. The fruit hung gracefully over the undulated brim, and fine asparagus vine, which was mingled with the grapes, trailed over the table between the silver and brilliant cut glass.

At Thanksgiving-time New York prepared to pay homage to the Football Man. The return of the college boys for their first holiday was heralded by an unusual display of red, blue, orange, and black in the smart haberdashers, and chrysanthemums seemed to be the only blossoms that florists had to show.

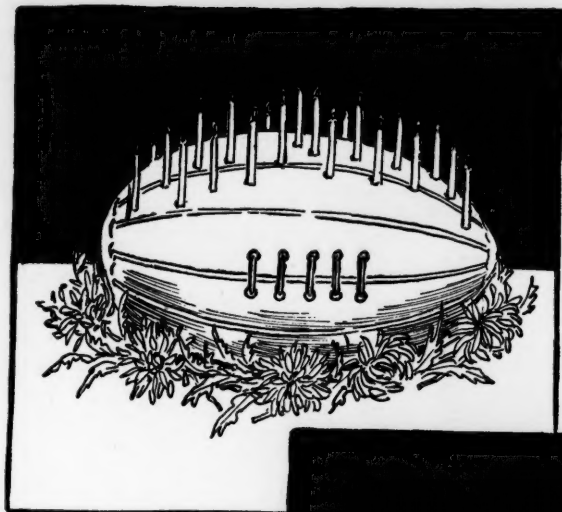
There was quite a commotion in the great New York house when invitations were received for a Football Birthday Party, because it was known that only twenty-four would attend.

There were the necessary two elevens (one of boys and another of girls), and the two line-men were represented by the chaperon and her husband. As no decision on the game (or games) was anticipated, the referee would have been superfluous. Supper was served at six small tables, and the football was decidedly in evidence. Instead of the usual centerpiece each table had a football with twenty small candles in it. The question was as to what held these candles in place. Each ball had been unlaced and the rubber inside removed.

Then the leather cover was filled with sand and laced up again. Holes were afterward cut in the top, and the candles inserted, the sand holding them firmly. The favors were porcelain and minia-



*A one-piece opera cloak in kimono effect.*



ture reproductions of footballs. The girls' favors were filled with cunning little candy pebbles that looked as if they had just been picked up at the seashore. Matches were placed in the boxes intended for the young men of the party, but they too, were of candy. It was an easy matter to replace them with more useful ones later.

At this party the out-of-town girl had an opportunity of seeing some more charming gowns and any number of new "fads." One girl wore her dark hair in a low, loose coil. Across her head was a broad band of burnished gold. At one end was a golden rose and opposite it was a rosette of pale blue velvet which rested on the hair. This band was held in place by a strong and invisible elastic which passed under the coil.

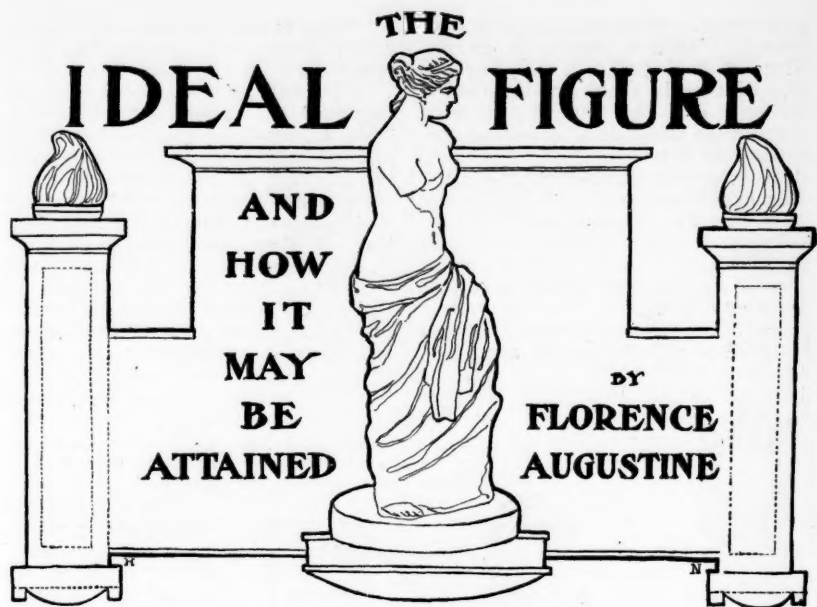
To take the place of the chiffon veil

for a head-drapery was a white silk grenadine scarf about three-quarters of a yard wide and three yards in length. Along the edges, and woven into the fabric, were two, inch-wide bands of pale-pink silk; four similar bands finished the ends. The out-of-town girl discovered that these scarfs were woven like any fabric and cut in two and a half and three-yard lengths.



*Small candles were placed in this sand-filled football, and the hat full of grapes was used as a center-piece.*

The chaperon wore over her dinner-gown a light and airy neckpiece worthy of note. It was of pale-gray accordion-plaited chiffon, shaped like a pelerine with a shallow shoulder-cape and long ends. Around the edges of the cape and ends were narrow bands of ostrich-feather trimming, which has just enough body to hold the chiffon out a trifle.



BEING A FURTHER STEP IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE  
DAINTY BEAUTY

*How slender Polly Pennypacker sought the boon of plumpness, and how her too, too solid friend, Bessie Bump, joined the quest for the opposite goal.*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

IT was some six weeks after Polly had given herself into the capable hands of the pretty lady doctor to be made over into a good-looking girl, and when she had begun to show distinct signs of improvement, that the conversation turned, one day, on the American ideal of a perfect feminine form.

Polly's bosom friend, Bessie Bump—a maiden, fair, fat, and twenty—who had been a daily visitor at the lectures and had absorbed in her phlegmatic way some of Polly's enthusiasm for physical culture, now looked at her plump arms in mild despair and declared that *all* the styles nowadays were made to favor thin people.

"Except elbow sleeves and low necks," demurred Polly dismally.

"Oh, well, you don't wear those often enough to worry about," said Bessie. "And what if you *do* have a plump neck and shoulders, you usually pay for it by having a double chin and a fat face!"

"Yes," pursued Polly, "and a small waist usually goes with toothpick arms!" She surveyed her own puny members sadly. "Was there ever anybody who had all the beauty attributes?"

"Certainly not to-day," affirmed the beauty doctor, laughing. "The demands of the modern Venus are nothing if not paradoxical. The classical beauty of antiquity with a twenty-nine-inch waist

would be only a frump in an up-to-date costume. What is wanted to carry a Fifth-Avenue-built gown with any degree of tone is a nineteen-inch waist, swelling into a thirty-eight bust, bounded by Herculean shoulders, tapering into Sylphlike hips. It is ridiculous to expect that women can have their flesh distributed in such proportions, but that does not prevent every mother's daughter of them seeking to accomplish the feat. And who can blame them?" she finished, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. The doctor was a sane little person, and could give even the devil of silly fashion his due.

"What, in your opinion, are really the correct proportions for the ideal feminine figure?" Polly asked.

"I can only give you Greek measurements for that," answered the little lady. "And those call for a full-grown height of five feet five inches; a waist of twenty-seven inches, and a bust measurement *under* the arms of thirty-four. The measurement *over* the arms around the bust should be forty-three inches, and the circumference of the upper arm thirteen inches. The circumference of the wrist should be six inches; of the thigh, twenty-five; of the calf of the leg, fourteen and a half; and of the ankle, eight."

"I can meet *some* of those," grinned Bessie delightedly. "How much does she weigh?"

"One hundred and thirty-eight pounds," declared the doctor.

"I am some too spare," mocked Bessie wickedly. "Do you know," she rippled, "our cook has been taking one of those anti-fat remedies advertised in the *Sentinel*, and she gave me some to try."

The doctor looked at the girl gravely. "If you are wise," she said, "you will leave things like that alone. Most patent anti-fat medicines contain enormous amounts of heart stimulants, and are as dangerous as they are silly."

"Well, it's an easy way to get thin, anyway," admitted Bessie, only half-convinced. "I don't want to go sprinting upstairs twenty times a day just to lose a half-pound."



"GO SPRINTING UP AND DOWN STAIRS TWENTY TIMES A DAY JUST TO LOSE A HALF-POUND"

"That's exactly the reason you are fat," sneered the doctor, leveling no little scorn at the placid, cowlike beauty. "If you were not so lazy, and if Polly were not so fussy, you both would even up nearer the beauty-line."

"Fatness and thinness are matters of individual temperament, almost entirely," she continued, warming to her subject, as the girls settled themselves for the accustomed lecture. "Of course, it does mean something, that your mother and your grandmother before you were inclined to heftiness or to paucity of outline, but it is far more significant that you yourself are determined to make a gentle siesta out of life or a West India hurricane."

"Here is Polly running up and downstairs fifty times a day to 'see about' things that don't need seeing about at all; screaming out her orders, instead of speaking them in a moderate tone; fuming over trifles that couldn't harm a fly; taking on other people's troubles; anticipating disasters that never come; bolting her food as if she were late to a funeral; snatching a few hours of sleep merely because she has to; getting up before the cock crows—possibly to be sure that he 'crows right'—altogether, dissipating enough energy to build another pyramid of Cheops, if it were necessary, and so disappointing nature in her very honest desire to put some curves onto her that it is no wonder if nature gives up and leaves her to become a lean, scrawny, high-tempered, incompatible, unlovable old maid."

"On the other hand, here is Bessie, satisfied to sit in a rocking-chair and let the world pass in review, while she nibbles chocolate creams and dreams of



"BOLTING HER FOOD AS IF SHE WERE LATE TO A FUNERAL"

the future. She sleeps fourteen out of the twenty-four—don't you?"

—Bessie nodded—"she eats all day long, between meals and before breakfast. She dotes on cream, she loves milk, and she swamps everything in sugar. She doesn't move unless she has to, and she wouldn't worry about the biggest or smallest catastrophe that crossed her limited horizon."

"If girls like Polly could learn

to take things slowly, to hurry with their muscles and not with their nerves, to sleep peacefully, and to eat quietly, they might have some hopes of attaining flesh, but, as it is, they usually undertake their cures with the same vehemence that they undertake everything else, and defeat their purpose by the very ardor of the pursuit.

"Girls like Bessie are not very anxious to pursue anything. If they could pick it off a tree or have it sail down ripe in a basket, slimness would be a welcome acquisition, but to work for it—to deny oneself chocolate creams for it—why, how silly! Some of them have been known to strive pathetically for several days, giving up bread—which they really *didn't* like—for reams of matzoths—unleavened bread—which might satisfy but not amplify; abstaining from water—which they never really could relish—cutting down on butter—it never had much taste, anyhow!—on meat, on potatoes, and on sugar, until, indeed, there were signs of starvation; then, suddenly, flopping ignominiously; devouring ravenously five pounds of Huyler's, calling weakly for cream-puffs, for chocolate éclairs—oh, for anything to stop this craving!—and being surprised at the *increase* in flesh."

The doctor stopped. She regarded the two girls with a smile. They were impressed, but not in the way that she had expected.

"We are *not* like that," said Polly disgustedly. "You give us a chance, and we'll show you."

"Good!" said the doctor briskly. "I believe you will."

"There are four points of attack," the doctor explained, with military directness, "by which the ideal figure may be approached. The first thing of importance is *poise*. You have been learning how to get that perfect con-

trol of the muscles by deep breathing and by exercise. The next thing is *diet*; and this, if severely practised, should be done only under the direction of a competent physician. The third is *exercise*—special exercises—accompanied by the necessary amount of rest, massage, and bathing. The last is *dress*; and perhaps this is the most important and least understood of all. Certainly, much can be achieved in covering unsightly deficiencies of figure by a proper disposition of lines, patterns, and colors.

"As for a correct diet for the fat or the thin person to follow, it is manifestly a difficult, as well as a dangerous, thing to prescribe exactly. To say positively that milk will make you fat, or that pickles will make you thin, is absurd. Milk may be the one thing that a thin person *cannot* digest, while pickles may supply the very acid she needs to promote digestion. Likewise, to advise the fat person to abjure fats and to abstain from water-drinking at meals is questionable. Some fats are required to aid digestion, and dry food is a very bad thing for any one with a tendency to gout or rheumatism. The only final test, therefore, is the individual's own stomach; and you should be able soon, after a careful watching of yourself, to recognize the special foods that increase or reduce your weight.

"If the general health is good, some broad, main principles may be laid down.

"The girl who wants to reduce her weight should avoid all sweets, starches, and fats; all fluids with meals, all alcoholic beverages. She should cut out all kinds of soups and desserts; milk, cream, and potatoes; all juicy



"SATISFIED TO SIT IN A ROCKING-CHAIR AND LET THE WORLD PASS IN REVIEW, WHILE SHE NIBBLES CHOCOLATE CREAMS AND DREAMS OF THE FUTURE"



"WHAT THE THIN GIRL NEEDS MOST OF ALL IS SLEEP"

fruits and vegetables, such as tomatoes, watermelons, and cantaloupes. Candy, of course, must be eschewed, absolutely. This leaves—what?

"For breakfast, some fruits—apples, bananas, plums—a chop or a couple of soft-boiled eggs, or bacon, or fish, and some thoroughly toasted bread. For luncheon and dinner, any kind of lean meat, as well as game, poultry, and fish, may be eaten. Salts and the vegetables that grow above ground are good. Gluten bread is better than wheat bread; but hot biscuits should not be touched. Indulgence between meals is absolutely forbidden. Cold water, or a little hot water with lemon a half-hour before meals, is excellent.

"Whether one is reducing or not, copious drinking of cold water between meals is indispensable for regulating the system. It is easy to form the water-drinking habit. A big drink of cold water on rising, before retiring, midway between breakfast and lunch, and again between lunch and dinner, is the best 'tonic' any one can take.

"As a general thing, the fat girl eats

too much. She will deny this, of course. She invariably thinks she has a small appetite. All the same, if she would by cutting down gradually—one helping, instead of two, at each meal—she would find she could satisfy hunger quite as easily, and not have a burden of superfluous food, which requires tremendous exertion to burn up.

"The trouble with the thin girl, usually, is indigestion. It may come from a variety of causes. Bad cooking is a universal cause. Canned goods, which are in such general use throughout the rural districts and in cheap city boarding-houses, are a gigantic cause. If the thin girl could follow a simple diet of well-cooked, wholesome food, carefully grouped as to kinds, eaten slowly, and accompanied by generous amounts of olive-oil, milk, and water, she *ought* to get fat. The trouble, sometimes, with a weak stomach is the combination of foods that go into it at one meal. It may be found advisable to eat cereals and vegetables at one meal and meat at another. Thus the foods that need the longest time for assimilation and involve

the same organs in the process may not be thrust upon the stomach in too large quantities at the same time.

"The thin girl should eat freely of the foods that build tissue; all cereals, wheat, barley, rice, corn; all starchy foods, if well cooked, beans, peas, sweet and Irish potatoes, cooked bananas; fat meats and butter; soups; sirups, honey, and simple desserts. Nuts and cheese are nutritious if they can be digested, but they are heavy and rich, as are also cocoa and chocolate, which should be taken only if absolutely agreeable to the stomach. Acids and condiments—high seasoning—should be avoided. 'Pepper,' says an old Spanish proverb, 'helps a well man on his horse and a sick man to his grave.'

"For breakfast, therefore, the thin girl may have fruit, cereal with cream, toast, and a glass of milk. For lunch, she may have milk again, a clear soup, baked potatoes, an omelette, and stewed fruit. For dinner she may have rare beefsteak or roast beef, carrots, beets, egg-plant—any fresh vegetable in season (reject the canned ones)—any dessert that is not heavy pastry, and coffee without sugar.

"Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon mastication. Some famous dietician has said that each mouthful requires thirty chews. If we were doomed to the penal occupation of having to count each munch, life would hardly be worth the living, but any one, once experimenting, may get a fair idea of the time that food should remain in the mouth before swallowing. This is one function in which neither the fat girl nor the thin girl should hurry.

"For the fat girl, however, it is one of the rare occasions. For the great secret of reducing flesh is to keep moving. Get up early in the morning and keep moving until you go to bed at night. Seven hours of sleep are ample for the fat girl. And it is best that you take off the extra hours in the morning instead of at night, remembering that the hours before midnight are the 'beauty sleep.' Force yourself to get out of bed as soon as you wake up;

take a cold plunge-bath and rub down with a coarse towel; then take your breathing-exercises and your running-exercises.

"Virtually, any kind of exercises are valuable in reducing weight, but some are more effective than others, and the following special movements, given by Doctor Emma E. Walker, of New York, are designed to reduce superfluous fat:

"To reduce the abdomen:

(i) Lying flat on the back, slowly raise both legs to a perpendicular position; hold for a minute, and slowly lower them. Repeat three times and rest. Repeat again three times and rest. Do not continue long enough to strain the back.

(ii) Lying flat on the back, with the heels on the floor, rise to a sitting-position with the arms crossed over the chest. Repeat and alternate by clasping hands at the back of the neck in rising, thus increasing the difficulty of the pull.

(iii) Standing, clasp hands over abdomen; contract muscles of abdomen suddenly, without raising chest; let go as suddenly. Repeat several times and rest by breathing slowly and deeply.

(iv) Same position as iii, with muscles of abdomen contracted, bend side-wise at hips six or eight times in succession, keeping muscles contracted while bending.

"To reduce the hips:

(i) Standing erect, bring knees alternately up to the chest. A stick across the knee may be used to assist this movement.

(ii) Standing, hands on hips, raise foot, knee bent; kick to the side suddenly and high; assume position and repeat.

(iii) Extending body lengthwise, raise and support its weight entirely on right hand and right foot while left hand rests on left hip and left foot rests against right foot. Raise and lower body thus several times; then reverse position to other side and repeat.

"To reduce a double chin:

(i) Stretch the head as far as possible, first to one side, then to the other;

then back, then forward. Repeat frequently.

"To reduce a fat back:

(i) Hold a stick with both hands behind the shoulders; raise it; lower it; twist and turn and swing it, but keep it always back of the shoulders.

"All these exercises may be rendered more effective by inducing profuse perspiration during the operation by wearing rubber garments, or by swathing the overdeveloped parts in flannel, and by drinking hot water.



"ANY CHORUS GIRL CAN HAVE A 'SHAPE'."

"The thin girl needs exercise as well as the fat girl. Where the fat girl needs to reduce, the thin girl needs to develop. Where the fat girl needs to burn up waste matter, the thin girl needs to put herself in a condition to assimilate more nourishment. In the case of the thin girl, no exercise should be violent, though all movements should be gently continuous. It is better to choose a few simple movements and to practise them a little every day than to attempt a variety of gymnastics spasmodically.

"One of the first places the thin girl needs to develop is the neck. A puny neck and a thin face 'give one away' sooner than anything else. Begin, therefore, on the neck—to cover those unsightly bones and to fill out the hollows. Every night try the following exercise:

"Laying the right side of the head in the palm of the right hand, move the head slowly toward the shoulder, resisting the movement with the force of the hand. Come back to position, resisting the movement of the hand by the force of the head. Repeat, moving head to the left. A strong tension will be felt on the muscles of the neck and back.

"Similarly, move the head to the back, clasping hands at back of head and resisting; and to the front, resisting with the hand over the chin.

"The development of the arms comes next in importance, and whatever develops the arms, develops the bust. The best out-of-door exercise for this purpose is

swimming. Barring that, swinging dumb-bells, Indian clubs, or merely pulling oneself up by a bar—'chinning it,' as the boys say—are excellent simple movements to develop the chest and the biceps.

"There are various other special movements designed to develop the back, thighs, hips, and legs of the thin girl, but my advice to you, Polly, and to other thin girls, is to give them all over in favor of a good run in the open air, a sun-bath or a dancing-party. Then come home and take a long, deep sleep.

"What the thin girl needs most of all is sleep. She should rest at night at least eight or nine hours, and, if possible, get another short nap, or relaxation, during the day.

"Warm baths are the thing for the thin girl, and cold baths for the fat girl; brisk rub-downs for the fat girl, gentle massage for the thin girl.

"And now I will tell you of a few things you can do to tone down or to tone up the outline of your figure by dress.

"Don't think, first of all, that because you are thin and tall, that you must try to appear short and stout, and ruffle and tuck and stuff and gather your clothes accordingly. Sometimes the very accentuation of your thinness is the most exquisite secret of your charm. If you are graceful and in proportion—even though you are as slim as a whisp of hay—you may become marvelously attractive as 'svelte,' 'willowy,' 'elusive.' I'd rather be 'elusive' any day than to have a 'shape.' Any chorus girl can have a 'shape.'

"First of all, then, find your characteristic quality—your tone—and culti-

vate it. If you have red hair and that peculiar shade of eyes and skin that goes with it, and that peculiar softness of voice that often, also, goes with it, cultivate those qualities by styles and tones and materials until you are a delightful, mystic, alluring, harmonious study in red-browns.

"If you are plump and pink-cheeked and round-blue-eyed and soft-skinned, try all the harder to get some character into that popular combination. Curves and softness are very alluring to callow as well as to sophisticated minds, but they are qualities that are as common as candy, and surfeit just as soon.

"If your dominant tone is blue and white, drape it, blend it, bound it, merge it in other shades and modes, until you have made it a complex, subtle, appealing blue and white—something more than the hard expanse of your sky-dome eyes and your marble cheeks.

"It takes some imagination to do this. If you are only a commonplace sausage or broomstick kind of girl, you will probably go on wearing butterfly bows of hideous blue on your hair and impossible hats. But if you are something more, you will find that there are little touches and twists that you can give yourself, which will make people forget your ugly qualities and bring out the interesting colors and grace of your own complex personality."

The doctor stopped here and looked at her two disciples, who appeared somewhat fatigued.

"I had meant to give you some practical hints as to how to make a short waist look long, and so forth," she said, "but I guess I'll have to stop and continue the subject in a later talk on dress."

NOTE.—Miss Augustine will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health which do not require the professional advice of a physician. Private replies will be sent to those enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.





## What the Editor Has to Say

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error crept into our talk last month. We called your attention, at that time, to a prospectus giving our plans for the magazine for the coming year, and we described it as appearing in that number. We had intended to have it appear in the November issue, but everything was not in readiness when the edition went to press, and the prospectus was held over for another month. There were some things about which we wanted to tell you but which we could not absolutely promise at that time. You will find the prospectus in the fore part of the present number of the magazine.

WE hope that you will read it carefully if you have not done so already. It has in it many of our hopes and plans for the coming year. It stands for a year's hard work in the way of preparation and effort. We are not promising in it anything that we are not going to perform. The announcement does not represent hazy plans for the future that may or may not eventuate. It stands for work already accomplished. It is a list of the things that we have already gathered for your entertainment during the coming year.

OF course it is not by any means a complete list. Such a list would be impossible at the present time or at any other time, for that matter. There are many things which we hope to secure for you but which we cannot

promise definitely as yet. And then there are other things that will crop up from time to time, that are constantly cropping up—new plans, suggestions and ideas for stories, and articles that will please you. We are working all the time, thinking and reaching out on all sides for interesting material. The sixteen pages in this number of the magazine do not contain all the things that you will find in SMITH's for 1908; they give a list of some of the things that you are sure to have.

WE have the coming numbers of the magazine pretty well mapped out already. With an increase in the circulation of the magazine we are gaining in the chances we have to secure the best articles, stories, and pictures that are to be found anywhere. We are sure that the numbers of SMITH's to be issued during the coming months will far surpass anything we have been able to do in the way of magazine-making in the past. We are improving the features that we already have in the magazine, and we are introducing new features.

FOR instance, notice the art section in the present number of the magazine. We know that it is the best thing of its kind that has appeared so far in any popular magazine. This would not have been possible a year or so ago. It is only within a short time that photographers have discovered and begun to perfect the art

of painting with a camera. The pictures that we give you in this issue represent the best and most recent work that the foremost of these camera-painters have done. Only a short time ago the more conservative photographers would have laughed at the idea of producing pictures of this class with a camera.

**JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS** has written a splendid complete novelette for the January issue of *SMITH'S*. She tells of a girl with rich parents who meets a poor newspaper artist who is trying surreptitiously to secure a sketch of her father and the house in which she lives. Later on she herself, by a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, is forced to go into newspaper work. She meets her artist again on a different footing. The story is told with a realism and fidelity to detail which stamp it as an exceptional piece of work.

**NEXT** month's magazine will contain an article on the art of Alphonse Mucha, illustrated with half-tone reproductions of his work. Nothing similar to these decorative studies of

the Hungarian artist have ever been seen in this country. Mucha, who owes much of his success to Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, who recognized his ability and encouraged him years ago, is absolutely in a class by himself. Very few people have had an opportunity of seeing any of his original work on this side of the Atlantic. The pictures to appear in the January *SMITH'S* are therefore of unusual interest. There will also appear in that number of the magazine another series of camera-paintings printed in the duo-tone process similar to the section in the present number. These pictures will be a fresh revelation to you of the wonders of the camera.

**A**MONG the stories in the January issue there will be a charming story of rural life, "The Banking," by Annie Hamilton Donnell, a delightful little love-story, "With This Ring," by Kate Whiting Patch, and a quaint story of the after-effects of a college education on a girl written by Grace Sartwell Mason. There will also be stories by Holman F. Day and Eden Phillpotts, as well as another article on the eternal question of the servant girl by Anne O'Hagan.



# POMPEIAN

## Massage

## Cream

The Pompeian Massage movement illustrated here makes the cheeks plump, round and rosy. A few minutes each day suffices. The results are sure and lasting.

The Pompeian Book which we send free with sample, and which accompanies every jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, describes and illustrates all facial massage movements.



Pompeian Massage Cream is a preparation that occupies a logical place on the toilet table. It is not a make-up or cosmetic, but a natural cleanser and beautifier. Pompeian Massage Cream restores and maintains natural conditions in a natural way. It clears the pores, revives the blood circulation, softens the skin and muscles, and makes the flesh firm and full. No imitation has the properties of the genuine, and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Remember the exact name.

### Test it With Sample and Booklet—Sent Free



Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a liberal sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for proper care of the skin. For sale at druggists in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes.

**"I DON'T WANT NO IMITATION MAN"**—the latest metropolitan song success, complete words and music in standard form, sent upon receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

**POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 14 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio**  
Pompeian Massage Soap is a fine toilet soap with the same properties as Pompeian Massage Cream. Sold wherever the cream is sold. 25c. a cake; 60c. a box of 3 cakes

Pompeian Mfg. Co.  
14 Prospect St.  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Gentlemen:—  
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO US

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

XUM



# VIC

Why do Melba, Caruso,  
Sembrich, Scotti, Eames,  
Schumann-Heink, Plancon, Gadski and  
other grand-opera stars sing exclusively  
for the *Victor*?

Because these famous artists realize that the  
*Victor* is the only instrument that does full justice  
to their magnificent voices.

They want every part of every selection to  
be as sweet and natural when they sing in your  
home as when they sing on the grand-opera  
stage—and this can be accomplished only on  
the *Victor*.

The foremost musical artists and critics  
recognize the *Victor* as the one instrument which  
exactly reproduces the living human voice with  
all its individual quality. Their judgment es-  
tablishes the *Victor* more firmly every day as the  
greatest of all musical instruments.



Every month promptly on the 28th—the same date everywhere throughout the United States—

# TOR



The *Victor* besides bringing to you the actual voices of the leading operatic singers, entertains you with the best music and fun of every kind by the world's best talent.

Sousa and his band; Arthur Pryor's band, and many famous instrumental soloists make records only for the *Victor*.

May Irwin, with her delightful humor; the celebrated Haydn Quartet; and those ever-popular favorites Clarice Vance, Vesta Victoria, Alice Lloyd and Harry Macdonough are among the artists who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

No matter what kind of entertainment you want, you get the best and hear it at its best only on the *Victor*.

Go to the nearest talking-machine dealer and hear the *Victor* and you will understand why this great array of talent makes records only for the *Victor*.

Write today for catalogues.

**Victor Talking Machine Co.**

Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Company, of Montreal  
Canadian Distributors



the new Victor records for the following month are placed on sale. The latest music and the best.

# AINSLEE'S

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

## FOR DECEMBER

The December number of *Ainslee's Magazine* will have several remarkable features, some of them specially adapted to the Christmas season—which will of course give it character as a Christmas number—and the rest of a quality such as to make it the greatest magazine of fiction of the year.

The novelette will be one of the finest stories that have ever appeared in the magazine. Its author is

### HENRY C. ROWLAND

who is a seasoned writer of fiction, and in this story seems to demonstrate that he is in full maturity of his unusual power. The story is full of human feeling, has an absorbing and dramatic interest, and is a fine example of literary craftsmanship.

### HARRY LEON WILSON

will conclude his great serial story, "*Ewing's Lady*," in the December number. All who have read it agree that it is a tale of tremendous interest, being especially notable for the series of intense climaxes.

**Ralph Henry Barbour** will have a Christmas story entitled "*The Branding of the Maverick*," about the best work he has ever done.

There will be an exceptionally fine Western story by **Steel Williams**, called "*A Daughter of the Ranges*."

**Edith Macvane** will be represented by a very remarkable short story entitled "*The Subliminal Sin*."

**Robert E. MacAlarney** will have another story in the series "*The Chauffeur Crook*," the best of all of them.

Other short stories will be contributed by **James Barr**, **Arthur A. Knipe**, **Owen Oliver** and **J. A. Flynn**.

**Mrs. John Van Vorst** will contribute an essay on the subject of "*International Marriages*."

**Price, per Copy, 15c.**

**Subscription, \$1.80 per Year**

AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY, NEW YORK

# Pabst Extract Jewel Calendar For 1908

This latest creation by Kaber, by far the most exquisite art calendar of the season, is a beautifully colored panel of more than usual interest, portraying the birthstones and their significance for every month of the year. It is 7 x 36 inches in size, reproduced in seventeen rich colors, and being free from advertising, makes a most desirable decoration for home or office. This calendar is sent on request to every reader as a reminder that

## Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

is exceptionally effective in maintaining perfect health for every member of the family and is a remarkable aid in regaining lost health. It is a liquid food in predigested form, containing all the bracing, soothing, toning effects of choicest hops, so combined with the vital, tissue building and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt, as to form a preparation that nourishes the whole body, restores wasted tissues, invigorates the blood, refreshes the brain and aids digestion.

*For Sale at all Druggists -- Insist Upon the Original*

### This Calendar Is Free

Simply send us your name and address, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or silver to pay wrapping and mailing charges. Address

**Pabst Extract Dept. "3" Milwaukee, Wis.**



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

# Post Cards Given Away



In order to introduce our line of handsome Post Cards we are now making a number of most wonderful bargain offers, as follows:

**Offer No. 1.** 35 furiously funny comic post cards, 35 high art post cards, including water and land scenes, pretty girls, cute children, different views of cities of the U. S., etc., etc., 15 latest "Up-to-Date" post cards, 15 motto post cards—a total of 100 fine post cards in many colors and no two alike—all for **\$1.00**. In addition we will send 40 other fine grade post cards free with every \$1.00 order.

**Offer No. 2.** 25 best comic post cards, 15 high art post cards, 5 "Up-to-Date" post cards, 5 motto post cards—all for **50 cents**, and 20 extra post cards free, or a total of 70 post cards for 50 cents.

**Offer No. 3.** 15 comic post cards, 6 high art post cards, 2 "Up-to-Date" post cards, 2 motto post cards for **25 cents**, and 10 extra cards free, or a total of 35 cards for 25 cents.

**Offer No. 4.** 6 comic post cards, 2 high art post cards, 1 "Up-to-Date" post card, 1 motto post card—all for **10 cents**, and 3 extra post cards free.



## BEAUTIFUL POST CARD ALBUM

with ornamented gold decorated cover, holds 24 cards, **10 CENTS EXTRA**, if you send order for any of the above post card bargains. Album alone without post cards will cost you **25 cents**. Remember, we send 40 post cards free with every \$1.00 order; 20 cards free with every 50 cent order; 10 free with every 25 cent order, and 3 free with every 10 cent order. We also send price list of post cards with every order. When ordering state if you would like your name printed in our next Post Card Buyers' Directory.

**DEFIANCE PHOTO STUDIO, Art Publishers, No. 65 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK**

# Atlantic City, N. J. WORLD'S RENOWNED HEALTH RESORT



## Hotel Rudolf

LARGEST AND MOST MODERN HOTEL ON THE COAST. DIRECTLY ON OCEAN FRONT AND BEACH PROMENADE.

**OPEN ALL THE YEAR**

New York's Favorite Location. All-year Seaside Resort. Capacity 1000. American and European Plan. Rooms with Bath, Hot and Cold Sea and Fresh Water. Dining Room Overlooks the Ocean. The Finest Salt Water Bathing. Balmy Sea Air. Fishing and Sailing a Popular Pastime. Verandas of this Hotel Directly on Boardwalk. **SEND FOR BOOKLET AND RATES.**

A Special Feature of this Hotel is the Reproduction of the Celebrated "Harveys" Cuisine.

**JOEL HILLMAN, Proprietor, Atlantic City, N. J.**

Also Proprietor "Harveys" Famous Restaurant, Washington, D. C.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

# Let us Raise *Your* Salary



The difference between \$7.50 and \$25.00; \$8.00 and \$30.00; \$10.00 and \$40.00; and so on up the line is the *proven* difference between the salaries of men before and after receiving I. C. S. training.

*It's a fact.* The International Correspondence Schools have thousands of unsolicited letters telling of exactly such increases in salary as a direct result of this training. Every month there is an average of 300 men who voluntarily report success attained through I. C. S. training.

Wouldn't you like *your* salary raised? Wouldn't you like a more congenial position? Wouldn't you like to be successful? Then mark the coupon to-day.

Everything now-a-days is on the rise. Clothing costs more; the butcher charges more; groceries are away up. *And the end is not yet.* In fact, everything is going up except the salaries of *untrained* men.

There's *always* a good paying position for the *trained* man. You know that.

Then why not let the I. C. S. help you? It doesn't matter where you live, what you do for a living, or how little schooling you may have had. If you can read and write, the I. C. S. has a way to help you to success—in your own home—in your spare time—without requiring you to give up your present position. Mark the coupon to-day.

The I. C. S. method will quickly enable you to earn a much higher salary at the *occupation of your choice*—just as it has already enabled thousands of other poorly-paid but ambitious men to succeed.

During August 294 students voluntarily reported increase in salary and position through the help of the I. C. S.

Mail the coupon to-day—the I. C. S. will gladly explain it all without charging you a penny.

**Remember: The Business of this Place is to Raise Salaries.**

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 899, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Mechan's Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



TIFFANY CULTURE  
DIAMOND RING  
\$62.00

No. 11  
Tiffany  
Diagonal  
Diamond Ring  
**\$62.00**

No. 12  
Ladies'  
Hand-Carved  
Diamond Ring  
**\$32.50**

No. 13  
Tiffany Belcher  
Diamond  
Ear Screws  
**\$50.00**

No. 14  
Richly Carved  
Round Belcher  
Diamond Ring  
**\$45.00**

No. 15  
Flat Belcher  
Diamond  
Ring  
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# DIAMONDS ON CHARGE ACCOUNT

## To YOU at Cash Prices —

You can have a Diamond at once—if you want to. No use waiting till you've saved the price. Buy it now—and get the good of it. We'll trust you for one on terms that will surprise you—Then **Pay As You Earn.**

Think of it for Christmas—when you will want to make some one a handsome gift—a Diamond would be just the thing. There's nothing more appropriate or that would give more pleasure to sweetheart, wife, mother, sister or daughter. Are you looking forward to the anniversary of some happy event? Mark the day for her with a present of a Diamond. Don't deny yourself and her any gratification of that kind. Buying Diamonds from us on a charge account makes paying easy.

Why not have a Diamond for yourself? Think of the dignity and distinction it will give you. Adds a valuable item to your personal possessions also, which can be turned into cash at a moment's notice.

Just write us: "I want a Diamond." Select the one you like from our catalog. We'll send it at once at our own expense. You've nothing to pay till you've seen the stone. When you've made up your mind that it's a bargain—and you want it—send us, say a fifth of its price, and the balance in small payments that will be convenient for you. Our Diamonds are first water gems only—pure white stones of marvelous brilliancy that increase in value from year to year. Write today, while it's fresh in your mind, for

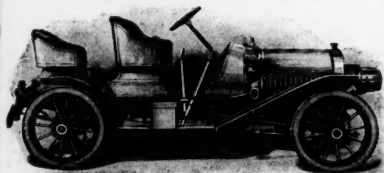
## Free Catalogue of Diamonds, Watches, etc.

Our prices save money for you on every purchase, and our liberal terms will please you. The Diamonds shown in accompanying cuts are pure white, perfectly cut stones, the pick of the mines, set in 14 kt. solid gold hand-made mountings. Every one a bargain—and it requires only a small payment of one-fifth down for you to possess it. Write today—now—before you forget.

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The World's Record  
Sealed Bonnet Hero



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MECHANICALLY RIGHT

Wheel base, 98 inches; weight, 1750 pounds; 24 horse power; La Coste magneto. Price, \$2300.

Has run over 6000 miles with Bonnet sealed, and without repairs to Power Plant

- ☛ You win if before purchase you examine mechanical construction.
- ☛ You lose if you decide on purchase from exterior appearance alone.

- ☛ The Sealed Bonnet tells the world's record of strenuous reliability only possible through mechanical perfection. It's free for the asking; it's worth consideration.

Have you heard of the

**Mora Tourer six**

**Mora Racytype six**

Reliability unquestionable. Highest power in proportion to weight of any (bar none). Material and workmanship unsurpassable. Investigate.

See it; Sec. D., A. C. A. Show, New York, October 24th to 31st.

## Mora Motor Car Company

8 Mora Place

Newark, New York, U. S. A.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Let Us Send You This Beautiful

# Pillow Top Free For Pyrography

Made of beautiful Real Plush, in your choice of Old Gold, Tan, or Light Green Color, and plainly stamped with Indian Maiden Design, with full instructions so that anyone can burn it with a hand some effect. Given free to every person who sends 25 cents to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc.

We make this offer to get our big, new catalog into the hands of new customers interested in home beautifying.

This handsome top burned  
**\$1.50**



Size  
17 x 17  
inches.

Only  
One Top  
Free to one  
Address

## SPECIAL Our No. 97. \$2.50 Out- fit, only **\$1.60**

This splendid outfit, partly shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cert. Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 64-page Polican Instruction Handbook (price 50c), the most complete pyrography book published.

## Assortment SM Only **\$1.75**

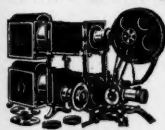
If bought by the piece would cost you \$2.50. Includes: One Handkerchief Box, size 4 x 8 inches; one Glove Box, 4 x 11 1/2 inches; one hand-turned round Jewelry Box; one oval Picture Frame; one American Girl Panel, 12 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches; one oval Match Hanger, 15 inches high; and three Small Panels in assorted designs, all pieces made of best three-ply basswood and beautifully stamped in late and popular designs, all ready for decorating. If Outfit No. 97 and this assortment are ordered together

our special price for both is only **\$3.20**

Write for New **FREE Catalog SM 60** Contains 96 Pages with 2,000 illustrations. The largest pyrography catalog.

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"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."

IT PAYS BIG  
To Amuse The  
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NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc. Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Obvious do it, why not you? It's easy, write to us and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free.

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Books to be closed out at less than cost of paper and printing. Binding free.

**Failed.** National Book Concern, Cash Buyers' Union, Merrill & Baker, Colonial Pub. Co.

I fought entire stock of three of these Big Bankrupt Book Houses and a big lot of the other. I am closing it out now at 10c to 50c on the dollar.

### Sample Prices

Late copyright books, were \$1.50. My price 30c. List includes The Prospector, The Masqueraders, Conquest of Canada, Richard Carvel. Hundreds of others at from 30c to 40c.

Encyclopedia Britannica, half morocco binding, installment price \$28.00. My price \$1.75.

Dickens Complete Works, 10 vols., regularly \$15.00. My price \$3.75.

I am closing out at less than half price the following complete works in half morocco binding: —Dickens, The Pickwick, Balzac, Scott, Irving, Dumas, Hugo, Bulwer, Carlyle, Elliot, Cooper, DeFoe, Fielding, Hawthorne, Poe, Reads, Ruskin, Smollett, Gibbon, Guizot, Green, Shakespeare, etc.

Millions of books, thousands of titles. Chance of a lifetime to get almost any book at a discount of from 50 to 90 per cent from regular price while stock lasts.

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subject to examination on in your own home before paying. Every book guaranteed new and satisfactory, or subject to return at my expense. Write for my big Free Bargain List of this stock before ordering. It costs nothing. Will save you money. Postal card will bring it.

**DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker,**  
1132 Bosch Bldg., Chicago.

## SPECIAL Autumn Jewelry Offer

Write for our new Fall circular  
just out and ready to mail.

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Lockets, Silver, Cut Glass and other special offers in jewelry.

If you are thinking of buying jewelry of any kind now or in the future you should write for this circular at once. This special circular with its rock bottom prices has been prepared with a view of securing from everybody at least a trial order for the house of George E. Marshall. We know a trial order means money saved for our customers and, therefore, continued business for us.

With this circular we send you our latest catalog the most complete, accurate and closely priced catalog of diamonds, jewelry, etc. ever published in the United States, and with the Marshall Guarantee of absolute quality.

### DIAMONDS

The very finest pure white gems. Few jewelers even carry in stock a grade of diamonds equal to the Marshall "F" grade. These diamonds are perfect in cut and color and of scintillating pure white beauty. For instance, here is an "F" Grade diamond ring in Tiffany setting for only \$35.00 (payable \$35.00 a month or 5 per cent discount for cash, net cash price \$17.70. Shipped on approval prepaid.

### SEND FOR CATALOG

and extra discount sheet. Don't buy jewelry in a haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion. Feed yourself thoroughly on the net prices offered by a thoroughly reliable house. Get the best quality—save money.

Tear off this coupon now and get our special Autumn Catalog.

OUT OF TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

Geo. E. Marshall, (Inc.)  
103 State St.  
Suite 200  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Without any obligations on me please send me at once free prepaid Your special Marshall Autumn Circular and full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

No letter necessary; the coupon will do.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

We have opened this classified advertising section, and invite all reputable advertisers to come in—no display—all must be set in uniform type—no objectionable advertisements accepted—minimum space, four lines; maximum space in this section, thirty lines. Our aim will be to eliminate all questionable advertisements, and we bespeak our readers' assistance to help keep this section clean and profitable to all. Rates, \$2.25 a line, which includes THE POPULAR and AINSLEE'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of SMITH'S closes November 6th. Address SMITH'S MAGAZINE, Classified Advertising Department, Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York City.

## Agents and Help Wanted

**BE—YOUR—OWN—BOSS!** Many make \$2,000 a year. You have the same chance. Start a mail-order business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Very good profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and free particulars. Address T. S. Krueger Co., 135 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS WANTED** in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 15 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**AGENTS** wanted to sell our Stylographic and Fountain pens. Write for Catalogue and Agents' discount. J. Ulrich & Co., Manufacturers, 607 Thames Building, New York, N. Y.

**HUSTLERS** Everywhere \$25 to \$30 made weekly distributing circulars, samples; no canvassing. Steady. Merchants Out-door Ad Co., Chicago.

**LADY SEWERS** wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to Universal Co., Desk R, Philadelphia, Pa.

**BUYER:** Importing concern wants expert in raw furs to take charge of purchasing department. Must know up-to-date systems, records, etc. \$8,500. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'way, N. Y.

**AGENTS: HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY** something new; household article; sells on sight; \$4 daily easily made; no capital required. For full information and agents proposition address Dexter Co., Dept. A, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

## Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

**INSURANCE STOCK**—Scientific Salesmen will be offered an exceptional money making proposition. Address J. B. Harper, Room 12, Stormont Building, Topeka, Kansas.

**WANTED**—Agents for town and country. Attractive proposition; experience unnecessary; earnings paid weekly; steady work; no delivering or collecting. Perry Nursery Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**\$75 WEEKLY** easily made fitting Eye Glasses. Business quickly learned, pleasant, profitable. No field so little worked. Write for Free "Booklet 58." National Optical College, St. Louis, Mo.

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The substitute in most cases is simply a bad check. It has little actual value. If the purchasing public would once grasp this fact, they would no more accept a substitute for a standard brand than they would knowingly accept a fraudulent check. Tried and proven articles have built up their reputations on actual worth, on merit that lies below the surface, which involves purity of ingredients as well as skill in manufacture. The so-called "just-as-good" substitutes could make the same reputations in the same way if they were just as good. The fact that they do not make reputations is proof that their claim of equality is fraudulent.—From November SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

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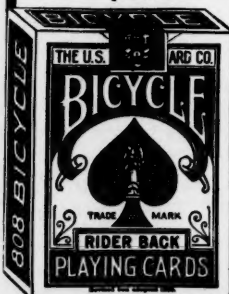
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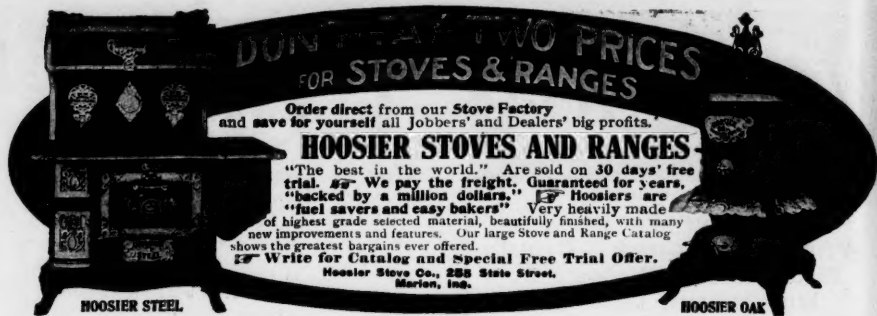
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# December Popular Magazine

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### THREE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES.

THE HEMLOCK AVENUE MYSTERY, - By Roman Doubleday.

If you haven't read the first instalment of this great serial you are missing the best detective story written in a long time. It will be continued with remarkable success in the December number, and judging from the praises the opening chapters have received, the remainder of the serial is going to make this story "the best ever."

MESMERIC MYSTERIES, - - - By J. Kenilworth Egerton.

The varied talents of Tommy Williams, artist, hypnotist and detective, are given ample room for employment in "The Weapons of Women," which tells of a big kidnaping scheme balked by the gifted amateur.

ADVENTURES OF FELIX BOYD, - - - By Scott Campbell.

"An Averted Tragedy" will be the next of the Felix Boyd stories, and in it some great detective work is done by the Central Office man.

### FOR LOVERS OF HUMOR.

THE MATE'S ROMANCE, - - - By A. M. Chisholm.

An amusing tale of the undoing of the mate and the captain at the hands of a pretty land shark.

### FOR LOVERS OF SPORTS.

TO THE CHARIOT WHEELS OF CHANCE, By Charles S. Pearson.

There has been a demand for good racing stories, and THE POPULAR has responded with a capital one by a capable author.

### A COLLEGE STORY.

TOUCH-DOWN NORTON, - - - By Harold C. Barr.

This is a splendid short story of a great football game in which the substitute is responsible for victory and the veteran responsible for the girl.

### OTHER FEATURES FOR DECEMBER.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT, - - - By H. B. Marriott-Watson.

Another large instalment of this serial, which is pronounced another "Treasure Island."

WITH THE FEAR OF DEATH, - - - By T. Jenkins Hains.

An exciting and interesting sea story.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SUPPRESSION, - - - By George Bronson-Howard.

Another of the famous "Yorke Norroy" stories.

THE MAN WITH THE TIGER, - - - By Albert Dorrington.

A novel means for concealing stolen jewels.

THE YELLOW PERIL, - - - By Bertrand W. Sinclair.

A story of the treachery of the Oriental.

ZOLLENSTEIN, - - - By W. B. M. Ferguson

The conclusion of this very successful serial.

THE OUTLAW, - - - By B. M. Bower.

A typical story of the great West.

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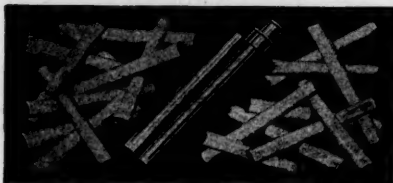


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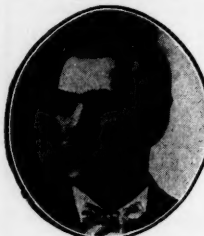
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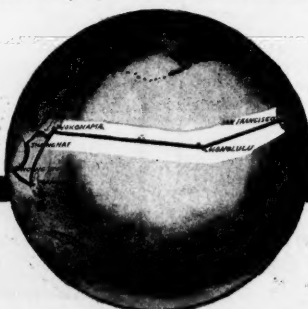
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